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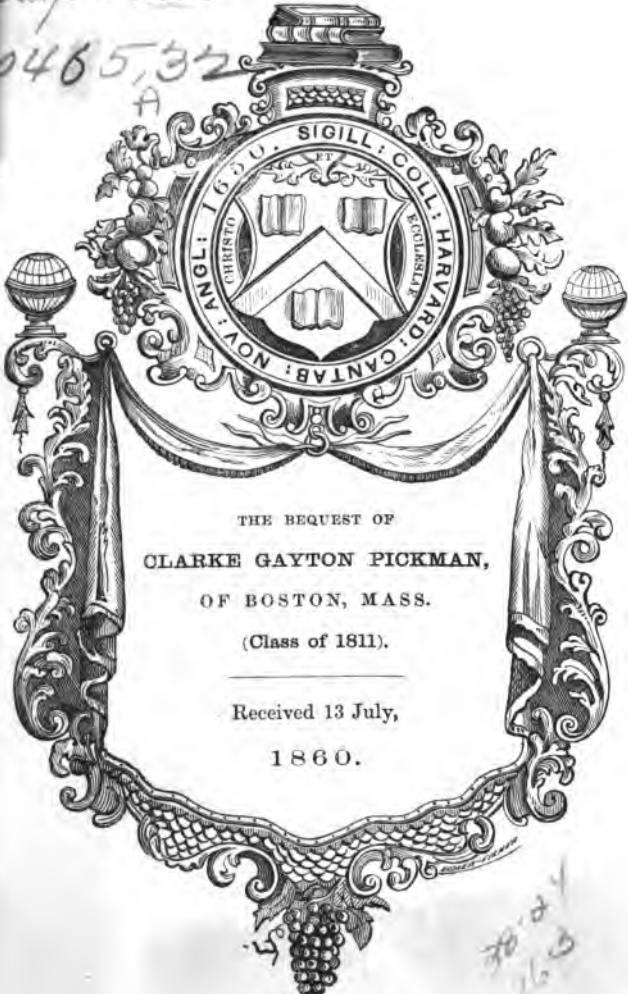
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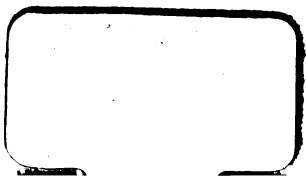
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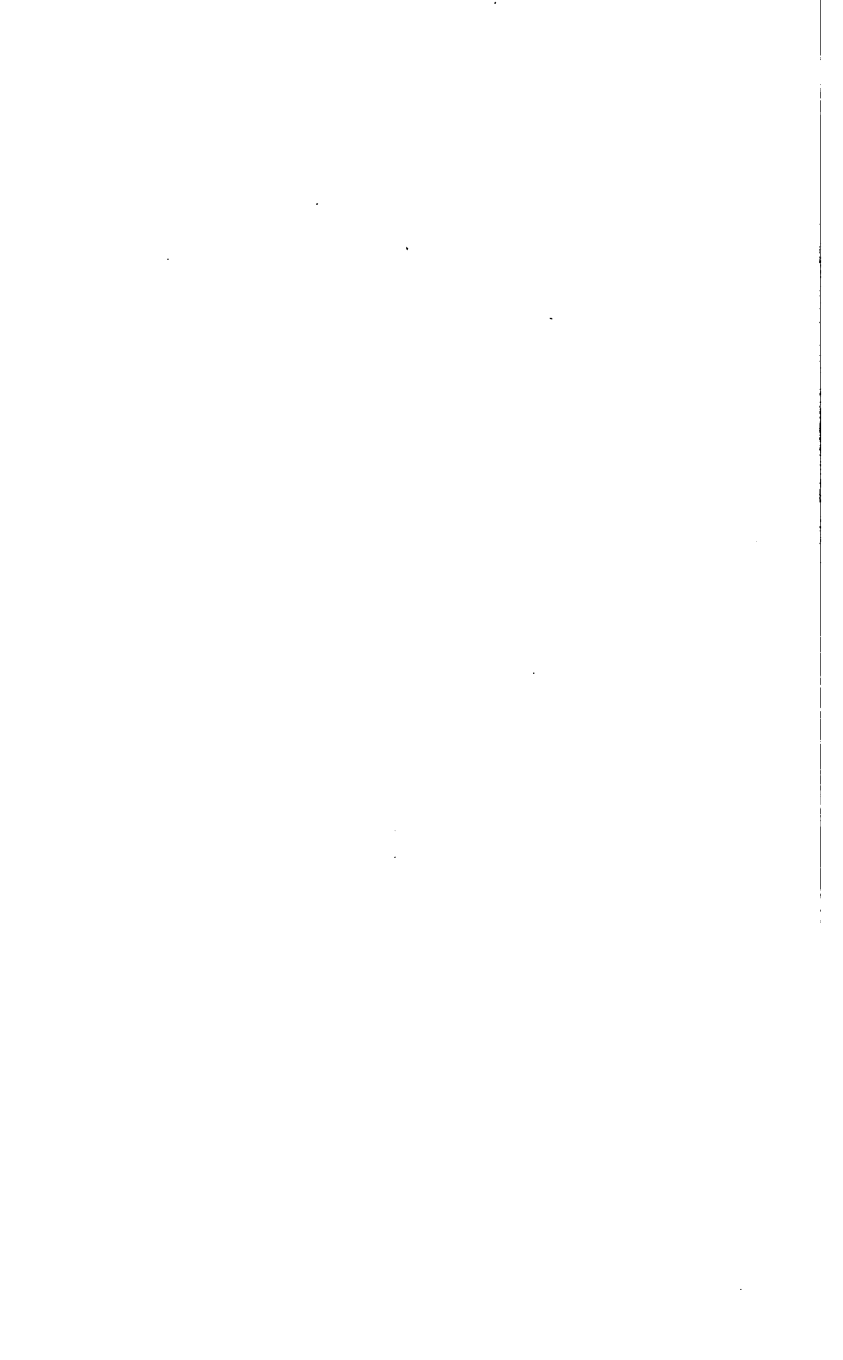
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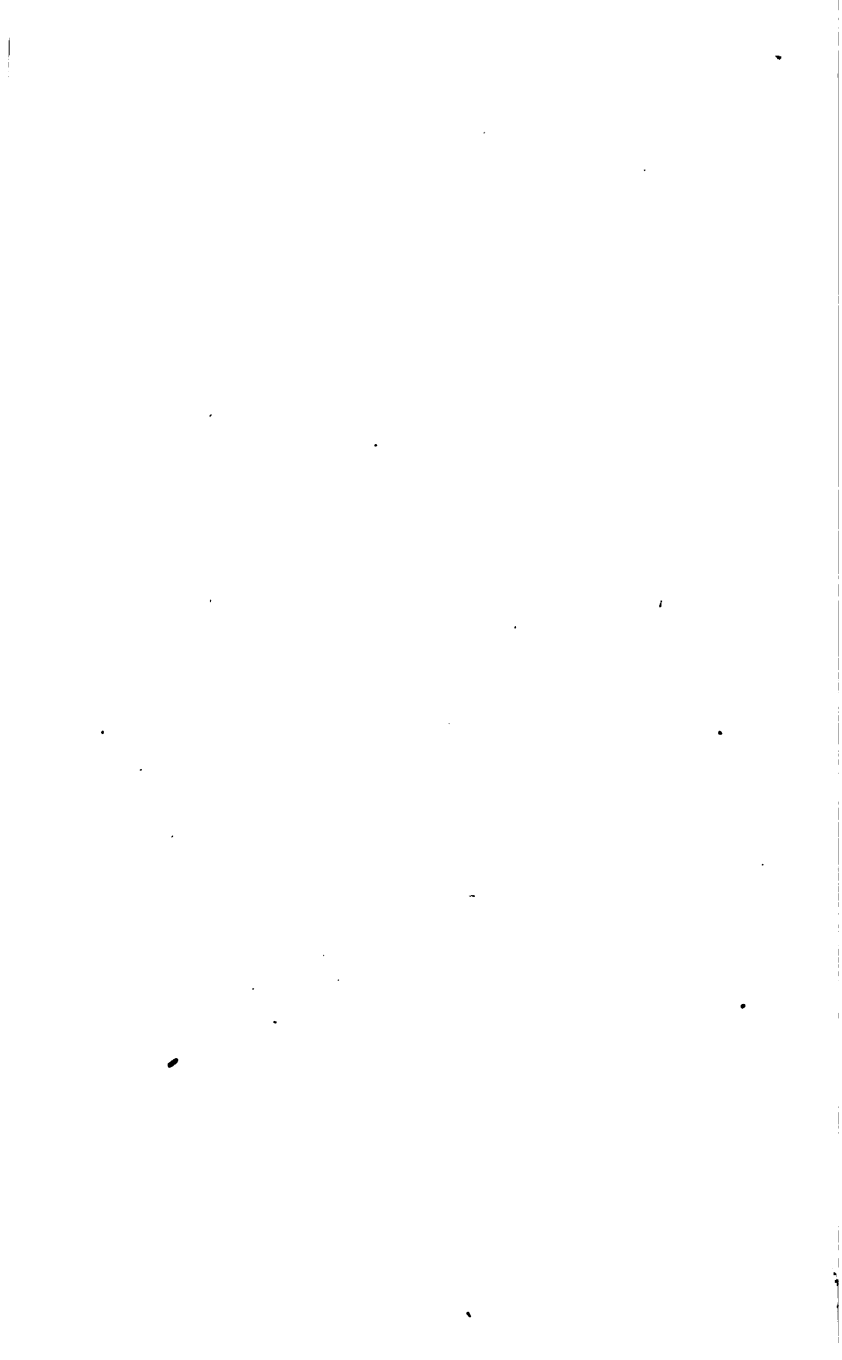






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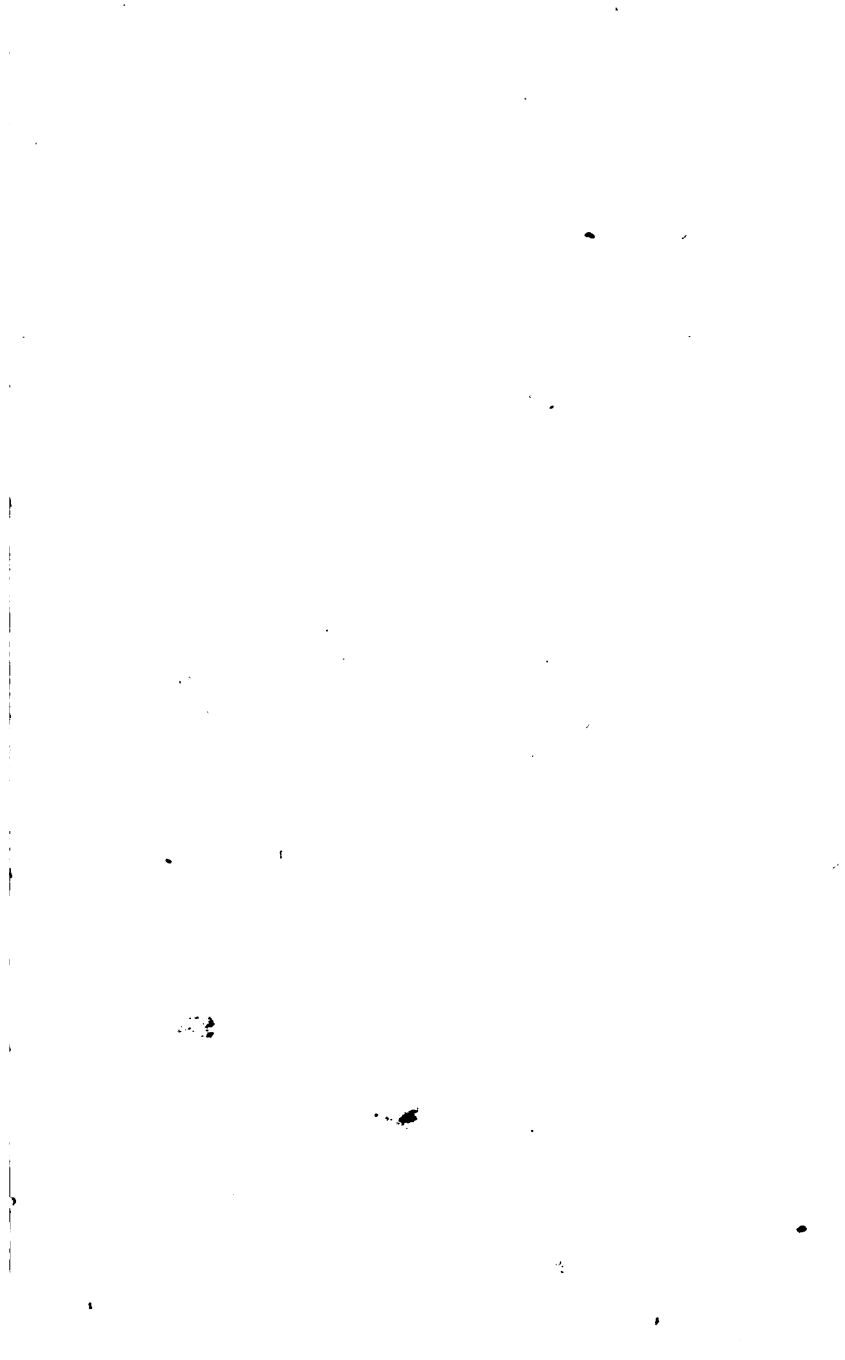
THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN.

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***.* The Portrait by T. Stewardson, which I consider the best likeness,
has been most kindly re-touched by, and engraved under the direction of,
the Artist, for this work.**

W. J.





Wm. Pitt Rivers





ANTHROPOGRAPHY

WILLIAM JERDAN.

VOL. III.



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THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
WILLIAM JERDAN,

M.R.S.L., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE REAL ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA
OF SPAIN, &c. &c.

WITH HIS

Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence

DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

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Dedicated to the Memory
OF
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING:

**MOST ADMIRABLE IN EVERY RELATION OF LIFE,
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE;**
**THE CONSISTENT STATESMAN, PURE PATRIOT, REFINED SCHOLAR,
ELOQUENT ORATOR, AND BRILLIANT WIT;**
DEVOTED TO HIS FRIENDS, GENEROUS TO HIS FOES, CHIVALROUS TO ALL;
**GREAT IN HIS NATIONAL VIEWS,
OPEN AND LIBERAL IN HIS UNIVERSAL POLICY, AND
NOBLE IN EVERY SENTIMENT OF HIS HEART!**

A MAN
**UPON WHOM NATURE SET THE SEAL OF EVERY GRACEFUL ELEMENT
AND ILLUSTRIOUS QUALITY;**
**IN LIFE BELOVED, AND IN DEATH DEPLORED, BY THE BRITISH PEOPLE,
TO WHOM HIS LOSS WAS AN IRREPARABLE CALAMITY.**

EVER GRATEFUL FOR THE DISTINCTION OF HIS PERSONAL REGARD,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED WITH HIS RESPLENDENT NAME, BY

W. JERDAN.

August, 1852.

7

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

No Delphic sage is wanted to divine
The shape of Truth beneath my passing line ;
Yet these are truths—like schoolmates, once well-known,
But half remembered, not enough to own—
That lost from sight in life's bewildering train,
May be, like strangers, introduced again ;
Lully and Geber, and the learned crew,
That loved to talk of all they could not do.

"Astræa," by HOLMES, American Poet.

THE favourable reception which has been given to my first volume by the almost unanimous voice of those critics in whom the public reposes confidence, and the very small portion of dissent, and generally on very small matters, which has leavened the mass, would have afforded me no occasion for any observations, except to express my grateful feeling for the liberality and kindness displayed, and my sense of the ability with which several of the reviewers have gone deeper than the surface, fairly and impartially to trace the inner spirit of my purpose, and the objects it

seeks to subserve. But in one point of view I have been so entirely mistaken by some of my critical contemporaries, that I must take leave to offer a few words on the subject; especially as it affects my whole argument, and is of deep interest to the literary world.

It has been held that my narrative, as far as it has gone (the sequel being unknown), tends to the disparagement of the literary class or "profession," and has consequently not only provoked the animadversions of members of that class or "profession," but the *ruse* of carrying the war into the supposed enemy's quarters, and charging me with ingratitude where I ought to have been exceedingly thankful for the success accorded to me.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb;" and I am not about to balance the account whether or not I have received more or less than my deservings; such a consideration is totally beside the question. For I have not set up to glorify myself; but to write the Memoirs of one whose whole life has been devoted to literature, not concealing short-comings or errors, but as frankly and candidly as possible recording them, to point a moral, even if, in other respects, it should fail to adorn a tale. This is the declared aim of my work, and I have not shrunk more from the task (as is honestly remarked in the Messrs. Chambers's review of it) than would be deemed justifiable in every well-constituted mind, conscious of imperfections, the confession of which ought to withhold the arm raised to throw the first stone. If I had attempted to paint myself in false and flattering colours, there would have been a tolerable excuse for censuring the picture and not sparing the original; but I humbly conceive that I have not committed so gross a misrepresentation, and was therefore hardly amenable to the inapplicable law of a personal and individual test. If I were

writing a romance or a novel, I could make my principal character suit the tastes of those who admire perfect heroes ; but I am endeavouring to write the genuine life, and describe the motives, springs of action, and reflections of a real human being—a mixture of good and evil. I do not set up to teach as a schoolmaster, but to tell the truth, and develope causes and effects, as fairly as my philosophy can appreciate them, so as to operate in the way of example. I am neither concealing nor apologising for what may be wrong, nor boasting of better qualities and laudable deeds. If, in the end, the balance be sorely against me, I cannot help it *now* ; all that I could ask would be candid construction from those who are conscious of their own frailty and fallibility ; and as for the vilifications of the Holy Willies of the earth, I am disposed to take, even from them, the blame that I may deserve in a repentant spirit, and despise all the rest.

In legitimate criticism the main and proper business of the reviewer is with the writings before him ; and unless the writer dogmatically parades himself, or inculcates dangerous doctrines, there is not a syllable out of the work, either about him or his history, which are within the sphere of justifiable remark. Whether an author has been gay and irregular, or a saint and a pattern, has very little to do with his text. In teetotalism the most shocking drunkard always becomes the greatest apostle of temperance ; and the old proverb says, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint." It is an unwholesome principle, therefore, to attempt the rebuke of virtuous precepts, merely because they may be uttered by some one who may not have fulfilled the duties of the decalogue : it is a mode of judging that must be condemned. Perhaps, however, I admit in my case it may be more allowable, if the

parties are so inclined, than it could be under other and more usual circumstances ; because I have not undertaken the onerous responsibility of training others "in the way they should go," but to lay before the world—and particularly the literary world—such a retrospect of facts, as far as my experience enables me, as to throw some light upon the evils to which they are exposed, the temptations which attend, the seductions which beset them, and the good they may perform in spite of the ill which is their human lot.

I am not so stupid as to expect from sanguine youth a general concurrence in all the maxims of sobered age, and though the truism is obvious enough, and I may regret with one of my friendly critics that certain "happy ideas" did not occur to me "rather at the commencement than at the close of my career," I must confess that I consider such idiosyncrasy a phenomenon more to be desiderated than expected. I have heard something of the impossibility of putting an old head on young shoulders ; and even were it possible, I should look upon the hybrid monster as a very disagreeable, ugly, and unnatural production of Nature ! I should like to lay the unction to my soul that it is, nevertheless, only a slight approximation to this ancient-pated condition on juvenile props, which has led to the misconception of my meaning in regard to "disparaging the profession of literature ;" and resentment and reproof for the offence. The gist of my statements and reasonings from first to last has been, is, and will be the very reverse of this ! I maintain that literature is neither appreciated, encouraged, nor honoured as it ought to be ; and that its professors (if dependent altogether upon it) are liable to worse usage and more misfortune than any other intellectual class in our social scheme. To those of my brethren who are not far

advanced on the road, and are perfectly satisfied with their progress and position, I have only to wish from my heart, the continuance of their contentment and the permanency of their condition, and that God may speed them to the end of their course, without affording them cause to look back with regret upon any part of it. May they be taught to avoid the commission of such errors as examples might suggest, and escape the accidental misfortunes and the injuries which are too common to their less lucky and self-complacent compatriots. In short, I hope they may be exceptions to the rule, which all my experience has inclined me to believe to be almost invariable as regards the literary "profession," and inseparable from its pursuit and practice in this country.

It was but yesterday I heard it gravely maintained, and by no uninfluential authorities, that the having produced a beauteous work of fiction, developing the inmost recesses and workings of human nature, the very essence of the philosophy of life, was proof that the author was unfit for public employment, and destitute of the qualifications necessary to form a statesman. What these qualifications, therefore, are, it is out of my power to divine, seeing that knowledge of mankind, admirable penetration, and astute discrimination, do not enter into the composition; but I merely note the objection to show how inimical, to the progress of a highly gifted individual, the possession of pre-eminent literary faculties are accounted. Deny it who may, there is a very general jealousy and fear attached to the literary character, which is anything but pleasant or beneficial to authors, in the usual run of worldly affairs.

What then has my biography said or done to expose it to the groundless charge which calls forth these observations. Let me repeat: it submits the lesson and experience

of a long literary life, now verging to its close. It will exhibit the blunders, the follies, the indulgences, and other features incident to the busy lives of all men ; and is too late either to model or mend. It cannot be lived over again (and it is very far from being wished that it should, if it could) ; but its candid history may warn others to avoid some errors and pursue wise and provident courses. In everything it is amenable to the same laws, physical and moral, as the lives of other mortals ; but it is in its literary peculiarities that I am anxious to demonstrate the differences, by showing the evils to which the author, the man dependent upon literature, is exposed, the enjoyments and the disappointments which await his career,—the injustice and wrongs he is doomed (and must lay his account) to meet with—the trials and troubles which attach to him only as the consequence of his pursuits—the abstraction of his mind from the needful details of accurate business, and its aptness to seek refuge from dull realities in the brighter idealities of imagination as the result ; and his often blameable inattention, impunctuality, and want of order, which leave him almost a helpless prey, to be preyed upon by the sordid, the grasping, the scheming, and the rascally, who are not slow to take full advantage of their opportunities to plunder and defame their victims.

I have found it so, and I immolate myself for a beacon. If in so doing I expose my individual mishaps more than a prudent and selfish reserve would dictate, I thereon found a claim, not quite of exemption from severe interpretation, but upon generous feelings (referring to the breast within) to find as much excuse as they can, and not seek advantage from my history to make me out worse than I am. But above all, I require it to be kept in sight that my opinion on

this important question is not drawn solely from myself ; but on the contrary, from the fate of the multitude I have witnessed struggle and perish around me in the unequal strife. My own case might almost seem an exception, in consequence of the position to which it raised me ; but still the misfortunes which attended it, as my narrative will show, were attributable to its *literary* occupation, and therefore fall properly and justly within the scope of my argument.

To the youthful and earnest upholders of the dignity of their literary condition, I would as earnestly offer my counsel to take heed lest they fall. If only the improvident and misconducted fail, let them show me the provident and the discreet who have succeeded. A catalogue of such would, indeed, astonish me. Surely it cannot be contended that all the unsuccessful are careless, extravagant, reckless, vicious ! Thousands, and tens of thousands, of aching hearts and broken-down fortunes, alas ! are but too easily to be found to vouch for the fidelity of my descriptions, and the dismal force of my opinions.

But let it be understood that it is not the fault of literature—that source of solace, even in misery, and of gratification in every phase of existence,—that its apostles are thus visited and punished. Compare with them the fate of gentlemen, perhaps retired officers from the two services, who may be induced, at a mature period of their lives, to enter into trade. Who have ever witnessed one among fifty of them succeed in business ? I have not ; but, just on the contrary, have seen them as unlucky and squeezable by their more cunning competitors, to the manner born, as the literary man. Acute, clever, diligent, they have not been brought up to it, and are unaware of what its profitable cultivation requires. Impositions of every kind beset them

in the unequal strife ; and, like the others, the great majority of them struggle and sink.

O ! would some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us ;
It would frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.
What airs and graces, and a' would lea' us,
And e'en devotion !

CHAPTER II.

MR. CANNING AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good ;
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is filled with inborn worth ; unborrow'd from his kind.

I HAD been slightly acquainted with Mr. Canning for some years previous to the date at which my first volume closed, but various circumstances, deeply gratifying to me, conspired about this time to advance this condition into an intimacy which has been the delight and pride of my life. My residence was close at hand, and every Sunday after church I was expected at Gloucester Lodge. If the weather was fine, we walked for an hour or two in the garden ; if wet, we sat and conversed in the library, of the aspect of which the Vignette (from a drawing by Mr. Fairholt) is now, perhaps, the only memorial, as the house has been recently taken down, and the materials sold, to make room for new buildings on the site and grounds made imperishably classic by the presence of a Canning, and the resort of the eminent persons who continually circled round this brilliant centre of attraction :—statesmen, poets, painters, philosophers, wits ; men of all ranks and degrees, who had aught to recommend them to notice, and were invited to enjoy themselves in the light of his genius and the enchantment of his conversation.

Never was simplicity and playfulness more marvellously united with profundity and firmness. His tone of voice was sweetness itself; his manner most courteous, bland, and conciliating; yet, let a baseness affront his mind, and his eyes flashed with indignant fire, mingling, in a way not to be described, the expressions of detestation and contempt. With almost feminine softness of feeling he combined in the highest measure the punctilious honour of chivalry and the gigantic strength of heroism. His was a character to be studied in every symbol and development; and the more it was studied, the more to be admired and beloved. Seeing so much of him as I did, and enjoying so much of his confidence, is it to be wondered at that my attachment was unbounded? I solemnly declare that, had it been possible, in 1827, to add years to his life by taking them from mine, I would have made the sacrifice with heartfelt exultation.

That he penetrated this sentiment I cannot doubt; for I do not remember that I ever presumed to pay him a compliment, except where my opinions as a public journalist were stated in defending him from the attacks to which he was so much exposed, or justifying his policy and acts, which it was my good fortune to be able conscientiously to do throughout his whole career. Under such circumstances, utter sincerity was a natural and certain result; and out of this grew our bond of union and friendship. It might be chance or position which threw me in his way; but, however it happened, he entertained an idea that it was useful for a politician and a minister to learn as much as he could of the opinions of various classes of the community upon the measures of Government, and other subjects of interest to the country; and he was aware that I mixed much in the society of intelligent men of every description—literary, agricultural, mercantile, professional, busy and idle.

Founded on this was his desire to have such frank and candid colloquies with me ; and which he nobly repaid me by equal unreserve and cordiality. Let any one imagine the happiness of this ! I was flattered by the thought that I was rendering some service to the man I so dearly loved ; and his communications to me in return exalted me into the consciousness of being one of the best-informed individuals in the empire. There were few things beyond the limits of cabinet secrecy which were not freely confided to me. Who could help exulting in such intercourse ? I look back upon it across the valley of the shadow of death, and yet it is bright with sunshine whose reflection warms my soul !

As a slight proof of the nature of our conferences, I may mention that on some occasion (I do not recollect what) I must have stated something unpalatable to Mr. Canning ; for a day or two afterwards I met Mr. William Dundas, the member for Edinburgh, who took me to task for my plain-spokenness, after the fashion of Lear with Kent, and told me I had been too blunt. I defended myself on the plea of sincere regard and truth, which I was sure would be better liked than reserve or concealment ; and his remark was, “ Well, you at any rate use a privilege which I, though so near a relation, would not venture to extend so far, for fear of offence.” It struck me that I must have trespassed, and the matter had been spoken of to Mr. Dundas ; which indeed it had been, but, as Mr. Canning was good enough shortly after to tell me, with praise of the spirit which had dictated my conduct in all I ever said or did with him.*

* As Lady Randolph rather strongly expresses it,—

Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell, destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

At this period the arrangements for Mr. Canning's mission to Lisbon, after the approaching prorogation of Parliament, were entered into, and underwent several modifications, both on family reasons and political grounds. The delicate health of his son rendered a sojourn in a warm climate desirable, and the uncertainty of the relations between the Brazils and Portugal caused a difficulty as to the official character in which the appointment to the Court should be made out. These points furnished plenty of topics for the Opposition press to inveigh against the embassy and the ambassador, or plenipotentiary, or whatever the name might be, and his allowances. The powers of eloquence, withering sarcasm, and hardly more tolerable ridicule, with which his speeches in the House of Commons abounded, were not easily to be forgotten or forgiven by those upon whom they were inflicted ; and no opportunity was ever lost of assailing him with bitter hostility. Gross misrepresentations were also employed to swell the list of his offences ; and thus the Lisbon mission served its purpose for a prolonged series of attacks, which were, indeed, continued till after his return, and the debate on the subject. Connected with this it will be appropriate to mention here (rather than a year hence, in the order of time) that, from the wording of the notice, it could not be foreknown whether the general policy of the measure or the personal conduct of the individual was to be censured ; and it was agreed that, in the former case, Lord Castlereagh, in the latter, Mr. Canning, was to answer the mover, Mr. Whitbread. I was asked to hear and make notes of the debate, which I did ; and went home, after it was over, to Old Brompton with Mr. Canning, who assured me that the votes of Sir James Macintosh and Mr. (Conversation) Sharpe gave him greater pain than all the rest of the votes of the minority put together. I never could

gather what was the cause of this extreme sensibility ; and could only infer that he had, in some bygone days, laid these two gentlemen under obligations, and was stung by a sense of their ingratitude, without making the allowance to which every one has a right if he acts upon his proper convictions. But, as I have observed, the chivalrous was a marked feature in the temperament of Mr. Canning, which will supply the most probable explanation of the whole of his proceedings in regard to the Princess of Wales (into an early account of which I have now partly to enter), as well as his anxious provision for his political friends before he would accept the Portuguese embassy.

It will be remembered, that in May 1814, the Princess of Wales was forbidden to present herself at the Queen's drawing-room, in consequence of an objection from the Prince Regent, who must of necessity be there, and refused to meet his wife "for reasons of which he alone could be the judge." The Queen was thereupon placed in a dilemma, and obliged to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to her Royal Highness, who acquiesced in the decision "out of personal consideration for her Majesty," but peremptorily insisted on the fact, that as she had been pronounced innocent on the investigation against her, she would not be treated as guilty, and demanded of the Queen to state this to the distinguished visitors who attended. From this public outbreak, the Princess became more than ever a political engine in the hands of the Opposition to gall and depreciate the Regent. It was endeavoured to increase her popularity, and in the same degree diminish that of her husband ; and the country was in a favourable condition for the diffusion and adoption of these views. The question therefore assumed a prominence of State importance, which was but too well calculated to agitate, and, I may add, demoralise the population, though

not then to the extent it did at a later period. When Lord Castlereagh proposed a provision of 50,000*l.* a-year, Mr. Whitbread unexpectedly produced a letter from her Royal Highness, declaring that 35,000*l.* was all she would accept from an overburthened people, and acknowledged that he was her adviser in this step for popularity. The matrimonial quarrel thus became a national business, and party was armed with a powerful instrument to work its way either for the gratification of revenge or ambition. That the Princess suffered much we can confidently affirm, both from the hostility of the Prince, and the pain of being made a tool for factious ends. She felt that she was forsaken where she had a right to expect support ; and that she was supported elsewhere, not for her own sake, but as the means of annoyance to her husband, respecting whom, if she had no cause to care for his welfare, it was at any rate despicable to be employed as a thorn in his side. In this situation it was not surprising that she should soon become a frequent visitor to Gloucester Lodge, and seek from the loyal friendship of Mr. Canning that counsel and aid which no other quarter offered to her pitiable case. To his sympathy the unfortunate Princess could not appeal in vain, and like the illustrious Knight without fear and without reproach, he undertook her cause, reconciled her to herself, and brought the sad affair to as auspicious an issue as was then within the compass of human exertion. The nature of their conferences may be surmised from the circumstances I am about to relate. On going to the Lodge on a Sunday afternoon as customary, I observed the Princess's carriage at the door ; and was hesitating whether I should go in or not, when Mr. Canning led her out and handed her to her seat, beckoning me to enter by another passage. A glance informed me that something of unusual interest

had taken place, for the Princess appeared flushed to crimson, and Mr. Canning exceedingly moved. I proceeded into the room, and walking up to the fire-place, stood leaning my arm on the chimney-piece, when the latter returned in a state of extreme excitement and agitation, exclaiming (in a manner more resembling a stage effect than a transaction in real life), "Take care, sir, what you do! Your arm is bathing in the tears of a Princess!" I immediately perceived that this was the truth, for her Royal Highness had been weeping plentifully over the very marble spot on which I rested; and it was on this day that she came to the resolution to leave England. Poor lady, many a flood of tears she shed; and in her affliction was wont to exclaim, "God bless the good old King, and (pausing) I ought also to pray God bless Mr. Canning!" By his advice, and the advice of Lord Leveson Gower, she now determined to travel from the land where her position was so distressing. In so doing she gave much offence to Mr. Whitbread and the party who had espoused her cause, and was loudly blamed by them for her desertion. But when we look upon her unhappy condition in every respect, I think there can be only one opinion, that the severance from them and the inhospitable soil, was the only course she could pursue suited to her own dignity and comparative peace of mind. The *Jason* frigate, the Hon. Captain King, having been ordered for the service, with the *Rosario* sloop, Captain Peake, in attendance, she sailed on the 9th of August, landed at Cuxhaven on the 15th, on her way to Brunswick, having in her suite Lady E. Forbes, Lady C. Lindsay, Sir William Gell, Colonel St. Leger, Mr. Craven, Capt. Hess, and Dr. Holland. The accounts at the time described her as considerably distressed, even to fainting, on quitting the English shore; but she was constitutionally

blessed with high spirits, and rallied so speedily that on the 12th, the Prince's birthday, she toasted his health, and before the vessel reached Cuxhaven joined in the dance on the deck with Sir William Gell and her cheerful companions. The toiled bird had been liberated from its cage; and the reaction was naturally immediate as it skimmed the blue sea in beautiful weather, free upon the wing!

There can be no doubt that in this affair Mr. Canning was partly influenced by political considerations, involving the tranquillity of the country, the removal of a serious source of injurious scandal, and the contentment of the reigning sovereign, so long harassed by the conflict; in whose breast, as I shall have occasion to relate in a future page of this Memoir, he implanted a grateful memory which was not impaired by his noble refusal to take any part in the accusations and bill of pains and penalties afterwards brought against the Queen, over whom, as Princess, he had thus thrown the shield of his affectionate sympathy and manly protection.

Preparing for his voyage to Portugal, with the intention of remaining a year in that country, it was a great relief to him when he had so satisfactorily accomplished this object. It seemed as if a weight had been taken off his head and heart; his conversation resumed its usual cheerfulness and vivacity; and the trying scenes of misery and grief were happily banished from Gloucester Lodge.

At this time I had experienced a peculiar trait of Mr. Canning, which it may be amusing to record, and deemed somewhat characteristic. Near the beginning of our acquaintance, when we met in the Old Brompton lanes, he used, on giving me his hand, to place in mine only one, or occasionally two, of his fingers, and this I have reason to know was his general habit with those with whom he was

not on more intimate terms ; for Mr. Dundas, of whom I have spoken before, observed to me that I was becoming a great favourite, and had already got to three fingers ! Such had been the case till now ; when, having found out the value of the prize, I was not a little delighted to have the whole hand of the man I so esteemed shaken with mine. I assure you I was proud enough of the distinction ; which few shared, except the Huskissons, the Freres, the Ellises, the Backhouses, and other faithful and attached friends, the associates of his unreserved and confidential hours, and companions of those social enjoyments, the charms of which no words can paint.

Although five years in advance, I will conclude this chapter with a personal proof of this great man's regard for so humble an individual as myself. I had asked him to stand godfather to an infant son of mine (now the bearer of his name, "George Canning," in Bengal), and was in painful suspense at having no answer, when I received the following letter, which converted my annoying uncertainty into pleasure :—

" Gloucester Lodge, Aug. 5, 1819.

" DEAR SIR,

" I am quite shocked, on looking over your letter of the 31st to see that I omitted, in our conversation yesterday, to advert to its more immediate object.

" The truth is, that I put your letter by, intending to read it over again before I should see you, and that I had unluckily left it among my papers in town, when you called upon you [me] yesterday.

" I hope you have understood silence to mean consent, so far as my consent was necessary ; and that you will have the goodness to signify so much to me, and to accept my best wishes on behalf of my young godson.

"I again beg you to believe that I am most truly sorry for my inadvertence, and that I am, dear Sir,

"Your very sincere and faithful servant,

"GEO. CANNING."

As a farther proof of the fine feeling and goodness of the writer of this gratifying letter, I have to add, that he went to Kensington Church himself, in order to authorise the baptismal name to be properly registered in the parochial book.

* It is sometimes difficult, in cases of baptismal mistake, to induce straightlaced clergymen to correct the errors. Thus I heard, whilst writing this chapter, an anecdote of a baby whose parents were desirous that he should bear the name of their friend, Mr. Peto. But the minister did not hear it distinctly, and christened the child Peter; nor could all the persuasions afterwards urged in the vestry, when filling in the register, induce him to alter the fiat. Peter he had baptised him, Peter he was, Peter he must remain, and Peter he is to this day.

CHAPTER III.

THE "SUN"—AUTUMN, 1814, RESUMED—
MISCELLANEOUS.

How much an Editor would lose, if he,
 Abandoning mysterious incogs,
 Wrote little "I" instead of mighty "We!"
 For when a man the public memory jogs
 In a tremendous, slashing "leading article,"
 To stamp upon the thunderbolt "Tim Scroggs!"
 Would spoil its efficacy no small particle!
 There is much wisdom in that same plurality,
 It neutralises personal rascality,
 And shrouds from scorn his individuality!

The Dutch have ta'en Holland!
 The French thieves are *flying*,
 Who have beat the whole world
 Both in RUNNING and LYING.

THE review of a long life, my friends, is a grave business, and if treated in the sombre colours which too largely overshadow it, would be exceedingly dull. I have therefore endeavoured to mingle the amusing with the serious, and the light with the solid; and I have cause to rejoice that, so far as I have gone, my attempt has met with such general approbation. Some remarks have, nevertheless, been made on the desultory character of my composition, and the jumble of dates and topics, instead of proceeding regularly in due order of time, or following out particular subjects to the end. But the truth is that, from the nature

of the work, such a course was impossible. Many events connect themselves after the lapse of years, and many persons appear at different periods under entirely different aspects, and altogether different circumstances. In the one case there would be such a leaping backward and forward as would be ludicrously confusing; and in the other my Autobiography would be nothing but a bundle of episodes. For these reasons I must beg leave to go on according to my own fashion—the only way in which I can go on—and to ask indulgence for unavoidable incongruities and apparent looseness in the chain, though not without a plan. To arrange all my materials, big and little, in a perfectly systematic order, would defy the ingenuity of the most exigent of my critics. Portraits and anecdotes do not depend on exact dates; but are good for the 1st of April in the year One, or for Christmas day, A.D. 50.

But to my critics, with one foul personal exception too contemptible for notice, I have nothing but thanks to return. My first volume (as acknowledged in a preceding introductory chapter, though written after this,) has passed favourably enough through its trial, the verdict reminding me somewhat of that on the *other* old woman, who was arraigned for stealing a pair of boots, in the home county famous for calves, but found "*Not Guilty*" by the Jury; and admonished by the Bench to go away, and take care that she did not do the like again! Yet here I am at the Book, which is much worse than the Boot affair, once more.

The "*Sun*," as I have stated, was a strenuous Pitt and high Tory journal; but it would be a very fallacious idea to believe it to have been the mere obsequious tool of any man or body of men. It gave and received support upon principles thus truly enunciated by me on the 21st October, 1814:—"Our diurnal publications, of which there are

fifteen, eight morning and seven evening, may be divided into three sorts:—1. The Ministerial, or such as generally support the measures of Government; 2. The Opposition, or such as generally arraign them; and 3. The Neutral, or such as proceed upon a declaration that they belong to no party. To begin with the last: they are scarcely to be distinguished; for in this country, where the extremes of opinion are not always enforced, and men lean occasionally, more or less, from the side of the cause they commonly espouse, to commend or condemn particular acts, it is not easy to steer a middle course, which shall be remarkable enough to merit a classification *per se*. Thus the independent papers, as they call themselves, are only publications a little more or a little less warm in their attachment to Ministers, or to their Opponents.

"The ministerial papers (as they are called) are confined to, at most, one-third of the fifteen; their names it would be unbecoming in us to particularise. Their nature is *precisely* this. Ministers do not control a single opinion they contain, nor are they dictated to one iota either in their general conduct or in their sentiments upon special occasions. The connection existing between these papers and the government is *natural*, and in no instance, we believe, *corrupt*. Newspapers which have, from principle, advocated, and continue to maintain, the excellency of that system upon which the present administration, following the footsteps of the immortal Pitt, conduct the affairs of the country, receive no reward for that independent support, if that is not considered a reward which consists in occasional information, which enables them at once to gratify the public, and more effectually to do justice to all in the accuracy of their statements."

Such in truth was the condition of the London periodical

press at the period referred to ; and I am inclined to think that it is pretty much the same now, though more divided into organs of various parties. My own labour was a labour of love ; but Tory as I was, my pen never ceased to exert its dearest efforts to promote the comforts of the people—the “masses” as they are now termed,—and so soon as grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front, my predilection for literature and the arts was shown by my commencing a regular literary review of new publications in the pages of the “Sun” (a pattern at length followed in every quarter); and being one of the boldest and earliest, if not the very earliest, champion for cheap bread, cheap food, and cheap clothing for the poorer classes, and the downfall of war prices, which enriched only one class, the agricultural, including landlords and tenants !

At the present day I may be excused for boasting of this consistency. In alliance with Ministers or free, in connection with the book-trade or on my own footing, wherever the press was in my hands I never compromised its sacred functions, but endeavoured with all my might so to

Play the enchanter's part
And scatter bliss around ;
That not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.

I trust I may be permitted to offer proof of this ; by reference to my writings eight-and-thirty years ago. George the Third was reluctant to sanction the appointment of Sir James Macintosh to Bombay, and when the Premier represented to his Majesty that Sir James' politics had been greatly moderated, the King quaintly and sagaciously observed, “Aye, aye, an honest man may change his Opinions, aye, more than once—but mark me, never his

Principles." I cordially assent to this truth, and though it is so long since I mixed in the political *melée*, I look back with satisfaction to those efforts which were invariably addressed to ensure the welfare of the many throughout the millions of population and every industrious class of the community. Thus, at the period alluded to, when the Corn Laws were discussed, and it was endeavoured in Parliament to keep up the exorbitant rate to which grain, butcher's meat, and every other article of consumption had arisen, I appealed, and wrote from day to day in the following strain :—

"Every link in the chain of high prices obtains a little more than is exactly just, in order completely to cover loss. The importer sells sugar at 70*s.* which should be only 50*s.* ; and so on throughout every species of internal produce, or external acquisition, which can be named. Thus A. B. pays 5*l.* for a coat, 5*l.* for colonial produce, and 5*l.* for linen, which *were corn cheap* he might severally obtain for little more than half these sums. There can be no doubt that the price of all kinds of labour is regulated by the price of sustenance—the workmen at the loom, in the field, in the warehouse, must live—their families must be supported. If corn is dear, wages must of necessity be high, and this state of things is felt in every branch and ramification of our manufactures, every effort of industry, every particle of produce, and every commodity imported. It is confessed that we cannot raise provisions at so low a rate as our continental competitors ; but are we therefore, of our own accord, to fix them so madly high as to render it equally impossible for us to enjoy the advantage of our superior skill and machinery, and meet them in the market with our staple woollens, our Birmingham and Sheffield wares, our wrought and unwrought ores, our cottons, and

all our productions of mechanical process and well-applied industry. Such would ensue from the proposed measures required by the mistaken men who are attempting to make us believe, contrary to sense and reason, that bread at 1s. 3d. the quartern loaf is necessary to our national salvation. We dare not trust ourselves to follow out this subject, nor do we desire it, for we are convinced that the object in view can never be realised. Were it realised the fate of Great Britain would be sealed, and her greatness annihilated. The country could not survive the shock. Soon would we be driven from every market on earth, and our commerce would be nipped and perish in the bud. At home people could not live, and emigration to foreign lands, or disorders in our own, must inevitably ensue. Then, when too late, the Land Owner would discover that it would have been well for him, and happy for his country, had he suffered the prime necessary of life, like all other things, to find its natural level, and as nearly as possible flow back to that wholesome bound which existed before this tremendous war raised him at the expense of his fellow citizens."—*The Sun, September 24th, 1814.*

"We lament every accession of price put upon the necessaries of life."—*Idem, September 26th.*

"The people deserve to be considered in everything, and their welfare is paramount to the enjoyment of luxuries, either by Land Owner or Merchant. Let them, we say, have bread and every other article of consumption as cheap as possible; by this our wages will be lowered, and, of consequence, our manufactures enabled to meet all competition at the fair of Leipsic, or any other fair. We shall meet and undersell our rivals at their own doors—the people will be better able to pay the taxes which a heavy debt and great expenditure demand—and the picture which our croakers

delight to draw will be entirely reversed. But if everything is to be alike burthensome ; if we are indeed to have our war taxes continued ; *our Corn Laws established, so that bread can never be cheap* ; and our Warehousing Acts perpetuated for ever, so that all merchandise shall retain its exorbitant rate, then adieu to Britain's prosperity and glory, and we may paint a state of being as gloomy as any sham patriot can desire."—*Idem, November 11th.*

And lastly—" Our sole object is the good of the nation ; and we shall be equally ready hereafter to protect to the utmost of our humble abilities, the Agricultural against any encroachments of the Commercial interests, as we have been zealously anxious at this time to guard against what we held to be unjustifiable pretensions of the former. *We want to have the produce of both at a cheap rate for the People*, and we know that manufactures cannot be cheap, either for Home or Foreign consumption, if Corn be dear. We want to descend gradually, and in a ratio consistent with the burdens of the country, to a safe and healthful state of prices in the body politic. Therefore we oppose the perpetuation of the Corn War Charges."*

I assure my readers that I am neither quoting Mr. Cobden nor Mr. Bright, nor Mr. Wilson, nor Mr. Fox, but the dicta of the writer of this little book, before the party cry of Free Trade was invented, or Protection had assumed that title.

But, in my vocation, I was not the less Tory editor

* And how steady these principles were, will be seen by the annexed brief extract from a leading article on the Property Tax, in the following year, viz : Nov. 18, 1815 :—

" The Editor of the Sun is convinced that a well-modified Property Tax is the most advisable measure of finance which can be adopted for this nation in peace or in war, and is most anxious to see a right scale devised for levying it ; a scale not descending too low to oppress the humble, nor taxing casual profits like certain proceeds of real property ; but, in short, combining all the advantages which a happy theory can suggest."

because I was a friend to the people. In that position I argued, and fought, and squibbed, and abused, with the hottest of my contemporaries. Poor Matthews's severe accident, Charles Dibdin's death, the famous Stock Exchange hoax, the *débüt* of Miss O'Neill, Byron's marriage; nay, the war in America and the grand Congress at Vienna, were all seasoned with diatribes and jokes in prose and verse, as occasion served; and the "Sun" shone blithely over the Island.

Thus, during the splendid Peace Jubilee, when rejoicings and festivities were at their height, the following ballad of mine was added to the merry score, August 5th:—

EVERYWHERE HAPPY.

FOUNDED ON THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION ON THE IMPERIAL COINAGE
OF THE EMPEROR OF ELBA!!!*

TUNE.—*Maggy Lauder.*

I.

An Engineer-Lieutenant I;
At Bienne educated;
Learnt love and trigonometry,
And a shrewd chap was rated.
Without a livre in my purse,
Want, close to work made me fix;
And I, for better and for worse,
Was Ubicumque Felix!
Ubicumque, Ubicumque, Ubicumque Felix,
Ubicumque, Ubicumque, Ubicumque Felix,
Ubicumque, Ubicumque, Ubicumque Felix,
Ubi, Ubi, Ubi, Ubi, Ubicumque Felix!

II.

At Paris, then, I took my way,
No scoundrel e'er went further,
And revell'd nobly, night and day,
In rapine, blood, and murder;

* A month previous to this, however, the intrigues going on at Elba were more than suspected, though their real character and actual object could not be fathomed.

For when the Jacobins began
 Their Revolution Free tricks,
 They found I was their very man,
 And Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

III.

In Italy, some fine campaigns
 I fought, and gathered glory;
 A wife got, to reward my pains,
 From Barras' *Directo-ry*.
 I plundered—pillaged—church and shrine—
 And stole the Pope's crucifix;
 And then in Paris made a shine,
 As Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

IV.

To Egypt, next, I went, so brave,
 To conquer every *Acre*;
 But Smith would only yield a *grave*
 Of ground: d—d *undertaker*!
 I Mufti turn'd—all wouldn't do,
 And so I off to sea risks,
 And safely steer'd the English through,
 Oh, Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

V.

First Consul, Emperor and King,
 With crowns and sceptres play'd I—
 With titles graced each low-born thing
 And made each Joan * a lady.
 I thump'd the Continent about
 With war and grand *poli-tics*,
 And thrash'd each sovereign so stout,
 Like Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

VI.

My old dame, now, I cast adrift,
 To work a princess' thralldom;
 To get an heir I made a shift,
 And King of Rome I call'd him.

* It is not so delicate in the original; but *tempora mutantur, et nos, &c.*

United thus with royalty,
 Good luck to favour me sticks,
 And I deem the world the property
 Of Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

VII.

My brothers all I Monarchs made,
 And Queens my sister harlots;
 But Joseph found it a bad trade,
 And Spaniards cursed varlets.
 'Gainst Moscow, too, I urged my force,
 Where fortune first at me kicks,
 Yet back to France I shape my course,
 Still Ubicumque Felix!

Ubicumque, &c.

VIII.

Now, Wellington, and Russ, and Pruss,
 Began to pluck the Phoenix;
 I sorely fear'd they would me truss,
 And send me over the Styx.
 They used me better—took my wife,
 And conscience never me pricks;
 In Elba I enjoy my life—
 "Impr. Ubicumque Felix!"

Ubicumque, &c.

Only the day before, August 4th, so incited had become my rhyming faculties, I had perpetrated the annexed piece; but really, all the Pitt school were half-crazed at this season, with the success which had carried that policy through, the disappointment of which preyed upon him, and laid him in his tomb in Westminster Abbey years before the triumph which awaited his arduous patriotism. I deliver here no opinion upon the right or the wrong of the policy pursued; that is not for the newspapers of the day, nor autobiographists, but for history; and so, only for its temporary application, here is my song:—

“WE’VE CAUGHT THE ——— AT LAST.”

NEW SONG FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT WHICH ACTUALLY TOOK PLACE AS THE
UNDAUNTED FRIGATE, CAPT. USHER, WAS TRANSPORTING
NAPOLEON TO ELBA.

I served, my boys, you must know,
On board the Undaunted Frigate,
When from Fréjus with Boney in tow,
To Elba we forced him to jig it.
Cried Jack, from the Launch, to me,
As we was sailing past—
“So, you’ve got Nap safe I see;”
Yes, we’ve caught the *fellow* at last.
Right, tight, tol de rol la!

Boney he stood on deck the while,
Shamming not to know our patter;
But he gave a grin for a smile
When he heard our curious chatter.
As Jack, from the Launch, to me,
Called out as we went past—
“So, you’ve got Nap safe, I see;”
Yes! we’ve caught the fellow at last.
Tol de rol.

Another verse applies to the fancy fleet on the *Serpentine*, in Hyde Park, and is not worth repeating—if the others are? In this place, also, I may as well attach my own value to productions like these; and I think my practice of judgment is such, that I can weigh them quite as fairly as if they had been written by Somebody else. They are smart enough for their immediate purpose, and display a cleverness and talent well fitted for the small ready change of temporary currency; but they seldom possess the sterling even for future curiosity, and could, therefore, chiefly be defended in a personal light, as forming parts of the life of an individual who imagined his biography worthy of public acceptance; yet, as miscellaneous reading, in our run-a-head days, they may also revive already forgotten memories, obliterated by recent events, more or less important, which

occupy the attention of the living generation. Napoleon and Alexander, "turned to clay," are now nearly in the same category; and dead lions are not brutes to lecture on for asses kicking their way, alike regardless of the past and blind to the future. I must at the same time state, that for one *jeu de circonstance* which I repeat, I shall in compassion for my readers leave a great number of the excess to their deserved repose.

Till near the close of the year, my letters descriptive of Paris continued to appear as opportunity suited, and the whole number, between thirty and forty, were popular at the time. Paris had so long been sealed up, that they possessed much novelty, and the generally attractive tone of light anecdote contributed to this result. For instance the whim of the people struck me in the name of an Hotel in one of the inferior streets, the "*Hôtel des Milords ci-devant*," the Tavern for Would-be-great folks. I do not recollect so sarcastic an inn in all England. It seemed, however, to be well frequented, from which I presume that the Would-be's there, as elsewhere, were by no means the most limited class in society. The Jolly Beggars is probably our nearest approach to this sign; but the company under that name are almost always great folks, if not absolutely royal, before they depart. With another of my Parisian trifles I shall conclude this chapter.

ANAGRAM: BONAPARTE IN ELBA.

In *Elba* is placed (an appropriate station!)

Napoleon, *once* ABLE—once feared by each nation;

Now stript of his empire, his legions dispersed,

His real situation is ABLE reversed.

CHAPTER IV.



LIGHT MATTERS—LITERARY PURSUITS.

Rail at him, brave spirit ! surround him with foes !
The wolf's at his door, and there's none to defend ;
He's as " poor as a crow," give him lustier blows,
And do not be alarmed, for he hasn't a friend.

Now twirl your red steel in the wound you have made,
His wife lies a-dying, his children are dead ;
He'll soon be alone, man, so don't be afraid,
But give him a thrust that will keep down his head.

He has not a sixpence to buy his wife's shroud,
He " writes for a living," so stab him again !
Raise a laugh, as he timidly shrinks from the crowd,
And hunt him like blood-hound, most valiant of men.

To a malignant Critic, by J. T. FIELDS, Boston, America.

THE Grand Peace Jubilee, occupying the beginning of August, was a splendid national fête ; and the rejoicings and spectacles had, as such things ever will have, a very beneficial public influence. After having due regard to the material comforts of the humbler classes, there is no better nor wiser policy than to contrive as much as possible to furnish them with amusements and pleasures. It diverts the unruly, it soothes the discontented, it silences the turbulent, it gratifies the well-disposed, and raises a good and kindly spirit in all, enjoying together the same recreations, sights, and entertainments. Ballad writing may be

susceptible of producing considerable effect upon a people ; but give me the office of supplying the holiday sports and relaxation from toil, and I will warrant a minimum risk of disaffection or revolution ! The jubilee was altogether a fête of this kind, and exceedingly popular.*

The "Sun," it may be supposed, warmly defended every point assailed by the Opposition in regard to Mr. Canning's Lisbon mission, and retorted upon his adversaries to the utmost of my powers. The rank of Ambassador was a necessary international etiquette when the Prince Regent of Portugal had signified his determination to return to

* Among the most attractive sights were the mimic fleet on the Serpentine River, and the Chinese bridge and pagoda on the canal in St. James's Park. My friend, David Pollock, who was about the earliest efficient promoter of the introduction of gas from the invention of Mr. Winsor, the first successful experimenter with it in his own dwelling, and for thirty years governor of the Chartered Gas Light and Coke Company, was so concerned in the application, that he hastened to London from the circuit to be present at the lighting of the bridge and pagoda with this new flame. Mortifying to relate, it will be remembered that the bridge caught fire ; the gas was put out happily without explosion, and every part thrown into smouldering darkness. The much-grieved governor hurried back in a chaise to the country ; and on appearing in court next morning very cast down, one of his confrères wrote as follows :—

"When all the park was into darkness cast,
The mob lost nothing—Pollock looked aghast" (a gas).

On another occasion, on his asking a friend (Dr. Marsham, the present warden of Merton College, Oxford, I believe), to take some shares in the Chartered Gas Company, then in its infancy, he wrote in answer :—

"Believe me, dear Pollock, I am not such an ass,
As to think that Gaza's the Latin for gas."

On another occasion, either the late Mr. Baron Bolland or the late J. Adolphus wrote :—

"Little David of Old, with a sling and a stone,
Slew Goliath the Giant, alas !
If on our little David this task had been thrown,
He'd have poisoned the giant with gas."

So are all new inventions and discoveries treated. Look at gas now !

Lisbon, and a British squadron had sailed at his request for Rio Janeiro, to escort him to Europe. The allowances, therefore, accorded to Mr. Canning, were literally a restriction upon, instead of an augmentation of the amount of expenditure fixed by Parliament ; and all the imputations of requiring more than was right were not only unfounded, but the reverse of truth. Mr. Canning was never a money-seeker, sordid or hoarding : an honourable and liberal prudence guided him in all things, and his private life and his patronage were alike of the purest and noblest character.

His departure was a melancholy day to me, and yet the reader may laugh when I tell that I was somewhat reconciled to the change, not merely by having the charge of Gloucester Lodge and Garden confided to me, but, in conjunction with my ever-valued friend, Mr. (Sir Francis) Freeling, being entrusted with a commission to forward an occasional supply of genuine Southdown mutton and Aylesbury butter for the family of the Ambassador. These articles in Portugal, it seemed, were in bad repute ; and health, not epicurism, rendered this minor arrangement advisable. It was also a subject of frequent mirth ; for there were no penny stamps in those days to cover loins or carry legs of mutton ! The Secretary of the Post-office was, however, a potential ally ; and I flatter myself that a portion of our good understanding with Portugal might be traced to my services in this little bit of commissariat business ; for what Portuguese minister at Colares, where Mr. Canning resided, could resist the juice of such meat, and the seductions of such English buttering ?

At the present moment, when there has been such a controversy respecting the picking of patent locks, I may mention, in connection with the General Post-office, that in

the October of this year several locks, including that of the Receiver General's Office and the iron chest in the inner room, were all opened in one night by ingenious thieves. Lavender and Vickery, the famous Bow-street officers, endeavoured to penetrate the mystery in vain ; till at last, free pardon and even a reward being promised for a full discovery, the instruments by which the job was effected were brought to Mr. Freeling's one day after dinner, and their application explained. They were equal in number and finish to the finest jeweller's tools, and more various in form. Weeks had been spent in curious strategy,* to obtain impressions after impressions of the locks in wax, entering gradually deeper and deeper; and the keys, thus at last perfected, did all that was requisite easily and noiselessly. The gang were, however, disappointed of their expected booty, amounting to from 12,000*l.* to 18,000*l.*, as the contents were taken nightly, a little before the office closed, to be deposited in the bank.

A few months before this, the "Satirist" not having thriven in my hands, it was given up, and the "Tripod" † established on its *débris*, which circumstances may require a short illustration by themselves. Galignani consulted me about the starting of his universally popular and useful Paris paper, which has since taken so important a place in periodical literature, and our correspondence continued for some time.

In my private affairs one of those casualties took place, which considerably affected my future fortunes ; and as my statements and sentiments with reference to such

* The first move, I remember, was a pretended drunkard staggering against the outer door, and carrying off the size and shape of the key-hole on the wax with which his palm was covered. The fellows could not keep their countenance whilst they described their tricks. It was a highly comic scene, unsurpassed by any in the "Beggars' Opera."

† See Appendix A.

matters have given rise to many remarks and opinions, I feel myself justified in entering a little more at large into the subject.

I maintain that the uncertainties and disappointments incident to a life entirely dependent on literature, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, render that life (comparatively speaking of the talent and ability it requires and the reward it meets), to be at the best, precarious and unproductive, and at the worst (far too frequently), impoverished and wretched. All my experience tends to this conviction ; and I earnestly repeat my warning, "beware of trusting to such a faithless support and broken reed."

I allow that the pursuit of literature is apt to generate, and far more apt to give rise to the imputation of habits of carelessness, and, if you will, of extravagance and imprudence. I am not standing up as the apologist of these errors ; on the contrary, I set out, in my first volume, by declaring that I was willing to point the moral of their injurious nature, by frankly showing what I had myself suffered from them, their degrading consequences and their painful sacrifices. And I would also assert, that the mere imputations so generally spread and credited, are nearly as injurious as the reality could be.

A third point of view I would reiterate, as going so far to excuse the literary Improvident, is, that his occupations, to a certain extent unfit him for exact and constant attention to more worldly concerns. His mind is ever prone to seek refuge from troubles, petty or greater, in another world of ideas, which he can make pleasant to himself, and where sorrows are imaginary and persecutions unknown. This may be very wrong, but it is very natural ; a castle in the air is as consolatory as a high-raised hope ; and no wonder that individuals fly up to inhabit the one, or cheat themselves

into the firm belief that the other is sure. The castle dissolves, the hope fades away into nothingness, and there stands the naked man of letters to be preyed upon by those who have marked his incompetency; and abused by those who have swindled him.

Again ; the acknowledged vicissitudes inseparable from the literary career—one work succeeding, another failing, many being rejected, few accepted, and, when accepted, proving unsuccessful—afford strong grounds for the mitigation of censure and the recognition of sympathy. A season of prosperity may be succeeded by a season of adversity ; and, even were this foreseen, there is not likely to be the means for providing against that reverse. There is not the Egyptian abundance of the seven years of plenty to garner up resources to meet the seven years of famine, were there a Joseph at your ear to prophesy the coming evil and instruct you what to do in order to avert its calamities.

Thus literary men are at all times less prepared to meet the strokes of misfortune than any other section of the community. True it is, trades may fail, professions may decline, and losses may alight on other heads, to their ruin ; but none, as a class, are liable to the same irregularities of income and unfitness for the business struggle, or the same liability to be found wanting in the hour of necessity, the same aptitude for self-delusion, and the same deficiencies of facilities and power to withstand a shock, whether it fall upon them through rash misconduct or blameless accident. There is a bond of union nearly throughout all the rest of the stirring multitude, in active intercourse, to help each other in cases of need ; but where is the help for the stricken deer who only belongs to the communion of letters ? Bare is his position, weak and ineffectual his efforts, assistance a miracle, restoration a phantom ; he is the Saint

Sebastian of his days, stript and bound, for every cruel hand to shoot an arrow into him, to complete his martyrdom.

And this is no picture of the fancy ; it is the sad reality of the great majority of literary life. It is not the fate of genius, of flightiness, of thoughtlessness, of extravagance. I could, and will hereafter, name some of the most useful and laborious authors of the age, who lived poor and died in debt, though they never committed a folly or an excess in their lives. Admirably did a great man advise when he wrote*—

“ In early youth I had many aspiring feelings to dedicate my life to literature, and to literature alone ; but I thank God—seeing what I have seen in Galt, in Hogg, in Hood, and other friends—that I had resolution to resolve on a profession, and to make poetry my crutch, and not my staff. I have, in consequence, lost the name which, probably, with due exertion, I might have acquired ; but I have gained many domestic blessings which more than counter-balance it, and I can yet turn to my pen, in my short intervals of occasional relaxation, with as much zest as in my days of romantic adolescence.”

But suppose I change my line of argument, and appeal to the thousands of learned and scientific men, the poets, the historians, the novelists, and the diligent compilers of valuable works,—every variety and description of authorship—and ask them how they have fared ? What will their reply be ? That most have been steeped in poverty ; that a few have barely contrived to subsist ; that not one in a hundred, who were without private and extrinsic resources to fall back upon, have succeeded to the realisation of

* Sir Walter Scott, quoted and adopted, from his northern experience, by the amiable and estimable “Delta,” Moir, whose premature loss we have had so recently to deplore.

moderate independence ; and that, perhaps, one in five hundred, the exception to the rule, has reached a goal almost as satisfactory as he would have done had he been, with a tolerable capacity, a divine, a lawyer, or a physician. To compare the literary aspirant with prosperous merchants, great contractors, cotton lords, *et hoc genus omne*, is purely ridiculous ; his course can only be contrasted with the contemporary and co-equal course of other persons engaged in intellectual pursuits ; and is there a competent observer of society in existence, so blind as not to see that his chances and rewards run upon a sterile level far beneath those fruitful heights which they attain.

The fact is, that the profession of literature is neither honoured nor encouraged in England as in other civilised countries. The Professors are suspected (and not untruly) of being in a way of unprofitable exertion, which is likely to lead to the curse of needing help. Such people are not courted by the majority of well-to-do-folks. There is a sort of *noli me tangere* about them which causes avoidance as of contagion. And if they are really plunged into certain poverty, bell, book, and candle, would be too kind for them, and the sentence of excommunication is passed. I have seen, communed with, and aided many able and meritorious writers in both these unfortunate conditions. But even those who do not fall under the suspicion or into the abyss I have described, are still made to feel that literature is a derogatory and dangerous hobby. Let an eminent statesman of cultivated taste or graceful faculties devote a vacant hour to solace himself with any production of refined or elevated character, and the moment it appears he becomes a mark for almost general mockery and ridicule. There is a species of infection in the mere association, and the public voice is heard to exclaim against him for having written a

book, and forgetful of all his antecedents, pronounce, like Othello—

“But never more be officer of mine.”

He has sunk as deeply as he could into the crowded ranks of the helots of the press ; and it will be no easy task for him to regain, even if unscathed, his station.

Employment on the Periodical press furnishes subsistence to a considerable number of clever writers, including not a few of very superior talents ; but are they better off in the scale than the general class of retail shop-keepers, traders, and decent handicraftsmen ? Assuredly not ; and yet without an income derived from occupation of this kind, authorship is seldom anything else but a name for beggary.

I will not, however, rest my assertions touching this vitally important literary question upon the condition of the middle-class strugglers ; nor anticipate what may be the lot of my younger contemporaries, who are flourishing, as I did at their period of life. I have seen and known too much, not to warn them that there may be breakers a-head, and their school reading will remind them that it is not safe to pronounce even a mighty monarch fortunate or happy till he dies. Sincerely do I pray that their prosperity may increase and be lasting, even to the end.

But I will inquire about the most cultivated and distinguished literary men, and men of genius of the present century, and ask if their success in life can support the doctrine of their being adequately requited, in comparison with far less gifted individuals in intellectual and other walks of life. Where are their bishops, and judges, and eminent physicians, where even their deans, and rectors, their prebendaries, their middle-rank barristers, their well-fed general practitioners ? For a history they may get as much as a counsel with a brief ; for a romance, as much

as a popular actor for a night's performance ; for an immortal poem—nothing. Yet this, forsooth, is the order who ought to be thankful for the blessings showered upon them by an indulgent and munificent public ; whose deserts are fully acknowledged, whose exertions are more than suitably rewarded. Ingrates to complain !

Yet, did Sir Walter Scott, the most productive of authors, die rich ? Perhaps I may be answered that his wreck of fortune was the result of improvident speculation in the purchase of land, and in building. His ambition aimed, as I believe, at founding, not a baronetcy, but a peerage ; and the great wizard fell.

But did Moore, never an imprudent or extravagant liver, and largely assisted, as he was, by the sale of music and a pension, did he die rich ? Courted and flattered by the high and fair for many a bright year, he finished his brilliant career in the retirement of a lowly Wiltshire cottage, and was carried almost without an attendant mourner to a sequestered grave. No doubt some one or some subscriptions will give him a stone.*

Did Campbell, also kept from absolute dependence upon his pen, by a pension, die rich ? or even in comfortable circumstances ? Truly his Pleasures throughout his life were more of Hope than reality. But for his connection with periodical literature, the author of the noblest lyrics in the English language could scarcely have kept a decent house over his head.

Did the witty Theodore Hook, the author of so many pleasant volumes, die rich ? or was he supported, not extravagantly, but merely in a gentlemanly style, by periodical writing, to die poor ?

* Since I wrote this I observe that a subscription for a monument has been opened under high auspices ; but does not seem to fill well.

Did the ingenious and laborious Loudon, notwithstanding the vast extent of his publications, die rich, or with his copyrights in pawn?—yet he lived prudently and economically.

Did the equally laborious and instructive Maunder, who spent his days, not in luxury, but humble retirement, die rich? I do not think he could leave the amount of a tapist's quarter's salary behind him.

Is John Britton, the veteran pioneer to so many and such great national improvements in cathedral architecture, the opener of a wild and encouraging field for the fine arts, the able and indefatigable archæologist before archæology became a sort of fashion: is John Britton wealthy, or was he not the other day only, in his 81st year, much consoled by the grant of even a paltry pension?

Genius or Drudgery! The same fate attends them!

How is it with the Laureate and popular poet, Tennyson? Without his sack and salary, and a pension too, his situation, I fear, would not be one to be envied by a respectable tailor in a small way.

How is it with Charles Swain, one of the most natural and sweetest of English bards? His hands can happily be engaged to aid his head, and if the Engraver could not do something, the Poet might starve.

All are but the Dr. Johnsons and the Oliver Goldsmiths of our times. Generation after generation, there is only a repetition of the same course. The exceptions, few and far between, confirm the rule. The brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, and Dickens, in London, are the only two who occur to me to have done as well through literature as if their talents had been directed to professional pursuits. Thackeray, with all his abilities, made more money, I fancy, by a dozen of lectures than by several of his popular

publications ; and how long was it before he caught the public ear, in spite of his original and curious efforts ? He now, I think erroneously, if not unfeelingly, upholds the cause against his brethren ; and, since he has at last got up the hill, maintains that All are sufficiently encouraged, and that if they are not in pleasant circumstances, they have nobody to blame for it but themselves ! I do not think he would have written so seven or three years ago !

A numerous body of authors may be cited, whose positions do not bear upon the subject—men of fortune, who have not had to make literature their staff. Yet, though they are out of the pale of dependence upon profits, it would be easy to show, that very few of them ever reaped any benefit from their writings. On the contrary, like gentlemen's farming, the majority have found their publications rather costly. Hallam, Bulwer, Macaulay, James, M'Culloch, Disraeli, and a few others, may be exceptions ; but we doubt exceedingly that such individuals as Rogers, Milman, Talfourd, Croly, Lockhart, Wilson, Procter, Hood, Murchison, Sedgwick, ever did much more than clear their expenses by authorship ; and some of them not that, as their bankers' books would strikingly prove. Yet what a mass of human intelligence and rich qualities of the mind are embodied in such a list ; which could be expanded over pages with celebrated names.

Since I was connected with the press, now nearly half a century, I have read, and I have written, many obituaries of deceased authors in every line of literature ; and the conclusion—the epitaph might be stereotyped—has always been, “He died in poverty, and left his family in distress.”

Pharisaical condemnation in the opposite sense, can only come from persons who are neither scholars, literary men,

gentlemen, nor men of liberal or candid feeling—grovelling hypocrites, devoid of observation, and destitute of judgment. But, alas, it is not in literature alone that this unjust and self-exalting spirit prevails. Too universal is the wrong.* We ask for ourselves what we deny to others. Hearken to the kindest characters among your acquaintance when aught of a third party happens to be spoken of. What is the talk? Any doubtful action may very rarely meet with an excusatory or exculpatory interpretation; but not once in a thousand cases will you find the best construction put upon it. Even friends are wavering or silent, and malice, envy, and uncharitableness have their full swing, and the field all their own way. Yet, the being thus maligned, yielded up, and crushed, might deserve the epitaph designed for himself by the minstrel Beattie, when in contemplation of death:

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forget my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read, unmoved, my artless, tender tale:
I was a friend, O, man! to thee and all!

* See Appendix B.

CHAPTER V.

A MISFORTUNE.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part,—there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made—
One flaunts in rage, one flutters in brocade.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

FOR several years previous to this period of my life, I lived on very intimate terms with a much respected gentleman, Mr. Peter Begbie ; who had been in the Indian mercantile service, and now held a peculiar official situation in Somerset House. A numerous family surrounded his hospitable domestic hearth—the daughters accomplished with fine natural attainments, and his sons acquiring that instruction which was to forward them in their several walks of life, chiefly the church and the military and civil service of India. All the three elder girls wrote sweet poetry, for the “Sun,” and many of their compositions afterwards adorned the “Literary Gazette,” as I shall have occasion to notice in due time. Harlow, whom I introduced to them painted portraits of them, and fancy pieces in which they figured ; and for his Hubert and Prince Arthur, in King John, exhibited in 1815, my friend Begbie and his second son sat for the characters. It was a social and

most agreeable rendezvous, at least twice a-week, and many a happy day I spent in their company. But,—there is always a but—a serious misfortune sprung out of this enjoyment, and afforded exactly such an incident as is likely to affect the welfare of a literary man, as I have described in the foregoing pages. Among the acceptable and intelligent gentlemen with whom I became acquainted at Mr. Begbie's, was Mr. Whitehead, the principal of the banking firm of Whitehead, Howard, and Haddock, with whom, for reasons promising advantages to myself, I lodged the moderate sum of money I then possessed. On the 17th of November, this old established and highly respectable house, connected with many country banks, was compelled to stop payment; and notwithstanding the first favourable report of assets, and the known worth and integrity of the partners, the hope entertained of a favourable winding up was never fulfilled.

It may readily be believed that such an event materially deranged my resources and disconcerted my prospects: it was indeed a severe and unexpected blow, not only for the actual loss, but for its hurtful interference with ulterior objects and engagements. From what happened within the next two years, I never could recover the same ease of circumstances again. My final retirement from the "Sun," and the time required for the establishment, to be profitable, of the "Literary Gazette," bound the chain faster and thicker round me, and to the end the more I made, as the common saying is, the more I was pillaged and victimised by those who had got a hold upon my progress and earnings.

It may be a silly tale, but it is a true one. The evil might possibly have been lessened by the possession and the exercise of a less sanguine disposition than belonged

to me, and of more severe prudence. But I fought hard too, and worked hard, in vain—the alp rose behind the alp in the ascent, and the pitfall succeeded the pitfall in the decline! The incubus never was entirely thrown off: if it had, I should have been a prosperous gentleman, but inexorable fate, like that of Greek tragedy, had ordained it otherwise, and fate was faithfully and zealously served by harpies, whose foul deeds it must be my task to expose. As a warning fact I would add, that a man struggling under difficulties is almost sure to come into contact with rascally people, who will betray and plunder him.

Like the magpie in the fable, he is thrown into bad company, and if they leave him a feather in his wing, or do not wring his neck, it is no voluntary omission of theirs. Vultures scent their prey from a wonderful distance:—the proverb is somewhat musty.

A friendly and sympathising letter from Mr. Freeling, relative to the loss to which I have alluded, may be added as an indication of his generous nature:—

“DEAR JERDAN,

“Lisson-grove, Saturday night.

“I regret most truly that you are a sufferer by the unfortunate failure of the Whiteheads. I am sorry you should think any apology necessary to me for *any* thing. I experience nothing but kindness and attention at your hands.

“Believe me ever yours truly,

“FREELING.”

“Perhaps you will come and dine here one day towards the end of the week.”

The disaster I have just explained (upon which my friend D. Pollock shrewdly observed, at an after period, “Jerdan

has been always kept back by the want of those few hundred pounds,"') was more than pecuniarily distressing; for I entertained a sincere regard for the greatest sufferer in the calamity, and was only reassured from very painful apprehensions when I learnt that Mr. Begbie, like a good Samaritan as he was, had humanely taken charge of him in his distraction, and accompanied him to Calais. In my first volume I exhibited some traits of the penalties paid by crime; and I am sure, at this distance of time (thirty-eight years), it can hurt no private feeling to indicate the severe consequences which result from, and punish, even unguarded worth and too indiscriminating generosity. In our trading community and commercial country, a good man must not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at;" for trusty is the adage, "the simple man's the beggar's brother," and heaven pity him when he has fallen into that state. Portion of a letter, dated Calais, 18 November, 1814, will afford a melancholy illustration of this topic:—

"I had written thus far when I received your few lines of Wednesday last, and I feel myself very grateful for your attention. Poor Whitehead! how I feel for him; for, though prepared for the event, yet he was not without hopes that the house might have weathered the storm. His unbounded liberality to, and confidence in, his brother, added to the sudden withdrawing the Bath bank's account, have caused the calamity. I fear he has not nerves to return. I wish to God, my friend, you and Mrs. B. could induce Mrs. W. to join us as soon as she can. Till she does, I cannot leave him. I do firmly believe I have saved his life: he is really wild at times, and I have no trifling task, I assure you, to amuse him.

"May I entreat you, my friend, should you receive this in time, to take Gloster Place in your way from the Strand, and pass an hour or two with her. I have written to her by this post, but I know that sometimes foreign letters are rather tardy in their delivery westward. As far as I can be comfortable, away from my family, I am so, but it is painful the state of suspense; did I know to a certainty when Mrs. W. would arrive, I should be easy.* Mr. W. begs to be very kindly remembered to you.

"Most truly yours,

"P. BEGBIE.

"You talked of taking another trip to this country. I wish you could contrive to join us here."

Notwithstanding what had occurred, the ensuing year, 1815, though the beginning of a great vexation and overthrow, was gone through without any particular incident to require notice, or any event to lament, till, at its close, I lost the estimable friend whose letter I have just quoted. The year opened triumphantly for a "Sun" editor. The glorious position which the British empire had attained, filled the breast of all who held its politics with exultation;

* This poor lady was ill calculated to meet the blast of adversity. In her prosperous days she was something of the temperament of many wealthy City dames whom I have met and (as usual) observed. Attentions of every kind were somewhat imperiously demanded, and sometimes ludicrously (often unwillingly) rendered. Of the former I remember a laughable instance. On the first day, in a fine Brighton lodging-house, the maid-servant, at dinner, brought up cold spoons wherewith to help the warm gravy; and got admonished for her ignorance of the science of waiting at table, and told never to bring up spoons again without making them as hot as possible. We soon after had coffee, and in an instant Mrs. W. threw down her cup, saucer, spoon, and all: the maid had made the latter nearly red hot, and burning her mistress's fingers was the result of advice not afforded with sufficient coolness or particularity.

and it seemed impossible to make an addition to her power and fame. Waterloo was still in the womb of time, and little expected to be so near. We had rescued Spain ; were in cordial alliance with the Continental Governments ; had reduced the colossal and aggressive power of France ; had established a general peace ; and witnessed the financial and commercial interests of the land seeking new channels without a fear of the result, but rather a strong assurance of increased prosperity. The " Sun " had no spear to turn into a ploughshare, nor sword to convert into a pruning-hook ; but it took its peaceful course with a far more frequent and enlarged attention to the literary productions and fine arts of the day. Hardly a Number appeared without reviews of new publications, and criticisms upon works of art ; and be it remembered that these were very novel features to be displayed in a political journal ; when there were no such literary periodicals as now abound. But the season did not last long for the development of this system. On the 10th of March a thunder-clap burst upon and astonished Europe : Buonaparte had escaped from Elba, and landed in France !

Some reared aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again ;

And so did he,—the boldest, most adventurous, and extraordinary of mortals,—the Marc Antony of our era,—raised aloft once more the meteor of the world, to be finally trod out by the greater Cæsar, Wellington. The newspapers were all alive again ; and a period ensued of conflicting accounts, intense anxieties, and wonderful events, such as never had been crowded into so brief a space in the history of mankind. I know not if Napoleon's daring and impatience got the better of his policy and prudence ; but it does seem feasible

to suppose, that if he had waited but a short while, till the Congress of Vienna had broken up, and the allied armies were more widely separated or reduced, his chance of success might have been greater. He played his desperate game, however, with masterly skill and force, Macbeth-like, still trusting to his supernatural Grey Man, and undismayed by the appalling muster which advanced against him from every side. If not every inch an Emperor, he was every inch a Soldier; and many there were who dreaded the prestige of his military genius. The very humourists of Paris put some trust in his destiny, for one clever caricature, founded on the Parisian mode of elision, when asking for any newspaper,—with brevity calling the “Journal de Débats,” “le Débats;” the “Journal de l’Empire,” “L’Empire,” &c.,—represented Louis XVIII., Buonaparte, and the King of Rome sitting in a *café*, the Corsican reading the last-mentioned paper. The King says, very politely, “Sir, when you have done with the EMPIRE, I will thank you to let me have it;” and Napoleon, pointing to the boy, replies, “Sir, I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you, for it is bespoke for this young gentleman ! ”

Madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help their phreuzy?

Dryden.

With Napoleon, there was method in it; but the odds were too much against him, in his last bold and desperate throw for the world’s dominion !

CHAPTER VI.

"SHREDS AND PATCHES."

This is the place, stand still my steed,
Let me review the scene ;
And summon from the shadowy Past,
The forms that once have been.
The Past and Present here unite,
Beneath Time's flowing tide ;
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.—LONGFELLOW.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time ;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.—IDEM.

THE eighteenth of June arrived, and ended all this strange eventful history, except the disposal of the individual whose ambition had flooded the earth with blood.

The war being again over, the "Sun" Literary Reviews recommenced with increased energy, and the notices of exhibitions and productions of works of art were never neglected. If I repeat my boast of these things, now and hereafter, I must beg my readers who are only acquainted with the recent and present publications of the newspaper press, to look back for an hour to those of the period of which I am speaking. They will not, then, deny the praise to

which I aspire, of having most unequivocally led the way to these combinations in the periodical press, commingling the arts and literature with the news and politics of the hour; which two years afterwards (1817), I concentrated, barring political discussions, in the "Literary Gazette," and which have been the fruitful source of the universal newspaper system of the present day. It is something like a feather in one's cap to have contributed to such an improvement.

I also carried my zealous services into the "Literary Fund" and other benevolent associations; and I never slackened in my exertions to promote their interests to the utmost of my power. I can truly aver that I have laboured diligently all my life, where the cause of letters and humanity came within my sphere, and never grudged cost, or time, more precious than money, to help my fellow-creatures.

As a counterpoise at the period now in hand, I plead guilty to the commission of clouds of indifferent epigrams, and other effusions in prose and verse, which I considered to be very pertinent and clever when produced, but which I cannot conscientiously assert to bear the test of retrospection. My colleague, John Taylor, was as bad as, or worse, than myself; and I must confess that I should not like to see a collection of all the puns and plays upon words and syllables that appeared in the "Sun" during any one year of my editing. A few samples of the best will prove that my blush for these productions would not be without reasonable foundation. Impromptu, January 19th:—

ON A REPORT THAT THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE WAS TO BE
BESTOWED ON A CERTAIN LAW LORD.

Old Scotia's Thistle long has rear'd
Its head in fair renown,
Now rumour lies, or else 'tis fear'd,
'Twill be but Thistle-Down!

It was a far better *mot* on the occasion that, now he had got the ribbon of the order, Lord Erskine's voice would not be heard so much in the House. "No," remarked the wag of the day, "he will be like the hotel sign in Oxford-street, the 'Green Man and Still.'" In after years I had a pleasing correspondence with his Lordship when he printed his humane appeal in favour of the Rooks, and contended that by their destruction of insects they much overpaid the loss of any injury done to the farmer's crops. There was nobody, to be sure, to take up the case of the suffering insects : they were like the very poor in the social scheme, too low in the scale to stir up a friend ; and the only word I ever heard uttered in favour of the tribe, was the reply of the lazy fellow in Dublin when reproached with his sluggard habits. "Ah, Dick, Dick, thee wilt never come to good, lying in bed till noon ! It is the early bird, Dick, that picks up the worm." "Ay, but," said Dick, "the worm was up first !" But again, March 17th :—

LINES

TO A SPARROW WHO COMES EVERY MORNING TO MY WINDOW
FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

Master Dicky, my dear,
You have nothing to fear,
Your proceedings I mean not to check, sir ;
Whilst the weather benumbs,
We should pick up our crumbs,
So, I prithee, make free with a peck, sir.

I'm afraid 'tis too plain,
You're a villain in grain,
But in that you resemble your neighbours ;
For mankind have agreed,
It is right to *suck seed*,
Then like you, hop the twig with their labours.

Besides this, Master Dick,
 You of trade have the trick,
 In all *branches* you traffic at will, sir;
 You have no need of shops
 For your samples of hops,
 And can every day take up your bill, sir.

Then, in foreign affairs,
 You may give yourself airs ;
 For I've heard it reported at home, sir,
 That you're on the best terms
 With the *Diet of Worms*,
 And have often been tempted to *Rome*, sir.

Thus you feather your nest
 In the way you like best,
 And live high, without fear of mishap, sir.
 You are fond of your *Grub* ;
 Have a taste for some *Shrub*,
 And for *Gin* there, you understand *Trap*, sir.

Though the rivers won't flow
 In the frost and the snow,
 And for fish other folks vainly try, sir,
 Yet you'll have a treat,
 For, in cold or in heat,
 You can still take a *Perch* with a fly, sir.

In love, too, O, Dick !
 Though (you oft when love-sick,
 On the course of good-breeding may trample ;
 And, though often hen-peck'd,
 Yet) you scorn to neglect
 To set all the world an *Eggsample*.

Your o-pinions, 'tis true,
 Are flighty, a few ;
 But at this I, for one, will not grumble ;
 So your breakfast you've got,
 And you're off like a shot.—

Dear Dicky,
 Your humble cum-tumble.

In the ranks of opposition there was not one member whose political conduct I so thoroughly condemned, and whom I, consequently, so much disliked, as Mr. Whitbread. I do not know how many squibs I fired at the "Santerre" and "Anacharsis Cloots" of England, as

our party denominated him; but I do not think I ever wrote a word about him, till his deplorable death, that was not a satire and reproach. His frequent practice of pestering ministers in the House of Commons by asking questions, had recently been more than ever indulged in, and led to the following (April 25):—

SAM QUERY.

AN ODD CHARACTER IN ODD RHYME.

Sam Query, a brewer, in famed Chiawell-street,
Is a comical dog as you'll find in his station;
He ne'er opens his mouth, nor gets up from his seat,
But to ask what he very much wants—information.

Sam Query.

From his tongue never accent is noticed to flow,
Save "I rise, sir, to ask?" and "I wish, sir, to know?"
"Being set on my legs, sir, I beg to inquire!"
"Am I then to presume?" "Is report, then, a liar?"
"By that shake of the head, sir, pray what, sir, is meant?"
"Does the noble lord's nod stand for *ass* or dissent?"
"What was done, sir, at A?" "Who was present at B?"
"When signed C?" "How did D?" "Where the Devil was E?"
"Is it false?" "Is it true?" "Whence arose this foul blot?"
"Does the noble lord know?" "Does the noble lord not?"
"Why the h—ll do you laugh? I'd have you, d'ye see,
Impeached if I thought you were laughing at me."

Sam Query.

Thus raving away for the good of the nation,
Sam Query *personified* INTERROGATION;
The ministers' *souls* or their *ears* sure to harrow,
With cross-questions outgarrowing fifty times Garrow;
But the cream of the jest is the fellow, odd rot it,
Can never make use of a fact when he's got it.

By Query.

When I made this remark to the brewer one day,
He replied, "My name's Query, and Query's my way."
Noun, adverb, and verb all by logic combined,
Cannot do half the work which in Query I find;
And pedants who undertake grammar to teach,
Should rank Query the ninth and the best part of speech.

Great Query.

Had he lived in those days when, as school-classes tell,
 The Pythoness prophet in Delos did dwell;
 He'd so many responses have asked in a breath,
 As had *badgered* the God and his priestess to death.
 And 'till now in the world ne'er has been such a man, sir,
 For questions by hundreds, not wanting one answer,
 So endless, so aimless, so senseless, so dreary,
 As this bugaboo, bothering brewer, Sam ——— ?

The practice of cross-questioning has by no means abated with parliamentary reform ! On the 13th of May I uttered a punning prophecy, which was soon gloriously fulfilled, on the ball given by the Duke of Wellington at Brussels.

The friends of Duke Wellington, prompt to the call,
 With pride and with pleasure attend at his ball ;
 But lest e'en his foes should with jealousy pout,
 He will soon give them many a ball and a rout.

As I was all for the Duke, so was I all against Buonaparte ; and on his issuing an order for the defence of Paris by inundation, wrote—

'Tis a desperate measure, the Paris folks think,
 To inundate them and the country around ;
 But Boney will swim, though the capital sink,
 For those born to be hang'd are sure not to be drown'd !
 Thus secure of a fate high and dry in the air,
 The rebel, from water with nothing to fear,
 Bids, in justice, to sink the good city prepare,
 As amends for the blowing up meant it last year.

But I must not indulge too long at a time in this vein. Party spirit ran very high, and those who believed the safety of the country to be endangered by that sort of hero-worship which the extraordinary exploits and elevation of Buonaparte had engendered, were not sparing either in denunciation or ridicule of his worshippers ; among the most zealous of whom was Mr. Whitbread. But on his death the sense of disapprobation which influenced my constant opposition to his political course also died, and the following was my honest tribute to his character :—

“He was a man of a vigorous mind, and of the most intense application. Generally informed, devoted to business, and zealous in all his pursuits, Mr. Whitbread exhibited many of the traits which have been thought to belong to our national character. It has ever been our lot to differ from him on political subjects, and truth compels us to say, that, in our opinion, his course did not always square with the true interests of his country. But to his indefatigable diligence, to his perseverance and constancy, we desire to pay the tribute due. The death of few men would have occasioned so large a blank in our parliamentary history; and in the relations of private life, and in all the honourable situations of magistrate, country gentleman, and active member of society ——” I was concluding with the praises which the deceased merited in these relations, when the fatal particulars of his suicide arrived and stopped my pen.

Such trifles, too, as I have quoted, varied the page on which was imprinted news of mighty import; statements and rumours on the truth or falsehood of which the fate of Europe seemed to depend; and accounts of Lord Cochrane's apparition in the House of Commons; the death, dissection, and burial of Joanna Southcote, after being kept the four predicted days in vain for her revival and the birth of Shiloh; the apparition of the pig-faced lady, who was never seen; and other momentous affairs demonstrative of the enlightened civilisation of the nineteenth century!

In the spring I had the good fortune to procure the appointment of Post-master of Sheffield for my friend Mr. William Todd, a respectable printer there, and proprietor of the “Sheffield Mercury;” the leading articles for which I wrote during six or eight years. The subjoined letter expresses his acknowledgments of the kindly office:—

"Mercury Office, Sheffield, April 29th, 1815.

"DEAR JERDAN,—

"I was not at home when your very pleasing communications reached Sheffield. By the same post a letter from Mr. Freeling also conveyed the welcome news. I know not how to thank you for the present and former instances of friendship you have so obligingly shown in the promotion of my interest. If you were personally to take an early hour to call on Mr. F. and thank him in my name, you will accomplish a sincere and ardent wish of my heart.

"Receive the warmest and best acknowledgments of your sincere friend and obedient servant,

"WM. TODD."

A few weeks after, I was equally fortunate in obtaining for Mr. Pyne her Majesty's permission to make his drawings of the royal apartments at Windsor, for his splendid work on the Royal Palaces, and leave to dedicate the same to her Majesty. Colonel Stephenson's letter on the subject, hints with great delicacy at the condition of the King, and as it is only a few lines and "private" no longer, I take leave to insert it, and Mr. Freeling's previous letter requesting the favour.

"General Post Office, July 6th, 1815.

"DEAR JERDAN,—

"You are always thinking of my gratification—many sincere thanks—all these little things are valuable to a collector.

"Stephenson has so much felt his loss, (the death of his wife) that at present he avoids even me.

"The best thing I can do is to send him your letter. I

know that he has laid down strong rules for his own conduct in all these cases, and I shall be much gratified to learn that your request is not contrary to those rules.

“I think the public have been too extravagant in their expectations as to the Allies entering Paris. That act will take place in good time, and not before it shall be right to do so on a consideration of all circumstances.

“Believe me, dear Jerdan,

“Yours truly and always,

“F. FREELING.”

“Windsor Castle, 8th July, 1815.”

“MY DEAR FREELING,—

“I have laid Mr. Pyne’s request before the Queen, and her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept of the dedication, and to allow the drawings to be made of the royal apartments, as far as the same can be done with propriety under existing circumstances; and I have written to Mr. Pyne accordingly, and desired he would call upon me, in order to make the necessary arrangements with his artists. It will give me great pleasure to afford that gentleman every assistance in my power, though I very much doubt the success of his undertaking. I return you enclosed Mr. Jerdan’s letter,

“And remain, my dear Freeling,

“Yours affectionately,

“B. C. STEPHENSON.

“FRAS. FREELING, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c.”

My intercourse with the Government, through its highest official channels, and especially with those most attached, personally and politically, to Mr. Canning, was at this

period of an intimate nature. There are, of course, many matters which it would not become me to touch upon, but as my work is an *Auto-biography*, I trust I shall be thought entitled to select some personal reminiscences very gratifying to my own feelings, and, if I am not mistaken, likely to be of some public interest in consideration of the names connected with them. What they were to me at the time, it were impossible for me to over-estimate ; but the vista of years is in nature what the dissolving views are in art ; the prominent and important objects fade gradually away into the misty horizon, and resolve themselves into the thin air. The excitements, the strong passions, the prospects, the pleasures, the pains, the all of current existence, like the landscape of the artist, melt into the distance, and we wonder that they ever appeared to be so substantial, so awful. Yet it is a lovely grey mist that tempers all into harmony. How the rugged is smoothed, how the intemperate is chastised, how the offensive is qualified, how the crude is refined, how the saddening is solaced, how the joyous is moderated, how the passionate is rebuked, how the evil is punished, how the truly good is trained to flourish for ever green and for ever fruitful, though the atmosphere is changed in the picture and the feelings in the man. The parallel of a dissolving view is, indeed, a pregnant lesson of life ; it advances with imposing features, expanding, realising—distinct with sylvan glades, cheering sunshine and flowery foreground, rocky precipices, insuperable mountains, a sky clouded on one side and clear on the other,—for a few brief moments it is stationary, to try the penetration of your sight, and the application of your judgment—and then begins the vanishing, the magic of looking back instead of forward, and the glades are but dismal avenues, the sunshine obscured, flowers little better than weeds, the rocks shape-

less stepping-stones, the insuperable mountains shadows, and the sky, as far as human life is concerned, a deepening gloom.

“ ———— These our actors
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep.”

Letters from my brother, Major Jerdan, commanding with distinguished military approbation, a battalion in the expedition to Kutch at this time, were further stimulants to exertion, and sources of sanguine hopes. I read his name in the despatches with delight, though spelt “Jardine,” and in one of his letters he tells me, that he had seen mine honourably mentioned in some Magazine, with a similar pleasure ; so, at the date of the Battle of Waterloo, I was tolerably contented, very actively employed, and, in the pursuit of literature, happy.

My frequent correspondence with Mr. Canning at Colares was not the least of my enjoyments, for though the subject-matter was of little importance, still it was a high gratification to me to be hearing familiarly from such a man, and communing on terms of confidence with his friends at home. I was very proud of it ; and am ! A few letters which illustrate this, and have other meanings of more general interest, I will add. The first is of curious import, when it is remembered that the writer took the ambassadorial appointment only in the almost certain expectation of the Sovereign arriving from the Brazils at Lisbon, and when this event did not take place, immediately and

without publicity resigned the office and its large allowances. This act being unknown, he was, of course, furiously assailed by his adversaries for his venality, in taking pay where there were no duties to be performed ! The curious formality of the letter is also a characteristic worthy of note. It is droll to receive from an eminent minister of the Crown, on the same day, as I have done, letters addressed "Sir," and "respectfully" signed ; and others, "My dear Sir," "Yours, most sincerely," &c. &c. It seemed as if the forms of official business necessarily adhered to communications of a political character.

"Colares, nr. Cintra, Sept. 22nd, 1815.

"SIR,

"I receive by each packet *two* sets of 'The Sun,' one, I apprehend, sent by yourself to the Foreign Office, the other through the Post Office.

"The latter comes by far the most regularly ; and, as I intend to continue that, and as *one* set is enough for a *private* person, may I request you to *discontinue* that which has come to me through the Foreign Office ? *

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and

"Faithful humble servant,

"GEORGE CANNING.

"PS. If yours should be the set that comes from the Post Office, I should still be much obliged to you to find out how the other set comes to the Foreign Office, and to stop it."

Next month, my letter runs—

* The italics are the writer's.

“ Colares, October 25th, 1815.

“ SIR,

“ I have to acknowledge the favour of your letter of the 28th ult., and to return you my thanks for the book which accompanied it, and which you have done me the honour to inscribe to me, in terms so much too flattering.

“ I shall certainly be in England some time next Spring ; but exactly at what period, I am not yet able to decide.

“ I am really uninformed of the nature of the ‘ rumours ’ which you say are ‘ afloat ’ in the political world, and consequently utterly unable to suggest to you any confirmation or contradiction of them.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant,

“ GEO. CANNING.”

A letter from Mr. Huskisson shows that Mr. Canning’s return, or stay, had become a point of political importance.

“ Whitehall Place, Monday.

“ SIR,

“ I wished to see you principally for the purpose of setting right the mis-statement of the morning papers, that Mr. Canning was returning home. But this I see you have already done, in the ‘ Sun ’ of Saturday. If you can call here for five minutes, I should, however, be glad to have a little conversation with you on the subject.

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your obliged, humble servant,

“ W. HUSKISSON.”

My interviews with Mr. Huskisson were always of a confidential nature. Mr. Arbuthnot I saw almost every day,

and learnt what was on the *tapis*—amusing myself sometimes, in his room or ante-room, when kept waiting too long for my impatience, in turning over the Treasury volume of Recommendations, and notes thereupon, which I assure you was a queer and entertaining book * but with Mr. Huskisson, the communications went beyond “the ignorant present,” and were, to me, in my position, singularly valuable. Like Mr. Canning, he would discourse over the business, whatever it was, with utter frankness, tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and then wind up—“Now, Mr. Editor, this is not for statement or display of information ; it is for yourself, and for your guidance in any reasoning you may be called upon to use on the subject.”

In writing, matters were not more reserved ; thus :—

“Whitehall Place, 20th July.

“MR. HUSKISSON takes the liberty of sending to Mr. Jerdan what he believes to be a correct statement of facts respecting Mr. Canning. He troubles him with this statement, in consequence of what has appeared in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ of this day, and leaves to Mr. Jerdan to use it as he may think proper.”

The article in the “Sun” was as follows :—

“The ‘Morning Chronicle’ is correct in stating, on the authority of the ‘Sun’ of the 18th, that Mr. Canning is not coming home. The report of a frigate having been sent out for him, is unfounded. But the remainder of the ‘Morning Chronicle’s’ information respecting Mr. Canning is altogether false. Mr. Canning is not ‘left at Lisbon to

* Appendix C.

execute the important duties of Ambassador to three Deputy Regents and an empty Court.' *

"At this moment, Mr. Canning, we believe, holds no public situation whatever.

"Upon the first rumour which reached Lisbon that the Prince Regent of Portugal hesitated about returning to his European dominions for the present, and before any notice was taken of the rumour in the House of Commons, Mr. Canning had actually written to the Foreign Office to mention the report which had reached Lisbon; and to request, in the event of its being ascertained in England that the Prince Regent was not about to return, that he might be permitted to resign his Embassy.

"This request was acceded to as soon as it was known, by the arrival of Sir John Beresford in England, that the Prince Regent of Portugal had resolved to continue for some time longer at Rio de Janeiro; and, whatever may have been surmised in the 'Chronicle' or elsewhere, 'that he never intended to return, we can positively affirm, that it was only a very few days before Sir John Beresford's departure from Rio de Janeiro, that the Prince Regent had finally made up his mind to postpone his return to Lisbon.

"Mr. Canning, as a private individual, will continue to reside in Portugal, from the motive which originally induced him to visit that country—the hope of restoring the health of his son. When the last accounts were received from Lisbon, Mr. Canning was with his son at the Baths of Caldas; and we are happy to be assured that his severe illness and sufferings have been much relieved and alleviated by his residence in Portugal."

The poor boy was indeed a great sufferer, and constant source of anxiety and affliction to his most affectionate parents. No climate could restore him.

* Appendix D.

CHAPTER VII.

VOLCANOES IN THE SUN: A CHARACTER.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on."—MASSINGER.

"Still to ourselves in every state consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find."—GOLDSMITH.

HE is a slow fellow, Time ; yet, at his slowest, it is wonderful how fast he creeps on. The tortoise overtakes and passes all the speed of this world ! and, in the meanwhile, he who sleeps has no care for him who wakes, and so the great globe rolls on with its busy mites and fluttering insects.

To look at it in this light seems to be almost the most natural and wise ; for when we fall into the very serious view, it inflicts a reproach upon earnest philanthropy and cosmopolite virtue. We may see the mites and the insects depart without a sigh, but it is grievous to mark the humane efforts and the earthly reward of the truly good. Labouring to be a benefactor to his fellow-creatures, and, perhaps, aspiring to immortality, he struggles, he pants, he gains the portal of the temple of Fame, in self-sacrifice, in legislation, in science, in art, in literature ; and lo ! Death opens

his bony arms to embrace and wrap him in everlasting darkness.

The Scottish admirers of Burns, the greatest of Scotia's bards, having proceeded to a promising length with the design for erecting a mausoleum to his memory at Dumfries, I was invited to adopt the cause, which I heartily did, and on the 19th of June addressed the public on the patriotic object. I called the attention of the sons of Scotland in the Metropolis to it, and exhorted them to evince their admiration of their native poet, and attachment to their native land. Much, I said, had the country been reproached with indifference to the fate of her ornament when living ; but, without entering into the painful merits or demerits of that question, I deplored any coldness towards the promotion of this last tribute to the dead, when there were no frailties to censure and no errors to condemn, as it would, indeed, be a disgrace to that land of worth and genius. My appeal was warmly responded to ; though it was not till the 25th of May ensuing that all the necessary preparations could be completed, and the meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, with the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair, carried into effect. Reserving an account of this gratifying transaction for the proper date of its occurrence, I shall not dwell much longer on the circumstances of 1815. Yet, in this year, a coming event cast its shadow before, which had a most essential bearing on all my future life : I allude to the violent quarrel which arose between me and my colleague, Mr. John Taylor,—or, rather, I should say, his quarrel with me ; for, in truth, the affair was altogether so irrational, that I could not for a long time bring myself to treat it seriously ; and it was only when the consequences began to be ruinous, that I could think of it otherwise than in the ludicrous words of George Colman, when he described the

ambitious David Daw as refusing to play the hind parts in the skins of animals :—

“ Of all insides, the town likes me the best ;
Over my head no underlings shall jump :
I'll play you front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,
But, d— me, if I act your loins and rump.

“ It was the strangest precedent, by far,
In ancient, or in modern story,
Of such a desperate intestine war !
Waged in so small a territory ! ”—

If Sir Robert Peel and Daniel O'Connell would endeavour to fight a duel about the same period—the month of October—it was a bagatelle compared to our feud. Yet, of the former, Mr. Freeling wrote to me, “ I am very sorry that the life of two clever, sensible men, like Saxton and Peel, are to be put to hazard *in such a case !!!* ” Desperate as we were, our lives were, fortunately, in no jeopardy ; but, if they had been, nobody could truly have said of us that it was a risk of sensible men ! It was, really, so like a tale of sound and fury told by an idiot, that its coming to nothing was my long-confirmed idea. Perhaps this was unfortunate ; and, if I had maturely considered and weighed matters at first, the results, disastrous as they were to both parties, might have been mitigated or avoided.

As the dispute, however, led to personal consequences of the utmost importance to me, I am obliged to relate the story at some length ; and, painful as it was at the time, and distressing in its finale, I will, nevertheless, endeavour to tell it in such a manner that it shall not fatigue nor *ennuye* my readers. Critical moments of life, so fearful in the approach to them, so agitating in their climax, and so pregnant in their futurity, only require a turn of the hour-glass to become no more fearful, no more agitating, and far

less overwhelming ; and, turn the glass two or three times more, and you are astonished that you ever feared so much, were ever so strangely agitated, and that the sequel is so different from what you anticipated. There is an excellent axiom ascribed to the first of the wealthy Rothschilds—"Never look back, always look forward," implying the vanity of useless regrets, and the worldly wisdom of planning for the future, without being disturbed by apprehensions which were equally vain and useless, as they could have no influence on "the event." Before and After, in a human life point of vision, are almost as distinct as Time and Eternity. Within a very few years I could look back on my troubles in the "Sun" with complacency ; and before he died I had the satisfaction of hearing, and, when in my presence, earnestly endeavouring to stop, my old friend and enemy in his voluble protestations of sorrow that he had ever been so misled and so provoked. And then it was that I took myself to task, and thought if it were to do again, I might have adopted a more conciliatory course.

The "Sun" newspaper had been declining for some time, or, as Mr. Fladgate expressed it, "The Sun was going down, in a very hazy set," when the proprietors did me the honour to select me from among the press writers, to conduct its editorship, with the hope of improving its condition. I joyfully accepted this advance in station, though not in income ; for, as I stated in my former volume, my provincial engagements and reporter's salary considerably overbalanced any emoluments I could expect from a struggling daily journal. But there was the sanguine temperament of my nature, and the hope that *I* should be the Phœbus, instead of the Icarus, to drive the God-chariot to a comfortable coachhouse, and so I gave up nearly all else—all that required the expenditure of time and much mind,

and took the reins of that same Phœbus, or, as after a few annual drives turned up, of that same Icarus.

The fact is not to be concealed that Mr. Herriot the original editor and principal proprietor of the journal, Mr. Robert Clarke, my precursor, and a considerable proprietor, did attribute the decline of the paper to Mr. Taylor's unfitness to take a lead in such a publication, and were anxious to change the system. For this I was sought and brought in; and, always faithful to my own determined independence, I became a partner, receiving one-tenth share, and taking an allowance of between five and six hundred pounds a-year for editing, with uncontrolled and uncontrollable authority; Mr. Herriot retaining five shares, Mr. Clarke three, and Mr. Taylor one, like myself. Thus we went on harmoniously for awhile, till in an unlucky—as far as I was concerned, an injurious moment—Messrs. Herriot and Clarke* thought fit to sell their shares to Mr. Taylor, forgetting that but for their first intention to supersede his deteriorating writings, I would not have been there—and thus making him, to an immense extent, the chief proprietor, and me in that sense, an underling, yet in all else a political and literary despot.

When this apple of discord was thrown in, it may readily be conceived what it must lead to. Taylor, proprietor of nine-tenths of a rising journal, for it had risen several hundreds under my management, presumed that he had a

* Such statements as I make in this way are the undisguised truth. I think I have attained the power to judge of myself as accurately as I would of another person; and I have nothing of this kind to hide. Mr. Robert Clarke, as estimable a man as ever lived, was tired of his office, and of differing from Mr. Taylor. He yielded, to avoid the unpleasantness, and in selling to Taylor, not only preferred his own ease, but forgot that he was putting me, his friend, into a much worse position. I write now with such a witness as Mr. T. Clarke, his very near relative, the solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, in possession of every fact.

right, at once, to annul my contract, insert what he thought fit, and abolish the Dictator !

Such was the origin of our contention. Taylor would write friendly, or what are called puff, notices of parties, so objectionable to my notions of (to say the least) public propriety, that I would not publish them. Whether the immoralities were lofty, dramatic, or peculiar, I resisted, and—let me make a clean breast so far—whatever my own fallings-off might be, I never consented to the promulgation of an opinion or sentiment in the press under my direction, that could deprave the moral obligations of society, or sully the purity of innocence. But before I go on, I must beg leave to sketch a portrait of John Taylor, who was a remarkable individual in his day, and has left behind him memorials, not only of curious, but of lasting interest.

John Taylor was the son, or it may be grandson, of (temporally) a yet more celebrated sire, the Chevalier Taylor, of whom, notwithstanding his fame, I will venture to guess, not one in a thousand of my readers ever heard. Yet he was in his time a glorious quack oculist, or “Ophthalmiater,” as he styled himself, though—

Fickle fame
Has blotted from her rolls his name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The faded wreath for which *he bled*.

His three volumes in one, 8vo, 1761, is so curious, that I will give a brief notice of it.*

John Taylor, of the “Sun,” was a singular character, and known to “all the world :” that is to say, the London world of quidnuncs, playgoers, performers, artists, literati, and the moving ranks of every-day society. He was a very amusing companion, exceedingly facetious, full of anecdote,

* See Appendix E.

and endless in witticisms and puns. Yet mixing, as he did, with men of great information, and hearing, of necessity, much of solid intelligence and instructive observation, his mind was of such a cast that he either wanted perception to appreciate the value of such intercourse, or it made too slight an impression upon him to be remembered. In fact, his whole being was entranced upon the stage, in the theatre and theatrical doings and gossip, and in the actors and actresses, with nearly all of whom he lived in intimacy. Even the foremost of these, it is well understood, are not unsusceptible of flattery, and Taylor knew how to fool them to the top of their bent, and be a mighty favourite in consequence. Of prologues and epilogues he was a most prolific writer, and for versification on all sorts of subjects, he might have said with Linnæus, "*Nulla dies sine linea*;" only for "line" reading "stanza" or "verse." His facility of composition was enormous. Tell him what you would, and suggest that it was a nice thing for a poem, and off he would rush to his room, get out his rhyming dictionary, and in a very short space of time, present you with the work done, cut and dry, generally, tolerably neat, and occasionally a successful hit. In this way was the clever and justly popular story of "Monsieur Tonson" written, and other tales, such as "Frank Hayman and the Lion," hardly less entertaining, which will make his name known to succeeding generations. A volume of these effusions was published by John Murray in 1812, and would, in my opinion, be well worthy of a reprint.

In person, my co-partner was as peculiar as in intellect. His features were of a form which resembled an animated death's head, covered with thin muscles and skin; his body rather tapered from the haunch to the shoulder in the sugar loaf fashion; and below, his limbs were muscular and well built, as his casing in knee-breeches and silk stockings

was properly calculated to display. This embodiment, his frequent associate, the humourous George Colman, described in his own laughable manner by nicknaming Taylor, "Merry-death" (Meredith, most appropriate to his physiognomy,) and declaring that "Taylor's body would do for any legs, and his legs for any body ! "

It is difficult to portray the mental structure contained in this casket ; for it was a congeries of contradictions ; which I can only account for by re-stating that Mr. Taylor was a being of the artificial stage, not of the actual living world. He was acute, yet trifling ; experienced, yet foolish ; knowing in one sense, yet absurdly plotting as in a play ; and looking for surprises and *dénouements*, as if the game of life were a comedy or a farce. Over his passions he had no control, and though habitually good humoured, his recurrent phrensies were at once ludicrous and afflicting. At the wildest time of our differences he would cast himself down upon his knees, clasp his hands, gnash his teeth, and imprecate curses on my head for five minutes together, till some one humanely lifted him up and led him away to privacy. This incongenial merriment and outrageous outbreaks of temper alternated, and actions and effects, as in everything else, were redolent of the theatrical element, and had nothing in common with the common sense of mankind. In my case his disorder became a complete monomania. He thought of nothing, he talked of nothing, he wrote of nothing, he dreamed of nothing but my villany and oppression ; he worried ministers with them, he distressed friends, he bored the town, he disturbed the office, and he ruined the paper. I know not if I have succeeded in conveying an intelligible idea of the individual with whom it was my luckless lot to be so closely connected. I have truly represented his smartness, his talents, and his ability ; nature had not been niggardly towards him ; but

his perversion behind the footlights and in the coulisses, had sadly defeated nature, and made him the extraordinary compound I have tried to depict. It will hardly be believed, and I would scarcely dare to state it, but there are many living witnesses to the fact, that Mr. Taylor's ignorance of matters familiar even to uneducated persons and children was utterly astonishing, and could hardly be believed possible to exist in unison with such faculties as he was in reality blessed with. It was a psychological enigma. On one occasion when we were disputing about some political article, in the presence of Mr. Clarke (all whose efforts, as well as those of other friends, were employed in vain to reason with Taylor, and procure a temperate compromise), I seriously offered to resign to him the exposition of the Sun politics if he could, at the moment, and without reference to a book on geography, repeat the names of the capitals of the principal nations in Europe. He could no more have done this, as I was quite aware, than he could have flown to them; and, of course, he did not accept the challenge. Another instance of this remarkable discrepancy occurs to me. Mrs. Taylor, an amiable and excellent lady of good family in Scotland, went on a visit to that country, by the usual mode of conveyance, a Leith smack; upon which Mr. Taylor, who be-rhymed almost every incident, wrote as usual a short poem. It commenced—

“Hail, Sister Isles!” *

* Reminding me of a Cornish lady of fortune, who, being desirous of poetic fame, commenced an epic with—

“See *orient* beams the *setting* sun.”

I corrected her MS., and the poem was published; with the sunset, as usual, in the west, and a few other matters made more conformable to generally received notions!

And it was with much argument in reference to the map he could be persuaded that England and Scotland were but one island, and that Mrs. Taylor might have gone by land, although she chose to go by sea.

I beg readers to credit me when I declare on my veracity and honour, that I have drawn this curious sketch of character, and recorded these circumstances, with no design to caricature or disparage the original. His idiosyncrasy was, as I have said, a perplexing study ; and whilst I have attempted to illustrate it, I have not failed, I trust, to preserve a memorial of the superior and laudable qualities with which the irrational and extravagant of his temperament and disposition were (for both our interests) unhappily combined.

Our disputes increased in frequency and bitterness. I refused to insert some of his paragraphs in commendation of parties whose conduct I deemed inconsistent with public decorum, and entertainments which offended public opinion. This he viewed as presumptuous tyranny ; a small shareholder domineering over an elder and much larger proprietor ; and his rage boiled up into absolute fury, nearly allied to madness. And another interference added fuel to the flames, and heaped up the measure of my flagrant iniquities. One of our mutual friends was Mr. Acheson, famed as the founder, or at least, prominent promoter of the Pitt Club ; and it so happened that at this time his private views in regard to the treaty * with America clashed with those of the government. He had

* On the substance of this treaty he wrote to me in a long letter, "cramming" me with his opinions. He says : "On the substance of this treaty, as communicated to the public, I am afraid to trust myself. I look to its publication in detail with fear and trembling." And so, I was to be induced to fly in the face of the Ministry who concluded this treaty, and whose measures I so zealously supported !

an important interest in the settlement relating to the export and import of Canadian timber; and was anxious to influence the "Sun" in promoting his objects. To this I was intractable; and his next resource was to work upon the weakness of Mr. Taylor, and aggravate his resentment against me. In this he succeeded but too well. I might have got Taylor to modify the incongenial trifles to which I objected, but there were no means by which I could get the policy of the paper, as required by Acheson, to be consistent with its whole tone and tenor. The obstacles were irremovable, and hence our quarrel was rendered irreconcilable. Taylor in an evil hour linked himself to Acheson, who led him through years of delusion into pecuniary distress; and bitterly did he repent of it, and loudly, towards the close of his life, did he lament the dissension thus exasperated between us, and confess that his conduct towards me was most blameable and indecent. "But for that man," he one day proclaimed in his excited manner before many wondering witnesses, in the British Institution, "we might both have ridden in our carriages. I pray you to forgive me!" For poor Taylor had been taught suffering, and gave me more pain in the utterance of his sincere apologies than he had done by his imprecations in bygone times. Indeed, he was equally the creature of impulse in both cases; there was, I believe, after all, no permanent malevolence or evil in the heart—the defect was in the head, and the error was in the reason. In his ungovernable ebullitions he was crazed; and by and by he would not have harmed me to the extent of a hair. One week was curses, the next puns, epigrams, and impromptus: strange anomaly! I look back upon the past with strong emotions of grief and pity, and an entire and kindly forgiveness of all that

vexed me so severely at the time, and left me so much cause of regret.

Matters had grown to such a pitch that the business of the journal was essentially injured, and on the 22nd of September, for self-preservation, I felt myself called upon to publish the following "Notice to Correspondents :"—

"All communications for 'THE SUN' newspaper, must in future be addressed to the sole editor and part proprietor, William Jerdan. No other will be attended to."

This was repeated the next day, and for a short while the storm appeared to be allayed, and the work of the concern was allowed to be executed without material interruption. But all the while the tempest was brewing, and on the 15th of October, in spite of my remonstrances and prohibition, Mr. Taylor obtained the annexed and rather unintelligible counter manifesto to be inserted :—

"To Correspondents. Mr. John Taylor, the chief and the resident proprietor of 'THE SUN,' requests that his friends will address all communications intended for insertion, to him only, at this office. Letters in general, to be addressed as usual, to the editor."

This also was repeated three or four times ; and the internecine contest raged with an effect which rapidly deteriorated the property and diminished the circulation of the paper. It was obvious that it could not, and it would not come to good. The persons employed did not know whom to obey, and personal scenes of discreditable squabbling were of daily occurrence. On the 27th of the month my offences were consummated in a poetical wrangle. Under the head of "Original Poetry,"

against my opposing it, there appeared from the pen of Mr. Taylor a—

SONNET.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.

Byron whose spells imagination bind,
 And storm or soothe the ductile heart at will,
 Ah ! since the muse can paint, with equal skill,
 Each bold or softer trace of human kind,
 Rapt in the glowing energy of mind,
 Let not the scenes of woe and danger still
 'Whelm us with anguish, or with horror chill,
 For sure thou now can'st fairer prospects find.
 And since benignant Heaven has joined thy fate
 To worth and graces all who know admire,
 Led by the virtues of thy honoured mate,
 Devote to happier themes thy potent lyre,
 So may ye share on earth a blissful state
 Till both, resigned in age, at once expire. (Signed) T.

I disliked this indifferent composition, not only for its poetical demerits, but for its bad taste, as I conceived, in meddling with private life, and its inconsistency in so highly eulogising, whilst pretending to advise, an individual whose productions had been criticised in a different spirit in the same paper. That I did not act prudently in manifesting this sentiment I am ready to admit, but next day there appeared in a corresponding place at the head of a column, the subjoined—

PARODY

ON A SONNET TO LORD BYRON, IN THE "SUN" OF YESTERDAY.

Byron, whose *spells* imagination bind,
 Strange spells ! which turn the silly head at will,
 Ah ! since thy muse can paint with equal skill,
 Thy Prince a "Vice," or father most unkind ;
 (Rapt in the glowing energy of mind,)
 Let not the plans of rage and faction still
 'Whelm us with falsehood, or with rancour chill,
 For sure thou *now* may'st fitter subjects find.

And since the parish priest has joined thy fate,
 To one thou must, since all who know admire,
 Led by thy nose, pray moderate thy hate,
 And tune to loyal themes thy shameful lyre ;
 So may ye share on *earth* a safe estate,
 And not exalted in the *air*—expire.

(Signed) W. J. EXTENPORE,
Poet Laureate.

To fight in prose was bad enough, but to fight in doggerel verse was enough to precipitate a climax, and accordingly on the morrow, Mr. Taylor advertised the readers of the "Sun," under what atrocious circumstances my tasteless and ill-written sonnet had affronted the world:—

"TO CORRESPONDENTS."

"Mr. John Taylor, in justice to himself, as the chief proprietor of the 'Sun' newspaper, deems it proper for his own credit, and that of the paper, to inform the public, that the attack upon the Right Honourable Lord Byron, which appeared in the 'Sun' of yesterday, in the form of a *mock sonnet* was written by Mr. William Jerdan, of Little Chelsea, late of Old Brompton, and is signed with the initials of his name.

"P.S. The article in question was, of course, inserted without Mr. Taylor's knowledge, and during his absence."

With this stinger, and one more agreeable recollection, I must conclude, to me, a very disagreeable chapter ; and I only hope my readers will not fall into the mistake of fancying that I have given them too much of a good thing.

Among the friendly intimacies I made in the Sun, I ought not to omit Mr. W. Giffard, the Editor of the Dublin Journal, and a red-hot Tory. On his visits to

London, our intercourse was very cordial and pleasant. His son, Dr. Giffard,* is now one of the ablest political writers of the age ; and, educated under such a father, it is not surprising that he should be as zealous as he is powerful ; as is testified by the “ Standard ” newspaper, and everywhere else where his pen is wielded. Party spirit raged, as it too generally does in Dublin at this time, and was attended by continual duels, in superseding which there is undoubtedly some improvement. It was upon one of those occasions that Giffard, being called out, appeared on the ground with his spectacles on. This was objected to by his adversary’s second, and he was desired to take them off, which he did, exclaiming, “ By my soul, this is too bad. I could not see to shoot my own father without them ! ”

* The late Sir Hardinge Giffard was another distinguished branch of his family, inheriting also very superior abilities.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERLUDE VARIETIES.

How happy is the bard,
Whose book no one peruses !
Except himself ;
For, unread on the shelf,
They think his case is hard,
He thinks on't what he chuses.
Happy Bard !*

WITH my readers' permission I will for a while leave this "very pretty quarrel," as it stood, on the poetical issues I have quoted ; and glance over a period during which various other matters occurred to divert my mind from the editorial toil and annoyance of my broiling in the "Sun." Among the pleasant reliefs from this coil of trouble and vexation, was the continued enjoyment of the family circle of Mr. Begbie, whose two eldest daughters, afterwards the wives of Captain Foote, in the East India Company's service, and of the Rev. Dr. Croly, contributed a number of graceful little poems to the paper, under the signatures of Anna and Helen. Their example was followed with equal talent by the third sister, Fanny ; and it may be worthy of notice,

* From a little Poem by W. Jerdan, "The Happy Bard !" repeated by a friend, who remembers much more of him and his earlier attempts than he does himself.

that Dr. Croly's own sisters were also accomplished poetesses, and that his eldest daughter has inherited the gift. If the day of poetry were in the ascendant, I should say that a sweet volume might be culled out of their productions ; but as it is, they must be left to the dispersion of their first birth, and, perhaps, the only recognition of them be found in this brief notice, by an old friend who has to mourn them, nearly all, among the lost, from his earlier affections.

Another of Mr. Southey's *jeux* was in the autumn played off, like the "March to Moscow," given in the Appendix to my first volume ; and though not so striking as that telling hit, is yet so clever a satire upon Lord Byron's affected *Misanthropy*, that I am sure it will be relished alike by the lovers of poetry and wit. I was not so much mystified with it as with its precursor : here it is, in the body of the text, and not in the Appendix, as there seems to be a sort of notion, that what is "Appendix" is not *Autobiography*, though it is in reality all part and parcel of the same design.

LANGUISHING LYRICS;

OR THE LAMENTABLE LOVES OF THE LACHRYMOSE LORD AND THE
LUGUBRIOUS LADY.

"The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow."

SHAKESPEARE.

A damsel there was, and her surname was Thrope,
And her Christian name was Ann ;
Few lovers had she for her favours to hope,
For she was a hater of man ;—
And heartily she detested the sex,
And her only amusement was to vex,
And every thought of pleasure perplex ;—
Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
On the pensoroso plan.

This sorrowful damsel, Miss Ann Thrope,
 Thought laughter a mortal sin ;
 As soon in the morn' as her eyes did ope,
 To weep they did begin.
 For her highest luxury was to grieve,
 And in company to cry in her sleeve,
 And as long as her shadow lengthened at eve,
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 She was sure to lengthen her chin.

Such sentimentality, Miss Ann Thrope
 Expected all would admire ;
 So she studied to mumble, mump, and mope,
 Like a cat by the kitchen fire.
 The joys of the world she turned into woes,
 And whenever she stoop'd to pluck a rose,
 She took care to scratch her unfortunate nose ;—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 By smelling too near the briar.

Sure nobody else but Miss Ann Thrope
 In sorrow would waste the day,
 And go out of their road for griefs to grope,
 When so many are in the way ;
 But she in a tombstone made her bed,
 And epitaphs all night she read,
 And with dying speeches bother'd her head ;—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 Till she sent her brains astray.

When my lord came wooing to Miss Ann Thrope,
 He was just a *CHILD* from school ;
 He paid his addresses in a Trope,
 And called her his pretty *BUL-BUL*.
 But she knew not in the modern scale,
 That a couple of Bulls was a *Nightingale* ;—
 So full in his face she turned her tail—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 As sweet as a fresh-blown GUL.

Then he sent a love-sonnet to Miss Ann Thrope,
 Four stanzas of elegant woe ;
 The letters were cut in a comical slope,
 With *Zon mou sas ayata*.
 'Twas all about Rivals, and Ruins, and Racks ;
 The bearer was drest in a new suit of blacks ;
 The paper was sable, and so was the wax—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 And his pen was the quill of a Crow.

What queer-looking words, thought Miss Ann Thrope,
 To tag at the tail of a Distich !
 So she clapped her eye to a microscope,
 To get at their sense cabalistic.
 He swore in the Hellespont he'd fall,
 If she would not go with him to ISTAMBOL ;
 But all she would answer was tol-de-rol-lol—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 To his Lordship's Rhymes Hellenistic.

Then the Peer he said—Oh Miss Ann Thrope,
 Since life is a fading flower,
 You'll do me the favour to elope.
 With your own dear faithful GIAOUR.
 And as for your father, your mother, and aunt,
 The family all I will enchant,
 By reading of a Romaic Romaunt—
 Oh Thrope ! Ann Thrope ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope
 Till they shed of tears a shower.

His Lordship he read,—and Miss Ann Thrope
 Was obliged to praise his wit ;
 But as the poetry seemed rather sop-
 Orific, she dozed a bit.
 'Till, quite overwhelm'd with slumber and sorrow,
 A yawn or two she begg'd leave to borrow—
 And said, if he'd call again to-morrow—
 Oh Thrope ! Oh Ann ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 He might read a second Fytte.

He read till he wept, but Miss Ann Thrope
 Declared it was all my eye ;
 She called him a Jew, and wish'd the Pope
 Had his Hebrew melody.
 Said my lord, " I beg you will call it E E,
 And as *whilom* you have listened *ne*,
 I'll be off to the *Paynims* beyond the sea—
 Oh Thrope ! Oh Ann ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 And leave you *eftsoons* to die."

Ah who could resist ?—not Miss Ann Thrope—
 A CORSAIR hove in sight ;
 My lord he bid him throw out a rope,
 And hold it fast and tight.
 So then they put it to the vote,
 He tipp'd the LOZZL a one-pound note,
 And they jump'd together into the boat—
 Oh Thrope ! Oh Ann ! Oh Miss Ann Thrope !
 And bid her Papa GOOD NIGHT.

Desirous of avoiding monotony, and preserving the character of this work, as being as desultory and changeable as human life itself, I will place in juxta-position with Mr. Southey's piece of humour, a matter-of-fact letter from an esteemed friend, still rejoicing, I hope, in easy retirement, on the fruits of an enterprising career, seldom equalled by any individual, and productive of public exhibitions, paving the way for a multitude of imitative speculations, which have all conduced to the gratification and instruction of the "masses," and their younger branches. The builder of the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, was, in his busy time, no ordinary man. His Whales, his admirable collections of Natural History, his Mexican travels, and illustrations brought home to our doors, his Laplanders and their deer, and many other novelties, were truly new lessons, from which the people of London and their visitors learnt things in their sensible realities about which they were previously either altogether ignorant, or most imperfectly informed. Such a man does infinite good. He does not set up as a teacher—a showman, if you like—but he conveys more intelligence to the public mind, than a multitude of pseudo-dogmatists, and even able lecturers and writers. To compare the intelligence of a respectable London citizen at the beginning of the century, with the present information of a person of a much inferior class, would be the highest eulogium that could be pronounced upon the great and beneficial effects of such institutions as Zoological and Botanical Gardens, and of the intercourse generated, and knowledge acquired, in consequence of steam conveyances on land and water. I remember asking a Manchester warehouseman, in a goodly way of business in Cheapside (pretty well on a par with others in conversation), if he knew what like an owl was : to which he

answered—"No, Sir, I have seed a mouse, and a rat, but I never seed a howl." There were no gardens in the Regent's Park in those days, and the majority of Cockney-land were very ignorant of many things with which they are now, from daily habit, perfectly conversant. I held with Mr. Bullock in all his undertakings, admired his indefatigable energy, and wondered at the tact by which he perceived attraction after attraction, and never failed to gratify the "world." The following letter from him is so characteristic, and so curious in its way, that I have much pleasure in making the manuscript print.

"Museum, Tuesday.

"DEAR SIR,

"It will perhaps be necessary, on entering on my career as an auctioneer, to make some kind of a little introductory address to my auditors on the occasion. Will you, my good sir, furnish me with such a thing? it will render me a service, and I will not remain in your debt for it. All I wish to observe is, that from the local knowledge I possess of many of the articles, and to insure their coming fairly before the public, induces me to sell them myself, without any of the manœuvres sometimes resorted to in a sale of this description, and particularly to impress on the minds of my hearers that every article is fairly and without reserve before them.

"When I come to the Buonapartian subject, perhaps it may not be amiss to mention what is most singular in my history, that everything that originated with Napoleon has been successful. I have put it down in my uncouth way, on a separate paper, and shall be obliged by your opinion and correction.

"Yours, very truly,

"W. BULLOCK.

" I cannot help feeling a kind of superstitious fear and interest for the fate of Napoleon, on account of the remarkable coincidence and kind of dependence on advantage derived to myself from everything originating or arising from that man. An accidental possession of a medal of him, when General Buonaparte (one of the first portraits of him that came to England), laid the foundation of the London Museum. A purchase in France of his property was the most advantageous speculation I ever made ; but the personal property left me, as a last legacy, by the Emperor on the evening of his political death of the memorable 18th of June, and transmitted me through the hands of the Prince Regent, was more advantageous in a pecuniary point of view than the entire labours of my life. I allude to his far-famed Military Carriage, which, with its curious and valuable contents, as is well known, became my property : these (like Elijah's mantle) gave me the power of accomplishing, in a few months, what, with all his talents, riches, and armies, he could never succeed in doing ; for in that short period I over-ran England, Ireland, and Scotland, levying a willing contribution on upwards of 800,000 of his Majesty's subjects ; for old and young, rich and poor, clergy and laity, all ages, sexes, and conditions, flocked to pay their poll-tax, and gratify their curiosity by an examination of the spoils of the dead lion. But those days are passed ; the meteor is extinguished, like the dream of greatness which intoxicated the man himself ; but still the influence of Napoleon on my destinies seems to exist, for in the cases that I received from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has been discovered a talisman, whose magic power was to act after that of its original possessor had for ever ceased ; a talisman whose single touch will, in a short time, take from me and scatter over the world the

whole of what I have received from its late master, as well as every production of earth, air, and water, of every clime in the habitable globe, which my whole life has been devoted to bring together ; but, although it will inevitably deprive me of what has been my pride and pleasure, it will probably—" A hole in the ballad ; the letter is unfinished.

Before opening his Exhibition, our skilful provider for popular curiosity brought over Buonaparte's coachman, who had been reported killed on the box, when attacked by Baron Kœhler's lancers, and who had indeed been very severely wounded, and left for dead on the field, with the loss of his right arm. He added greatly to the attraction, and had driven the Emperor on his various and extensive travels even beyond Moscow, and on the flight back, during the last seven years. His master, he stated, had not been in the carriage for some hours before it was taken ; but had passed it on horseback about ten minutes before, giving orders that it should follow him—*Sauve qui peut !* I was interested in all Bullock's exhibitions ; and indeed in all novelties of the kind, and for some twenty-five years there was not a known show or curiosity, from the charge of a halfpenny to a guinea, that I did not see. I went with the Laplanders to the Haymarket Theatre, and remember their ecstasies whilst the orchestra were tuning their instruments, only equalled by their disappointment and dislike when they came to play a tune. Lap ears preferred discord to harmony, beyond all comparison. I was detected by Charles Kemble peeping into a halfpenny show, in some street about Long-Acre ; in short, giants, dwarfs, mermaids, Albinos, Hottentot Venuses, animals with more heads or legs than " they ought to," and all other curiosities and monstrosities, were " my affections."

I am not quite sure as to the precise dates of the following letters. They refer to the Post Office, and the death of Mr. Palmer, the regenerator of the Post Office, and do honour to the writer, my friend, Mr. Freeling, who so efficiently carried out his reforms, and added so largely to the revenue of the country. The welcome change in the system introduced by Mr. Rowland Hill, takes nothing from the merits of the former improvement, and the skill and ability with which it was framed and effected.

"G. P. O., Saturday.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I have been much occupied officially and by domestic occurrences. I ought to have written to you without delay, not to send to me the biographical sketch of my deeply lamented friend, Palmer.

"I now return it, not being at liberty to alter or to add to it. I understand some friend of *the family* has the *subject in contemplation*. I cannot, therefore, say anything to Colonel or Captain Palmer respecting it.

"I lived thirty-five years in the most affectionate intercourse with this excellent man, whose like I shall never look upon again. I was not aware of the early circumstances of his life, which you have stated.*

"Yours truly,

"F. FREELING."

"G. P. O., Saturday.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"Pray let me know what fair remuneration must be made for the short-hand report of the debate on the

* I find this refers to a biography of Palmer, published in the "Literary Gazette," Sept. 5, 1818. Mr. Palmer died Aug. 16, aged 75.

Post Office? They need NOT proceed in it. It is astonishing how little senators know of subjects which they have affected to examine.

"Many thanks for your kindness in offering to insert the letter respecting the Montague Packet; although I know every word to be strictly true, I wish it not to be inserted, and you will give me credit for forbearance, recollecting the past, and that the worthy commander of the Pelham is now writing a book against me, full of as much venom as he can bring together: a friend of mine has seen the manuscript.

"I long much to see your translation of the Parisian Hermit. When does it come out?

"Yours always,

"F. FREELING."

The last few words reminds me to state, that when in Paris I was so much pleased with M. Jouy's publication of "L'Hermite de la Chaussée D'Antin," that I resolved to make a selection from it of the papers I thought most likely to interest English readers, and translate them for the press. This I had accomplished, and the work appeared in three volumes, under the title of "The Paris Spectator." It met with considerable patronage, and has long been out of print, but I cannot aver that it added any sum worth mentioning to my resources. The same may be said of my "Voyage to the Isle of Elba," one volume octavo, also from a French author; and which contained a good account of the island, and the movements of its temporary ruler therein, which certainly bore externally no faint similitude to the doings of Governor Sancho Panza in Barataria, and were probably played off to cover the machinations which were thickening the plot within for the invasion of France. M. Jouy was a fair English scholar

himself, and some of his criticisms on my translation were very good, whilst some others were peculiarly French, and amusing. After writing "*L'Hermite de la Chaussée D'Antin*" he published the "*Frane Parleur*," translated as "*Paris Chit-Chat*," and followed up both by other Essays, entitled "*The Hermit of Guiana*," which he translated cleverly into English himself.

Before the end of the year, as previously mentioned, I had the unhappiness to lose my much-esteemed friend, Mr. Begbie. He had been removed for change to a pleasant villa at North End, Hammersmith, but all in vain. A rapid consumption ensued, and from November all hopes of saving his valued life had vanished. Early in December he died, leaving a widow and numerous offspring very unsatisfactorily provided for. But she was a woman of a strong and energetic mind, and fortunately for her children, could do for them, through near relatives (especially her mother, Mrs. Jones,) and other friends, what her husband was withheld by his position and independent feelings from soliciting. His considerable income expired with him; but not the friendships of those whom his excellent nature and honourable conduct had attached to him, and who now displayed that attachment by bestowing valuable appointments on his sons, and launching them with favourable prospects on the world. Writerships, cadetcies, and other auspicious provisions were made, and the family resources of Mrs. Begbie sufficed for the rest. At first, however, there was much to suffer; and I am not without hope that it will tend to redeem my course from some of its faults if I venture to show, that in this, as in many an other instance, my character, from youth to age, was genial, kindly of heart, and rejoicing in the privilege of doing good when in my power. Such also was my lamented friend, whose liberality of mind and generosity of sentiment had made

him a much poorer man than he ought to have been. I do not believe he ever committed a wrong, or did a wilful injury to man, woman, or child ; but his worth, combined with an easiness of temperament, was not an adequate protection for his open purse and honest heart. He contributed much valuable information, chiefly commercial, to the "Sun," which had, like myself, a heavy loss in him. Thus wrote his disconsolate widow to me—

Dated twelve o'clock—"All your poor friend's troubles are over ; he ceased to breathe at twenty minutes past ten this night, without a struggle or a groan." The final details need not be repeated.

Previous to this, however, I had exerted myself to perform a needful service under existing circumstances ; and that I had been successful is proved by the following warm acknowledgments :—

"Wednesday morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My poor husband has been in the agonies of death all night, and we expected his dissolution every minute. I will not tell you what I have suffered. Whenever he thought himself dying he called me to him, to bid him farewell, and to let him 'die in my arms.' This morning he has recovered a little, and lies tolerably composed, and Mr. West thinks he may linger yet another night. If you are well enough to come to me on your return, do. He thinks he could die in peace if he heard you were likely to succeed in your generous intentions. To prevent unnecessary fatigue to you, and alarm to Mrs. Jerdan, do not think of returning at night ; I can give you a bed, and indeed I have much to say to you, and consult you about. Mr. West (the medical adviser) has promised to spend the night here, he was in the house from four o'clock till nine.

By giving laudanum, my dear Peter does not seem in those violent agonies ; he is quite calm, and prays to be released from his sufferings. My poor girls and Alfred [the eldest son] are also quite broken-hearted. * * * has fainted away * * it is truly a house* of mourning—how I hold up I cannot imagine ; but for my beloved children I think I should sink under my troubles. I do not know that I could go through such another night—to see my poor husband in danger of suffocation—to hear his groans—to hear him pray for me and my children—indeed it was too much ; but I will not agonise your feeling heart, which I know participates largely in my sorrows.

“ Adieu. Yours truly,

“ FRANCES BEGBIE.”

“ Northend, 5th December, 1815.

“ MR DEAR SIR,—

“ Your truly kind and generous conduct to me and mine, entitles you to my warmest gratitude. It is impossible for *me* to thank you ; but the approbation of your own heart will, I trust, be an ample reward. Never did consolation arrive at a time it was more wanted. Just as I got your letter, my poor suffering husband appeared to be nearly expiring. Even while I write you will hardly know from his countenance that he existed ; he has the hiccups incessantly, and perhaps, ere you receive—you get this—he may be no more. Never can I sufficiently thank Mr. Freeling for his kindness. Tell him he has, by his generous endeavours to serve me and my helpless children, rescued me almost from despair. Without the help of *some friends*, I could not support the mournful situation I am at present in. May that Almighty Being who has warmed your liberal heart to

* The letter is defaced here by the seal.

assist me and mine, return the generous act tenfold upon you and your family.

“ Believe me ever, with the truest regard,

“ Your grateful friend,

“ FRANCES BEGBIE.”

———Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace ! how calm his exit !
Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.—*Blair*.

I beg my readers to believe that I revive this picture of domestic suffering, such alas, as brings grief and mourning to most hearths in the trying journey through life, not from any self-glorifying desire to have myself and my memory held in higher estimation than they deserve ; but I have said that I would frankly confess and expose my errors, in the belief that the retrospect might be serviceable to my fellow-creatures, and most signally so to those who were embarked, or were disposed to embark, in the pursuits of literature as a provision for the wants of life ;* and I deem that it would not be justice to myself to withhold all the testimonies to my good deeds, and I hope, without a breach of “ the consideration and reserve due to others.”

I shall only add Mr. Freeling’s letter to me on the occasion :—

“ General Post Office. Saturday.

“ DEAR JERDAN,

“ Your letters do great credit to your feelings—poor Begbie !: I know that these ‘ *Riders*,’ as they are called, are in a general sense objectionable to the government, but

* See Vol. I., page 3.

I shall be very glad if the difficulty can be overcome on the humanity of the case.

“ You have done right in addressing yourself to *Mr. C. A.*
[Charles Arbuthnot.]

“ Will you come and dine with us at six o'clock on *Tuesday* next, at 42, Bryanston Square. We shall be only a small party of six persons.

Always yours, truly,

“ F. FREELING.”

CHAPTER IX.

REFLECTIONS: "BEGAR, HERE'S MONSIEUR TONSON
COME AGAIN!"

The Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
And in one place is *very seldom* found;
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out,
Good lack-a-day! how we are wheeled about!—OLD BALLAD.

THE words with which the preceding chapter is concluded, give rise to a train of reflections, in which I will adventure to indulge for a brief space; as the result of a very extended and comprehensive experience. I am sorry to say that they do not, on the whole, tend to excite a very flattering opinion of mankind, nor of the world as it is in our living day. The quaint adage, "no more pipe, no more dance," I have found far too widely true and applicable to the transactions of human intercourse. That there are multitudes of noble and right minded exceptions, no one can state with more delight than I do; were it not so, the world would be a cold and hideous wilderness.

But in referring (very imperfectly) to what has been preserved of my voluminous correspondence scattered over so many active years, I have been sadly struck with the difference of the language and tone which they exhibit as relative circumstances happened to vary. The individual letters addressed to the same man in prosperity and adversity,

appear as if they were written to two persons, not only not identical, but as if there were no resemblance whatever between them. And the very writers themselves are equally changed; like Bottom the weaver they have been "metamorphosed." I have a thousand letters, for example, begging favours; they are so prettily expressed it is quite a pleasure to read them. They are so kind, so complimentary, so flattering, that you are almost inclined to fancy yourself a demi-god. But let the power of granting such requests cease, and it is wonderful how the expressions are cooled, the compliments abbreviated, and the flatteries abridged. You are restored to your mere human shape again—and hardly that.

Then again, and it is infinitely more to be deplored, when you have rendered essential services to the establishment of fortune, and even to the preservation of life, and are distressed with the overpourings of never-ending remembrance and eternal gratitude; it is melancholy to see, after no very long time has elapsed—the fortune having continued to smile, and the life having become easy and comfortable—it is very melancholy to discover that the acknowledged services are apt to be disowned, and the everlasting gratitude forgotten or "repudiated." I could state not a few cases of this description so base, that the feeling of indignation it might be supposed they are likely to generate, would be lost in the stronger feeling of utter contempt; selfishness, and self-illusion will naturally account for a great deal of this, but what can account for the more odious feature, too prevalent to escape philosophical remark, which often returns evil for good, and strives by every detestable means to injure a benefactor.

In the former case, pride, vanity, the idea of your own superior merits, and other causes and motives may lead,

without much dereliction of principle, to the disreputable change ; whilst in the latter, nothing but a thoroughly bad heart and malevolent disposition, can afford a clue to the diabolical phenomena of requiting the greatest benefits by the darkest revenge !

I may, hereafter, devote a few pages to the selfish character of the age—perhaps a more material source of misery than indulgence in the worst passions, for apathy is more prevalent for evil than malignity, and occasions far more extended sufferings ; but having, for the present, rather intimated than discussed ideas, which have been pressed upon my mind and run continually in my thoughts since I began this work, I shall now proceed with my personal narrative, and, at any rate, defer this theme and its personal illustrations.

As far as distraction from the proper performance of my duty, and a sense of the inevitable destruction of the property in which I had embarked my talents (such as they were), and my views which were sanguine enough, were concerned, I was in no enviable situation. The feud grew from bad to worse, was almost a daily torment to me, and a plague to every soul who knew Mr. Taylor or myself. I am not exaggerating when I say, that he got quite “demented,” and went to extremities, which not even my original disregard of the folly, and later patience with the mischievous ebullitions, could endure. The ruinous consequences which had all along been threatened, became inevitable and imminent. Of course, I daresay I was often in a state of angry provocation and contradiction ; and I find, curiously enough, among my papers a contribution of Taylor’s, which I rejected, on grounds the sufficiency of which I cannot now make out, and which led to a furious onslaught. I believe it is the only poetical holograph of my then most hostile partner which I possess, and as a

great many worse things both of his and my own were suffered to appear in the paper, I have some small satisfaction in copying it here :—

POETRY.

TO GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ., THE POSSESSOR OF A TABLE AND
WINE-GLASSES WHICH BELONGED TO THOMSON THE POET.—
BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Friend CHALMERS, 'tis a noble treat
At THOMSON's hallow'd board to meet—
THE BARD OF NATURE'S SPHERE;
The Bard who, long as ages roll,
And NATURE animates the whole,
Taste, virtue, will revere.

'Tis surely form'd of BRITAIN's Oak,
That bears her Thunder's dreadful stroke
O'er all her subject main :
For lo ! BRITANNIA's * sacred laws,
And LIBERTY's* congenial cause,
Inspired his patriot strain.

Not ARTHUR's, with his Knights around,
By fond Tradition long renown'd,
Should equal thine in fame ;
Nor that where plates the Trojan's ate,
Portentous of a happier fate,
Though grav'd with Virgil's name.

The Poet's Goblets too are thine,
With votive bumpers let them shine,
In THOMSON's praise to ring ;
Whose works, through SUMMER's parching glow,
Sear'd AUTUMN, WINTER's blighting snow,
Will bloom in endless SPRING.

George Chalmers, to whom this piece is inscribed, was one of the most respectable and most comfortable of publisher's drudges. He was able, laborious, good-humoured, and had a thorough enjoyment of the good things of social life, to which his conversation contributed the appendages of pleasurable intelligence and instruction.

* Poems by THOMSON.

He was altogether an extremely well-informed and very agreeable companion, and consequently moved in the best literary society. In those times general good fellowship was more in fashion than now ; and sometimes among publishers, booksellers, authors and patrons, there was a nearer alliance to junkettings than in our refined day ! I often met Mr. Chalmers, and liked him much. He was a fine example of a rubicund Scotchman ; fattened and roseated in London ; and in his time did valuable service to literature, whilst he uprightly and honourably sustained the character of a Literary Man.

But to return to my dog-like treat. Law proceedings and law expenses, and law contradictions and law disappointments, flowed in to fill the cup of trouble. The best point I could make in my New Year's gratulatory address for 1816, was, that " a more systematic and enlarged attention should be paid to literary subjects " than the turmoils of war and politics had allowed, though upwards of a hundred reviews had been given in the preceding year. But the spirit of the editor was dulled ; his expectations quashed. The " Sun " had fallen off in *light*. Its splendour was gone. There was more trashy poetry than ever ; the little blemishes had become staple commodities, and the witticisms were multiplied, and nearly all under the regulation, *i. e.* tolerable, standard. In short, the fatal blow had been struck at its continuing to prosper in my hands ; and the undermining within prevailed with more deplorable spectacles of monomania than ever. All I could do was to keep my public place, and endeavour to do my duty. But the buoyancy was gone ; and my Soul and the " Sun " were too heavily weighted for a bright career over Terra or through Æther.

The concern could not have gone on at all, but for my obtaining an injunction in Chancery, to prevent any more

direct interference with the editor than consisted with what could not be restrained—the most childish and pettish interruptions during the whole forenoon I was engaged in the business in the front room, and my Partner was ruminating and contriving in the back room how to annoy me. The injunction is a curiosity in newspaper warfare, and here it is :—

GEORGE THE THIRD, &c., TO JOHN TAYLOR, GREETING.

After reciting the whole affidavit of complaint.

“ To be relieved wherein and for an injunction the Complainant had exhibited his bill against you, the said Defendant, to which you had appeared, but had not then put in your answer.

“ We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do hereby strictly enjoin and restrain you the said Defendant, John Taylor, under the penalty of Five Thousand Pounds, to be levied upon your lands, goods, and chattels to our use, from inserting or causing to be inserted in any future number of the newspaper called ‘ The Sun,’ any articles or article whatsoever without the consent of the said Complainant previously obtained, and from altering or causing to be altered, and from rejecting or causing to be rejected, any articles or article which the said Complainant has directed or consented or may direct or consent to be inserted in any future number of the said newspaper, and from giving any direction or order to any of the printers or workmen now employed or at any future time to be employed in printing or publishing the said newspaper, in opposition or contrary to any direction or order which the said Complainant has given or may give to such printers or workmen or any of them respecting the conduct and management of the said newspaper, or so as to prevent

the direction or order of the said Complainant from being obeyed, and from discharging such printers or workmen or any of them or keeping back or diminishing their wages for obeying the orders of the said Complainant, and from interfering in any manner in the conduct or management of the said newspaper, and an editor thereof, or preventing the said Complainant from having the complete and absolute control over and the sole direction of the said newspaper as the editor thereof, until you the said Defendant shall fully answer the Complainant's bill, or our said Court make other order to the contrary.

"Witness ourself at Westminster, the fourteenth day of December, in the fifty-sixth year of our reign.

"GRANT.

"JOHNSON."

This, like the writ attempted to be served on Martin in Galway, incensed the turmoil for a worsen outbreak. *

Instead of writing what might be eligible for the paper, I was, nevertheless, still exposed to, and worn out by, the

* It is an old story in a Chancery suit, where every particular must be literally sworn to, and the servitor in this case made oath that when he approached Martin's stronghold (now, strangely enough, the property by purchase of a Law Assurance Association!) to serve the writ, the *Deft.* (defendant) looked from a window or loophole down upon *Dept.* (deponent), with a gun or blunderbuss pointed directly at him, and swore by J——, that if he, the said *Dept.*, advanced another step, he would blow his * * * soul to h—ll. All which he, the said *Dept.*, verily believes, if he, said *Dept.*, had advanced another step, he, the said *Deft.*, would have done.

Dick Martin was an amusing companion, and as soft as milk in his manners, notwithstanding his pugnacious propensities and partiality for duelling. He once showed me the cicatrices of several bullet-wounds he had received in some of his score of encounters, and gave a very naïve description of the occasions, and always the intolerable provocation he had put up with before resorting to the *ultima ratio Hiberniæ*. In proof of his extraordinary forbearance, he told me that on the very night before, when he was speaking in the House on the Cruelty to Animals Bill, he was interrupted and insulted by some one crying "Hare! hare!" (hear,

petty vexations to which I have alluded ; and which are so truly and fully expressed in a letter I sent to Mr. Taylor at this time, that I repeat it here.

“ Little Chelsea, 8th February, 1816.

“ SIR,

“ Mr. Carstairs [the printer, and a sorely troubled one] and others, bringing numerous verbal messages, and communications of various kinds from you to me, to my great annoyance and interruption, I think it right to state to you explicitly that, receiving the treatment I have received and am daily experiencing from you, I feel no inclination either to submit to your caprices, or to relax one iota from the privilege I possess as editor of the ‘Sun,’ in order to insert things merely agreeable to your personal connections. Provoked as I am, I have chalked out for myself a course, the basis of which is to have no intercourse with you which I can possibly avoid. This want of concert you have forced by bitter persecution and continued ill-usage ; and if you feel its effects, you know where the blame lies. You one day tell me that such a man abhors me, and glory in having caused him so to do, and the next ask me to insert some puff of this very person in the ‘Sun.’ Yourself abuse and calumniate me grossly, and yet you come to me to give place to matters in which you alone are interested. What opinion have you of human nature, to suppose that insult and enmity are to beget a return of courtesy and friendship ? Once for all, I will not be so sported with,

hear) when there was no occasion. So, when he had finished his speech, he went across the flure to ascertain who had affronted him in this fashion, and Alderman ——— was pointed out as the party. “Upon which,” said Dick, “as it was only an alderman, it was impossible for a gentleman to resent it ; and so I just gave the poor devil a look, and tauld him he had better never cry ‘hare, hare,’ again when I was addressing the cheair.”

and to put an end to the teasing repetition of messages on such subjects, whatever I find objectionable I will instantly destroy, and insert only what appears to me to be for the good of the concern ; so now you know under what terms you send anything ' For the Sun.'

" The gradual fall of the paper, in spite of my incessant labour at a task too heavy for one person, the advantage taken to throw a burthen upon me individually, wherever I have endeavoured to promote the general benefit, the insidious and despicable misrepresentations to which my best exertions are liable, have left me but one line of conduct, viz., to steer as clear as I can of you, to continue to do my duty diligently and faithfully, and to witness with regret that ruin of the ' Sun ' which existing circumstances render inevitable. You were originally abundantly forewarned of the consequence of your laborious exertions to injure a person whose situation rendered it so necessary to your interests that you should have pursued an opposite course, but malice and folly combined mastered the good advice ; you now feel a part of the result. Be warned once more ; it may be yet time to redeem a little, and save from utter wreck. Could you reverse the injunction in Chancery, it will destroy the ' Sun ' in a fortnight. Should any one of your causes come on, remember I have told you candidly, your short-hand writer may give a dangerous publicity to some falsehoods put into the mouth of counsel, and thus gratify your pique, but statements will be brought to light which will give a death-blow to the ' Sun.' Should you publish one line injurious to me, it shall be met by a notice under which the ' Sun ' must sink. In brief, I will not permit you to ruin or attempt to ruin me without your reward ; and therefore, if you regard the concern in which you have embarked a large property for a man in your

circumstances (I believe not far short of 1400*l.*), I again advise you to press no further on one who has hitherto, in the hope of a return to reason and justice, been more passive than he will ever be hereafter. Think of the advice, and not of the adviser.

“W. J.”

Such were my grievances, but there was no stopping the “vult perdere.” I was reviled and slandered to such a pitch, that I sought legal means to obtain redress, and the punishment of the offender. It is something in a man’s life, that if he is at any time well maligned, it is no matter how untrue and how unjustly, or how met and refuted, some of the dirt will stick to him for ever. Forgetting all else, even good-natured and well-meaning people are prone to say, “Oh, So-and-So; I did not know him, but I remember there was something talked of about him that was disparaging, and I have always had an impression that he was not altogether the right thing!” The stigma, after all, is unimportant to the man of conscious rectitude, but it has a vague effect, and though *he* does not feel the sting, it may operate to his prejudice during all his life, and in quarters that he could never dream of. Such occurrences have frequently come within my cognisance. I have known the prospects of very worthy men quite blasted, and those of others blighted till too late to be of the value they would have been, by obstacles of no other foundation than some calumnious rumour, which had just met the careless ear, and left the “I would rather not” impression behind. The fight between the sweep and baker is far more detrimental to the baker than the sweep; but both are repugnantly marked, and lose caste by the conflict.

Sequitur. Before going farther, backwards or forwards,

I add three documents to my Autobiography. The first is a letter from my much-esteemed friend, my solicitor then, and my endeared companion for many an after year, whose very recent death I have truly lamented ; and the other the opinion of Counsel on the deplorable case of one who did not know whither to turn or what to do.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Underneath I send you a copy of Mr. Marryat’s opinion, from which it appears, upon the whole, that it would be better to drop the idea of any action or indictment.

“ I have read your case as drawn by yourself, and think it exceedingly well put together ; so much so, that it will be laid entire before the counsel this evening, to draw the bill in equity. I have added but a line or two on one occasion, where I thought it was required, and I will hasten the gentleman who has the framing the bill every moment I possibly can. Mr. Marryat had some personal knowledge of Mr. Taylor, but spoke very loudly in his disfavour ; however, he desired it might not be repeated to Taylor. I go to Oxford to-morrow morning early, and do not return till Saturday evening, but in the meantime your papers will be before counsel.

“ Yours truly,

“ ROBT. GRAY.”

“ I am of opinion that the terms used in the letter to Mr. Stuart* are not so distinctly libellous in point of law (though ‘very analogous’ to a libel) as to sustain either

* The present eminent Chancery barrister, ex-member for Newark, and I rejoice to add member for Bury St. Edmunds, which could not have a more able or honourable representative, and one of my oldest and dearest friends, to whom Taylor had addressed one of his abusive epistles.

an indictment or an action. No criminal prosecution can be supported for the mere verbal slanders. And of all the words stated in this case to have been used by Mr. Taylor (with the addition mentioned in the note of the 13th instant), that of 'thief' alone is actionable. Even this expression if explained by the accompanying conversation, or by the witness to it, as not meant to convey an imputation of felony, would not be a legal ground of action, and as it is stated to have been mixed with a variety of other abuse, it was probably introduced as mere general declamation or invective, and I therefore discourage any proceeding on that account.

"SAML. MARRYAT."

The next is the opinion of Mr. Tindal, afterwards raised to the Bench, and, as the dicta of so great a lawyer, may be worth a guinea fee to some unfortunate readers, who may happen to have anything to do with libels, I hope their compatriots will put up with two pages of a 5s. book for their sake.

"I am of opinion that no action is maintainable by Mr. Jerdan against Mr. Taylor for the words *spoken* by the latter. No action will lie for words of the nature stated in the case, unless they either impute to the party of whom they are spoken the commission of some legal crime, or unless they are spoken of him with reference to a trade or profession which he carries on; and I think the words spoken by Mr. Taylor do not fall within either of those two classes. The word *thief*, indeed, in its strict literal sense, imports the legal offence of felony; but it is also a word of common vulgar abuse, without any very definite meaning; and when the question is left to the jury in what sense Mr. Taylor used those words, it would be impossible for

them to think that Mr. Taylor intended to accuse Mr. Jerdan of the commission of any felonious threat. As to the words spoken with reference to his fitness for conducting the paper, there is no sufficiently express reference to Mr. Jerdan's situation as conductor ; nor, indeed, do the slanderous words themselves apply to the situation which he holds. Mr. Jerdan, under the deed of partnership, is the sole editor of the paper, but he has no concern whatever with the money transactions arising out of it. Now the words spoken by Mr. Taylor seem not to apply to the ability or diligence of Mr. Jerdan, or to any other requisite which an editor is expected to furnish, but to honesty in money concerns, with which, as editor, he has no interference. I therefore think no action will lie for the words.

“ With respect to the letter, I am of opinion that it may, in strictness, be made the subject of an indictment, because it certainly does appear to contain insinuations which are calculated to provoke Mr. Jerdan to a breach of the peace. But at the same time I must observe that it is but just within the law of libel. The allegation that Mr. Jerdan's motives are those of a swindler, is very far from a direct allegation ; and, indeed, the whole of the objectionable passage in the letter is so obscure as to be scarcely intelligible. I am of opinion that, in cases of this nature, it is the most prudent and politic course not to indict, unless the offence is so clearly defined, and so aggravated in its nature, that there can be no doubt of the event or the measure of the punishment ; because an indictment begun and not carried through, or, if carried through with success, terminated at last by a slight punishment, is more a matter of triumph to the defendant than to the prosecutor. This point, however, I leave to the discretion of the prosecutor.

“ NICOLAS C. TINDAL, Inner Temple.”

As I wish to avoid fatiguing the reader with more of personal matter than is absolutely incumbent upon me, I will now close this chapter ; still trusting that the statements it contains are of such general interest and application, as to take them out of the category of sheer Individuality.*

Even whilst writing it, I observe in the daily and weekly papers, reports of actions at law and cases of police (such as are ever occurring), in which individuals connected with the periodical Press appear in the agreeable and profitable predicament of plaintiffs and defendants, prosecutors and prosecuted, accusers and accused; and they almost invariably afford presumption of such a loose way of transacting business, as sorely to puzzle judges and magistrates. They are the farces of litigation, at which the public laugh, and by which neither party gains either benefit or satisfaction. I would therefore entreat my brethren of the quill to steer clear of Law and Police, and even of Justice, so called. None of them were framed for their cases ; and consequently the first will punish, the second ridicule, and the last baulk them ! From the three, separately or collectively, they have nothing to look for but suffering in purse, person, and hopes. And so I say again, " Beware of spring-guns and man-traps on these premises."

* It is said that the English people like to witness a stand-up fight ; and therefore I hope they will not dislike to read about one, at least as much as was necessary in self-defence for my Autobiography.—W. J.

CHAPTER X.

ROBERT BURNS: A RATHER SCOTCH CHAPTER.

"How happy have I been by turns,
With Ramsay, Ferguson and Burns."

"Ding dong! ding dong!
The slow sounds weep,
And cadence keep,
With the wail of woe
O'er the grave below.
Ding dong! ding dong!
Strew garlands round
The holy ground."—MOTHERWELL.

ON the 25th of May in this year, the Commemoration of Burns, for which I had thrown out a signal the year before (as noticed in a preceding page), and the "getting up" of which required much time and exertion, was brought to a gratifying issue. If there is a word or name in the language to serve as a rallying-point for Scotchmen, at home or abroad, that name is Burns. But for this *sesamé* I could never have succeeded in my project. There was hardly a failure. Wherever application was made the response was cordial. Nevertheless, my office of secretary was no sinecure. I was fortunate in procuring the Earl of Aberdeen to preside; the Duke of Buccleugh having previously consented to take the chair, and only withdrawn in consequence of a

remarkable request which I received from the Duchess, his mother, at Richmond, my prompt acquiescence in which led to gratifying courtesies from that truly excellent lady as long as she lived. Lord Aberdeen was admirably supported by Mr. C. Grant (Lord Glenelg), Sir John Majoribanks, Sir Neil Campbell, Mr. W. R. Keith Douglas, member for Dumfries, Mr. (Sir) Charles Forbes, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Sir Thomas Bell, Sheriff at the time, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. (Sir Peter) Laurie, and other gentlemen eminent in the mercantile world, in literature, and the arts. The following list of stewards will verify this, though several were prevented, by various public and insuperable private causes, from attending the dinner party :—

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T.

STEWARDS.

RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE.
 RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
 LORD ARCHIBALD HAMILTON.
 SIR T. BELL, KNT., SHERIFF, &c.
 THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.
 ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Esq.
 W. R. K. DOUGLAS, Esq., M.P.
 GENERAL JAMES DUNLOP, M.P.
 KIRKMAN FINLAY, Esq., M.P.
 CHARLES FORBES, Esq., M.P.
 CHARLES GRANT, JUN., Esq., M.P.
 G. HATHORN, Esq.
 J. C. HERRIES, Esq., COMMISSARY-IN-CHIEF.
 ADMIRAL SIR G. J. HOPE, KNT., M.P.
 FRANCIS HORNER, Esq., M.P.
 T. F. HUNT, Esq.
 JOHN INNES, Esq.
 JOHN IRVING, Esq., M.P.
 WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq.
 ALEX. KEY, Esq.
 PETER LAURIE, Esq.
 REV. DR. J. LINDSAY.
 SIR J. MAJORIBANKS, BART., M.P.
 REAR ADMIRAL SIR GRAHAM MOORE.
 JOHN NICHOL, Esq.
 COSMO ORME, Esq.
 COUTTS TROTTER, Esq.
 JOHN TUNNO, Esq.
 SIR G. WARRENDER, BART., M.P.
 DAVID WILKIE, Esq., R.A.

Campbell wrote a poem on the occasion, which was admirably recited by Mr. Conway, and in the composition of which I met with a peculiar instance of the poet's fastidiousness in correcting his effusions,—an example, the reverse of which entails upon us so much of the slip-slop and want of finish to which we must submit at the present time : a couple of days only before the meeting, the bard had courteously read over his Ode to me, and left the MS. with me to be printed, returning himself to his residence, then at Sydenham. I thought it was polished to perfection ; but not so the author. It rushed into his head that he had written "Which," instead of "That," in the penultimate line of the fourth stanza, where two other lines commenced with "who," and, as I might guess from his note, in much distress at being guilty of such an inelegancy, he despatched an express messenger from Sydenham to town to me with the important correction !* I am inclined to think that Campbell often weakened his first poetical ideas by over-polish, as Scott often left his with blots, in consequence of seldom taking the trouble to correct and refine.

The Earl of Aberdeen having hardly ever, if ever, been induced to preside at a festivity of this kind, gave additional interest to the Commemoration, which, I should say, was "in aid of the subscription for completing the monument over the grave of Burns, then erecting at Dumfries." Among

* This poetic carefulness may be paralleled by another instance. One Friday afternoon, when I went as usual to my printer's (Bensley), to correct the last proofs, and see that all was right for the "Literary Gazette" of the morrow, and whilst waiting for slips, I happened to glance over some loose sheets lying on the desk of Rogers's "Italy" (I think). I pointed out two or three of the slightest inaccuracies or doubtful points to the reader (Mr. Barker, one of those invaluable, good printing-house allies to authors), which he communicated to the poet, and the result was the cancelling of several sheets, at an expense of 50*l.* or 60*l.* The majority of writers would not have given sixpence to mend them all. Not so the fastidious Rogers.

his lordship's most apposite observations in proposing "The Memory of Robert Burns," which he did with great feeling, he said : "As Scotchmen, we may well be vain of his talent and his name, for his genius was truly national. Scotland may exult in having given him birth, for he might almost be said to have sprung from her very soil ! But while, as Scotchmen, we are justly proud that it was reserved for our country to give birth to such a poet, the hard fate of Burns, while living, and the comparative obscurity in which he closed his days, prove, I am afraid, that while among us he was not sufficiently valued [what genius ever was ?], and this reflection, in some sort, turns our very pride into our reproach ! We owe to his memory a long arrear of admiration. The only way in which we can now discharge this debt is by uniting to honour his tomb. [It will appear by an incident in the sequel that this was happily not 'the only way.'] This has now become the duty of his friends and admirers ; call it a vain and fruitless duty if you will, but still it is a duty which those who feel an interest in the honour of their country, and in the powers of genius being duly appreciated, will not be the less anxious to fulfil." After the applause had ceased, and the toast been drunk in silence, Mr. Conway recited the Ode in honour of Burns to which I have alluded, so effectively as to be often interrupted by enthusiastic expressions of admiration and delight. It is, indeed, not unworthy of the bard of "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," and "The Mariners of England." The following is a copy :—

Soul of the Poet ! wheresoe'er
 Reclaim'd from earth thy genius plume
 Her wings of immortality ;
 Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
 And with thine influence illumine
 The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from sacred spell,
 Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
 Exorcis'd by his memory;
 For he was chief of bards that swell
 The heart with songs of social flame,
 And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was giv'n
 To warble all its ecstasies,
 With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,
 Love the surviving gift of Heaven,
 The choicest sweet of Paradise
 In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
 To Mary's soul in Heav'n above,
 But pictur'd sees in fancy strong,
 The landscape and the livelong day
That smil'd upon their mutual love,—
 Who that has felt forgets the song.

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan—
 His country's high-soul'd peasantry
 What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
 To weigh the inborn worth of man!
 And rustic life and poverty
 Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot * the muse
 Entranc'd and show'd him all the forms,
 Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
 (That only gifted Poet views,)
 The Genii of the floods and storms,
 And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
 The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
 Beat not his Caledonian veins,
 As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
 With all the spirit of his sires,
 And all their scorn of death and chains?

* Burns was born in Clay-cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

And see the Scottish exile tann'd
 By many a far and foreign clime,
 Bend o'er his homeborn verse and weep,
 In memory of his native land,
 With love that scorns the lapse of time,
 And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild
 The soldier resting on his arms,
 In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
 The scenes that blest him when a child,
 And glows and gladdens at the charms
 Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
 An idle art the Poet brings,
 Let high Philosophy control
 And sages calm the stream of life,
 'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
 The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
 The native banner of the brave,
 Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
 Rose, thistle, harp, 'tis she elates
 To sweep the field or ride the wave,
 A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou young hero when thy pall
 Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
 When public grief begins to fade,
 And only tears of kindred fall,
 Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
 And greet with fame thy gallant shade.

Such was the soldier,—BURNS forgive
 That sorrows of mine own intrude,
 In strains to thy great memory due.
 In verse like thine, Oh ! could he live,
 The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good
 Edward that died at Waterloo ! *

Farewell high chief of Scottish song,
 That could'st alternately impart
 Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
 And brand each vice with satire strong
 Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
 Whose truths electrify the sage.

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Farewell, and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

“The living poets of Scotland, and one of the most distinguished of their number, Mr. Campbell,” was the next toast drunk and acknowledged; after which, as I had informed the chairman that a son of Burns was present, with some of his kindred, his lordship, in a handsome manner, proposed their health. Mr. Burns, then a mere youth, answered the tribute with great modesty; and, in the course of the evening, I had the grateful office of introducing him to Mr. Charles Grant, the result of which was, his appointment as a cadet to India, whither he in due time proceeded, and, after good service, returned to his native land a respected officer and prosperous man. Such accidents are beautiful when they do happen, and very consolatory to look back and reflect upon.

An eloquent speech from Mr. Grant, comprising a fine and touching eulogy on Burns, and equally just compliment to the high classic accomplishments of Lord Aberdeen, called up the noble lord, who expressed his anxious feeling for the interest of Scotland, and especially where connected with its literature.

“Mr. Wilkie, and the Scottish Arts and Artists,” was next toasted and acknowledged amid tumultuous plaudits. Sinclair sang, Gow’s band played, and Macgregor, the “great piper”—I have forgot the Gaelic for it—paraded the room in full costume with a melody only ravishing, at such close quarters, to Scotch ears.

The chairman having proposed “The Health of the Stewards, and the Secretary, for his services in promoting

the meeting," Mr. (Sir Charles) Forbes returned thanks for the former, and I had the pleasure to read over a list of subscriptions, amounting to about 350*l.*, with the remark that I trusted it would enable the committee at Dumfries to go on vigourously with the monument, and also to remind the company of the opinion of Burns, that the "Scottish poet should not sleep without a monument," when he raised one, at his own expense, to the memory of Ferguson.

After Lord Aberdeen retired, Campbell was called to the chair, whose vivacity and good humour prolonged the festival of feeling for another hour. He gave "The Health of the great living Bard, Sir Walter Scott, and also of Mr. Mayne, the author of the charming ballad of 'Logan Waters ;'" for which Mr. Mayne (of the "Siller Gun," a sweet composition), returned his acknowledgments. Mr. Laurie (now Sir Peter) again proposed my health, with a flattering notice of me as "the individual who had originated this Commemoration, and whose exertions, for the last two years, to accomplish the interesting object, had been as great and unremitting as they had ultimately proved successful." I naturally expressed my gratitude for such a compliment ; and the night concluded in so gratifying a manner that a morning paper of the following day stated, the "entertainment had terminated, at the close of which every friend to poetical genius who was present

Might have the happiness to say,
My friends, I have not lost a day !"

Together with Campbell's fine poem were printed and distributed two other pieces : one by an English lady, and the other by myself, for the toast of "the Duke of Wellington and the Scottish Heroes of Egypt and Maida, the Peninsula,

and Waterloo ;" both of which I append to this description of a memorable Scottish day in London.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

O Thou, too early and too sadly lost,
Enchanting Bard ! by fate, by passion tost,
Whose hardy genius forced its tangled way,
And *would* expand, and struggled into day ;—
At length we hail thee, cenotaphed, inurned,
At length we mourn thee, as thou should'st be mourned ;
Art waits at length upon thy honour'd tomb,
And Poesy recording weeps thy doom.

Yet fame was thine, and tears. Thy native plains,
The hills, the rivers, echoed to thy strains.
For bright though changeful, as his Scottish clime,
The Peasant-minstrel's wild and vigorous rhyme ;
Where smiles and tears contest the varying hour,
Or sweetly blend like April's sunny shower ;
Where lightsome airs come fresh and fancy-driven,
Like white clouds whirling o'er the deep blue Heaven.
And many a lovely sound thy name has brought,
Many a fair sight wakened thy dear thought.

Oh ! who could see the mountain daisy spring,
Or hear high-poised the early laverock sing,
Or loitering tread the pleasant banks of Ayr,
Or list the milk-maid sooth her evening care
With some old, wild, yet sweetest melody,
Nor inly breathe that strain divinely free
Which gives to each its immortality !

And when, long ages hence, gray moss shall spread
Destructive o'er each column's trophied head,
And every stone confused and broken lie,
And e'en the Mausoleum's self shall die ;
Then, if perchance some mouldering letters tell
Whose reliques in its ruined precincts dwell ;—
Then shall that fresh, that unforgotten name
Repay the arrear of monumental fame,
As oft the Traveller, oft the Poet turns,
To muse and linger o'er the Tomb of Burns.

THE AFTER-BATTLE SANG.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

Tune—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Scots frae Maida's laurel'd strand,
Scots o' WELLINGTON's brave band,
Welcome to yere native land,
After glorious Victory !

Scotchmen bauld, by Scotchmen led,
For yere Country hae ye bled,
Making foemen's bluidy bed
In ilka field o' Victory.

Another wreath about thy urn
Is twined, thou Chief o' Bannockburn,
And them we luve, and them we mourn,
Reminded us o' thee ;

Whan to the winds the tartan threw
Its meteor faulds o' changefu' hue,
And on thy plain, red Waterloo,
The claymore reap'd the Victory !

Scots o' WELLINGTON's brave band,
O' Egypt and o' Maida's strand,
Let's drain the bowl, and grasp the hand,
And sing the Sang o' Victory.

It was presumption enough in me to appear in type on the same page with Campbell ; but it was all from the heart, and I have no apology to offer.

As this chapter is peculiarly Scottish, I imagine that a few specimens of Scottish sentiments on the subject of Burns will not be unacceptable, at least to the national portion of my readers ; nor indeed to any readers, for where is it that the admiration of Burns does not prevail ?

FROM MR. FRANCIS HORNER.

"Great Russell Street, May 10.

"I shall have great pleasure in concurring in any mark of national respect for the memory of Burns, which cannot be too strongly marked, not so much on account of his eminent genius, as the ill-usage he met with from his contemporaries. You may therefore use my name, if you suppose it can be of the least service, in the list of stewards you are going to publish. I ought however to mention that I have an engagement on the 25th inst., which will prevent me from attending the company at dinner that day ; but it will still leave me at liberty to attend the meeting at the beginning of it.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"F. HORNER."

FROM MR. JAMES PERRY,

OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

"Strand, April 20.

"SIR,—

"I shall cheerfully subscribe towards the erection of a monument to our great countryman Burns.

"As to the hostility of rival editors, I assure you I disregard it ; but I think it might be conducted without personality.*

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"J. PERRY."

* This was not amiss in the editor of the "Morning Chronicle !"

FROM MR. GEORGE HATHORN,

AN EMINENT MERCHANT, WHO TOOK A WARM INTEREST IN PROMOTING THE
MEETING, WRITTEN AFTER IT HAD TAKEN PLACE.

" 19, Woburn Place, June 26, 1816.

" DEAR SIR,—

" It is gratifying to find that the object in view has been accomplished to the extent originally expected.

" The friends of the memory of poor Burns are deeply indebted to you for the trouble you have taken, and I am happy to think that your own feelings will repay you, but allow me also to offer my thanks.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Yours very faithfully,

" GEORGE HATHORN."

FROM MR. GRIERSON,

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DUMFRIES COMMITTEE.

" Dumfries, May 31, 1816.

" DEAR SIR,—

" It was with much pleasure I received your kind favour with a 'Sun' paper of Monday. Your meeting has indeed been splendid, and the result has been great.

" The committee feel much gratified by the success of your undertaking, and we will ever remember, that to the zeal and exertions of you and our worthy friend, Mr. Hunt, all is owing ; and we join with you in regretting that the arrangements of the day had not been completed, by drinking the health of that excellent man to whose taste and liberality we are so much indebted. Much he has done, and much expense he has put himself to, and when he was

in Dumfries he would not accept of any reward for all his trouble, and, still free of all charge, his pains are unwearied to render the work complete. It has been in contemplation, and will be carried into effect, to make Mr. Hunt a present of a piece of plate, or something of the kind; although perhaps we shall not be able to extend it in value equal to his services, yet I hope it will not be unworthy. From the interest you have taken, in confidence I mention this, and I would be happy if you could give me your idea of what article you think might prove most acceptable. I cannot say what amount we may be able to go to, perhaps 30*l.* or 40*l.* value might procure something tolerably handsome.

“Will be happy to hear from you when convenient, and

“I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

“W. GRIERSON.”

I am afraid Mr. Hunt, who was the architect of the monument, Mr. Turnerelli executing the sculpture, never received the proposed honorarium.*

In conclusion, I have only farther to state that my labours did not cease with the last-recorded toast. The after-collection of subscriptions, and the price of tickets, was very troublesome, as many of the parties forgot “which was which,” and mixed them together in admired confusion, and some forgot altogether. The after-reckoning required nearly as much writing and sending as the preceding preparations; and I would “caution” my friends who may ever wish to undertake a similar task, or act the distinguished part of “HON. SEC.,” that they may lay their account to have something to pay for it.

* I see a receipt to me signed “Peter Turnerelli” for 220*l.*, in part payment of the sculpture. The whole design was finished in September, 1819.

But not to finish gravely, I beg to repeat a congenial Scotch story suggested by the above Scotch phrase, "Caution." A Highland Donald was tried for a capital offence, and had a rather narrow escape ; but the jury found him "not guilty." Whereupon the judge, in discharging, thought fit to admonish him. "Prisoner! Before you leave the bar, let me give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if ever you come before me again, I'll be *caution* (surety), *you'll be hanged.*" "Thank you, my Lord," answered Donald, "thank you for your good advice, and as I'm na ungratefu', I beg to gi'e your Lordship a piece of advice in return. Never be caution for ony body ; for the cautioner has often *to pay the penalty !*"

CHAPTER XI.

NOTES ON TIME FLYING.

For all my notions being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer, and expand
And multiply themselves a thousand fold,
Beyond the first idea that I plann'd :
Besides—this present volume must be sold ;
Besides—I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.*

WHISTLECRAFT.

MR. CANNING returned home in June, having been fêted at Bordeaux on his way, and was immediately appointed President of the Board of Control. In consequence of this he stood a contested election—an election ridiculously contested, but which afforded him opportunities for those brilliant displays of eloquence, commingling every beauty of oratory, including pungent ridicule and biting sarcasm, which rendered him so feared and hated an antagonist by those who were opposed to him. His terrible hits, dealt by logical reasoning on profound data, but seasoned with so much wit, and made memorable by such flights of poetry, were “tolerable and not to be endured ;” and, I think Canning alone was exposed to more misrepresentation and

* *Erratum*.—For the last two lines in verse, to read in prose: I promised Hall, Virtue, and Co., to let them have it for the 1st of August.—*Jerdan*.

abuse, than any half-dozen political men or ministers I can call to mind, even including Lord Castlereagh, with all the vituperation of Ireland upon his head.

The playfulness of his conversation was equally felicitous, and so gentle and unobtrusive, that one was surprised at the end of an hour or two at recalling, or rather endeavouring to recall, so many pleasantries which had passed unnoticed at the moment of their utterance. The fact is, that in seasons of familiar and social intercourse, the whole was such a flow of quiet humour that, like a placid stream, you hardly noticed the current, and it was only when some salient point, not the best, but the most observable, from the ripple it made, excited greater attention, that a small portion of his gifts in this way could be recalled to memory, or were susceptible of repetition. Thus, when my worthy compatriot, Joseph Hume, was making his strongest retrenching and popular efforts in Parliament, Mr. Canning observed, "Hume is an extraordinary ordinary man;" that could be repeated, but the finest essence of the accompanying discourse never could be expressed: it melted into thin air, and was delicious to breathe. The same may also be said of his jocular *mot*, on hearing Mr. Fitzgerald recite a poem at the Literary Fund Anniversary, "*Poeta nascitur non Fitz*," with which Fitz. himself was excessively pleased. I may remark that pure wit is the most evanescent of intellectual productions, and it is only when mixed with a portion, more or less, of earthly dross, that it can be made palpable. At the end of a joyous and delightful party, you cannot describe what made it so charming; you can only tell two or three, perhaps, of the most material and least ethereal jests, or sayings, which floated on the surface of the deeper feast of reason. Ideas abounded: language was only occasionally pointed.

The death of Mr. Sheridan cast a gloom over many of his associates, and I may say, the public in general; though they were amused with Yorick jests, probably invented for him, to exhibit the strength of the ruling passion. His wit was just the opposite of what I have endeavoured to explain as the wit of Canning. Its highest flavour consisted of the more palpable spirit of which the other left a smaller quantity to be carried off. Thus the *mot* ascribed to him, when seated at the window a few days before his death, and seeing a hearse go by, he exclaimed, "Ah, that is the carriage after all!" was in everybody's mouth, and compared with the slow-coach joke of Rogers, who, when told that it was called the "Regulator," remarked, "I thought so, for all the others go by it." Another of Mr. Sheridan's, at this sad period, was more likely to be true. His complaint was understood to have arisen originally from a tumour, for which an operation was advised that might have saved his life, but to which he refused to submit, observing that he had suffered two operations in his time, and would not submit to a third. On being asked what they were, as they had not been heard of before, he replied, "that he had had his hair cut, and sat for his picture!"* Poor reminiscences these of the man of such marvellous talent, that it is told of him, on the same night when he made one of his brilliant speeches in Parliament, the "Duenna" was performed at one, and the "Rivals" played at the other national theatre. But there have been now five generations of his family distinguished by great and hereditary talent. Mr. Sheridan's funeral

* I find a curious memorandum among my papers, I know not on what authority, that a Mrs. Kirkman and Miss Sheldon, who long resided at Edmonton, and kept a large ladies' boarding school opposite the sign of the renowned "Johnny Gilpin," were the originals of two of the leading characters in the "School for Scandal."

was splendid, and realised his own lines, so as to render them prophetic of himself: for there were

The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
The throng that pressed as their dead favourite past—
The graced respect that claimed him to the last!

Sheridan was a type, a fortunate and exalted one, of a numerous tribe, who had better opportunities in those days than in ours. The display of superior abilities, which promised to be useful to Parliamentary parties, opened, in comparison with parliament now, a broad path to emulation, and there was often a competition between Whig and Tory to secure the attachment and co-operation of youths who were distinguished at public schools and the universities.

Meanwhile the “Sun” dragged on a wearisome and declining existence. The disputes of partners are sure to be ruinous to any concern, and more irresistibly fatal to one of a public nature. Instead of spirit and energy, cheered by hope, my heart sickened with the task of just doing the work which was absolutely necessary, and no more, and knowing that all I could do was unavailing. Injunctions in Chancery and suits for relief at law put an end to some of the annoyances, but gave the mind and pen sufficient occupation with other vexations. Perhaps this disposition of affairs relieved our more saturnine readers from the infliction of a number of indifferent puns and *jeux d’esprit*. I do not think I perpetrated three in six months, and even Taylor ceased, comparatively, to utter his complimentary impromptus and epigrams to his friends and associates, whom he rather overpaid by terrible complaints of me and my tyranny. Sir Matthew Wood’s being elected Lord Mayor for a second year, was the most prolific subject, on which many squibs and crackers flew about,

and Dr. Parr's marriage to Miss Eyre hardly behind it.
Witness these—

Napoleon's city friends, it seems,
Are of their Favourite's mood;
And since they can't his empire have,
They'll do with his *Long-Wood*.

The City Giants that so long have stood,
At length we see removed by *Brother Wood*;
Such is the spirit of *Reform*, we find,
For *novelty* 'twill sacrifice its kind.

Again—

DIALOGUE IN GUILDHALL.

Gog. Pray, *Magog*, why should we withdraw—
Old Guardians of the Seat of Law?

Magog. Dear *Gog*, the reason thou hast told—
It is because that we are *Old* :
Art thou to learn the new Lord Mayor
Of former times will little spare?
He's a Reformer, *Gog*, and so
Things can't remain *in statu quo*—
Not to know this, why, brother *Gog*,
Thou'rt quite of *Wood* another log!

The next is more whimsical :—

Gog (*loquitur*). We three
Loggerheads be,
With *Wood* enough to spare.
I am *Gog*,
He's *Magog*,
And who, sir, is the other Log-
gerhead?—Ask the Lord Mayor!

Two or three of the jokes upon Dr. Parr—for I dare say
there were fifty—I only quote for the sake of their
signature :—

This match is *late*. No, state it fairly ;
It could not have been made more *Eyre-ly*.

With his pipe* and his bride, though the people may stare,
The Doctor will look like a *Justice in Eyre*.

Let scoffers mock, what need he care,
He's not too old to take the Air.

Oh such a Pair were never seen,
Since Ida's Mount so far is ;
For is not Eyre his Venus sheen,
And surely he her Parr-is !

For equal bridals all declare,
Who steer by Wisdom's star ;
Then Damsels all be taught by *ETNA*,
And learn to wed at *PARR*.

Again :—

When maiden Eyre
Preferred her prayer
To Heaven relief to gain ;
These words alone
Her wants made known,
"Parr-donnez moi"—Amen.

Heaven heard the prayer
Of Virgin Eyre,
A prayer hard to be hard on—
And for sins past,
And to the last,
Has granted her her *Parr-done*.—W. J. ANDRÉ.

It was under the same anagram of my name that I published my poem on the Jubilee in 1809 (of which I wish I had a copy ?), and one of the most heinous crimes with which Mr. Taylor charged me was, that I had gone by a false *alias*, and it was to show my contempt for the accusation, that I appended it to these doggerel lines, and sometimes instead of *Teutha*, or no signature, to such trifles as the following :—

BUONAPARTE AN OLD TROJAN.

Acting Sir Pandarus of Troy, now Boney fills the scena ;
And well performs the *Go-between* from *Paris* to *Helena*.

* Dr. Parr was a most inveterate smoker, in which recreation, as well as in other ways, he suffered not a few tricks when Tom Sheridan was his pupil.

DIALOGUE DURING AN ECLIPSE, IN A MODERN STYLE.

Sweetest, sweetest, prithee say,
Is it night, or is it day?
Ask not, ask not, sweetest, pray,
For 'tis very hard to say.*

The return to peace was a period of very turbulent transition, and riots and revolutionary meetings pervaded the country. Among the latter, Hunt's famous Spa Fields demonstration (the prototype of the Chartists at Kennington) was the most conspicuous, and at the time, Sir Francis Burdett, Cobbett, Dr. Watson, and others were playing demagogue very closely upon the borders of treason. And though the *Adelphi* of the "Sun" were, as I have hinted, in too sombre a condition to be lively, the paper was not without an occasional sparkle of humour and vivacity. Mr. Mulock, a gentleman of rare talent, contributed a series of reports and bulletins, on the assumed ground that Hunt had been committed to Bedlam as a lunatic, and these gave an account of his aberrations when visitors were admitted, which would not have been unworthy of Dean Swift. Though so long ago, I feel confident that a few extracts will not fail to be acceptable to the lovers of fine satire. Mr. M., after stating Hunt's having fallen into the pitiable condition of incurable mental derangement, and acknowledging how much the "Sun" had reprobated his previous proceedings, goes on to say, "We protest most solemnly that we should have preferred hearing that Mr. Hunt had been *hanged*, rather than that he should have been visited with the intellectual infliction which now

* There were others merry enough to create a smile or laugh at the season, but too insignificant to look back upon at a distance; and that is a good reason why I should fancy the few that I have copied quite sufficient as samples.

so horribly humiliates him. In order to secure the sympathy of the Public, we shall now proceed to communicate the details which have been supplied us respecting the lamentable progress of Mr. Hunt's disorder. On the morning of Friday, it was observed by some friends who called upon Mr. Hunt, in order to accompany him to the meeting in Spa Fields, that there was a more than usual incoherence in his conduct, language, and manners. Contrary to the earnest exhortations of his compatriots, he *dressed* himself for the meeting, and betrayed in his whole deportment an aristocratic foppery, which very considerably tended to weaken the regards of his staunchest adherents. It was remarked, too, that Mr. Hunt's *oaths* were more refined and classical than he had been accustomed to use in his quality of popular blasphemer. As a conclusive indicant of some portentous change, it was noticed that Mr. Hunt assumed a lofty and condescending air towards his *former* companions, which, however well-meant, was certainly very ill-taken." Hunt's speech is then mentioned as affording palpable proofs of alienation of mind, but "it was reserved for the critical vigilance of his immediate friends to detect more infallible symptoms of derangement in certain eccentricities of his conduct. For example, Mr. Hunt quitted his Plebeian elevation on a hackney coach, and addressed the people from one of the windows of the '*Loyal Volunteer*,' and thus screened from the winds without, and warmed with good brandy placed providentially within, he declaimed his two hours to the undrammed and unsheltered multitude. In the course of his speech too, Mr. Hunt wandered into episodes which were little relished by the friends of equality. A passage, accusing Mr. Canning of being 'a new man,' utterly unable to trace a long line of noble ancestors, gave particular umbrage to the 'green-coated orator' (Mr. Dyll),

who remarked, with much fairness and not less asperity, that 'Reformers had no business to talk of *jinney-ologies*, as no man had a *natural* right to have ancestors to the prejudice of other worthy citizens.' " The description of Hunt's increasing madness, and fancying himself a monarch, with palaces, households, &c., till he arrived at Cooper's Hotel, is very racy ; and the introduction of Cobbett puffing his "Political Register" no less so ; but at length Hunt is taken to Bedlam. "Sir Francis Burdett called at Bedlam in the course of Sunday, and from a plausible misapprehension of the officers of the hospital, was, for some time, detained in a cell adjoining that of Mr. Hunt, November 18th." The first bulletin is as follows :—

"CITIZEN HUNT'S MALADY.

"New Bedlam, Monday, noon.

"In answer to the countless inquiries that have been made during the last twenty-four hours respecting the health of Citizen Hunt, we lament to say that the unhappy sufferer's malady continues as violent as ever. The medical officers of the hospital being of opinion that the visitors introduced to Citizen Hunt have materially contributed to exasperate his disorder, Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett are excluded from Bedlam *for the present*.

(Signed) "JOHN DYALL, G.C.O.
THOMAS PRESTON, Sec."

Tuesday's bulletin reports him insisting on a *royalty sturgeon* and *imperial pop* ; and other bulletins and papers contain much more of the same entertaining description, but I shall only copy a portion of the interview at last obtained by Sir F. Burdett. "It seems that Sir Francis,

having been shown into a gallery in which a number of persons were striding up and down, their hands tied somewhat rigidly behind their backs, the worthy baronet, shocked at these visible signs of tyranny, declaimed with great energy against strait-waistcoats. Some of the myrmidons of the hospital endeavouring to allay the 'whirlwind and tempest' of his unseasonable oratory, Sir Francis pulled out his old copy of Magna Charta, and read it with such vehemence to the kindling crowd, that two of the 'marshals of the palace,' as Mr. Hunt had styled them, dragged the senator, without delay, into a very dark and narrow cell, where he remained in durance vile until the surgeon went his evening round. Mr. Hunt was in a sitting posture when Sir Francis was introduced, and he deigned to notice the baronet only by a slight inclination of the head. The miserable maniac's brows were shaded with straws, fantastically wreathed into 'the likeness of a kingly crown.' A small piece of well-twisted rope *hung* round his neck, from which depended a bored half-crown. A striped purple-checked handkerchief, with which Pat Cercoran (the Irish chairman who brought him in) had fastened Mr. Hunt's wrists, now furnished a garter to encircle his 'manly leg.' In short, no madhouse mimicry of royalty ever exhibited so much melancholy accuracy as the pitiable affectations of Mr. Hunt. Sir Francis Burdett at length asked him 'how he felt himself?' to which he replied, with a touching simplicity, not unmixed with dignity, that 'he felt himself quite at home.' Mr. Hunt added something, though indistinctly expressed, about appointing Sir Francis, Lieutenant of the Tower, a situation for which the worthy baronet's local knowledge tended, he said, eminently to qualify him! 'Hunt,' exclaimed Sir Francis, 'recollect yourself! We, you well know, are bound to acknowledge

no sovereign but our Sovereign the Majesty of the People.' 'A fig for the people,' rejoined Citizen Hunt; 'born for my use, they live but to obey me.' Hunt's frenzy augments till he proclaims himself every inch a king, and mutters something about having execution done on Cawdor, which 'so startled Burdett that the patriotic baronet retreated with the utmost precipitation, leaving part of his baggage and artillery,—namely, Magna Charta and Paine's '*Rights of Man*,' in the hands of Citizen Hunt."

The scene with Cobbett is equally rich and pertinent to the time; but as that time has gone by, I will rest satisfied with this brief specimen of Mr. Mulock, who has since distinguished himself by much able and animated writing; and, though I have lost sight of him for awhile, is yet, I trust, in the land of the living and in the full enjoyment of his fine faculties. He, like myself, was very faithfully attached to Mr. Canning, and that the latter took an interest in his enthusiastic admirer, the annexed note to me from Mr. Backhouse respecting these sportive effusions will show :—

"India Board, December 7, 1816.

"Mr. Backhouse presents his compliments to Mr. Jerdan, and requests to be informed whether it is possible *now* to obtain a copy of each of those two numbers of the '*Sun*' which contain Mr. Mulock's excellent quiz on Hunt; viz., his committal to Bedlam, and Cobbett's visit. They are for Mr. Canning's perusal; these papers, which Mr. Backhouse sent to Mr. Canning in France, having crossed him on the road and gone on to Paris.

"If copies of them are not to be obtained at this late period, would it be in Mr. Jerdan's power to favour

Mr. Backhouse with the *loan* of those particular numbers for the above purpose? They should be punctually returned."

A note from Mr. Canning himself, three days after, relating to some other papers I had submitted to him, is yet more deserving of a place, as characteristic of his chivalrous spirit:—

"Gloucester Lodge, Tuesday morning, Dec. 10, 1816.

"Mr. Canning returns the papers which Mr. Jerdan has been so good as to send to him, with many thanks for the opportunity of reading them.

"The paragraph, which Mr. J. incloses, may be safely left to itself; it is obviously nonsense, and could not be made sense, but by a breach of private confidence which even example cannot justify. I saw the lady in question frequently—so far is true—but a woman's name should never be mentioned with rebuke, and therefore I beg that you will say nothing (on my account) about her."

Not being a dog, I am loth to return to my *theme* of the "Sun" and its troubles; but it was so important a crisis in my career, that I must yet devote some pages to it; and among my miscellaneous remembrances of this period, only mention the palmy days of the New Lanark Establishment, under Mr. Owen, before his ideas got so wild and chimerical; and the intrigue by which Lord Byron and Mr. Kinnaid were hoisted out of the Committee of Drury Lane management.

It was about six months before that I had provoked the ire of the noble lord, as related in my first volume, by my

remarks in the "Sun" upon his unworthy "Sketch from Private Life,"

Born in a garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.

The observations which stung him were thus worded :—

"What, in truth, had the public to do with the unhappy fate of Lady and Lord Byron. What had they to do with his folly, or his madness, or his vice? With the charge of mercilessness urged against his unfortunate wife? With the insinuations of such misconduct on the part of her Mother as placed her within the power of a wicked confidante? or with the character of that domestic! One might say—

Rest, perturbed Spirit, rest!

But alas, for such a genius as Lord Byron's, there seems to be allied to the fine essence which forms the immortal bard, a sad, desolate, and weary principle which deforms the man."

Then Mr. Owen came to London with his schemes for parallelogram settlements. I was one of the few to whom he communicated them, and consulted; and, from the first, I pointed out their impracticability, and showed him the rock on which he would split. But at that time he did not go a tenth of the length to which he has since gone.

CHAPTER XII.

LITIGATION AND VEXATION.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devoured the plump and well-fed bodies.—BACON.

I MUST preface this painful chapter by declaring my belief that if Mr. Taylor had had anything of the knave in him, or been imbued with a moderate quantum of worldly wisdom, our disputes might have been accommodated; but he was truly, as I have depicted him, a man of the stage, and would not be reasoned with or advised. His conduct was throughout so irrational, that to the very last I never could divest myself of the idea that he was only acting; and, in stating this case, I rejoice that I have approached so much nearer our own date, that there are many living witnesses of the highest character who can attest the perfect truth of my statements respecting this miserable miscarriage and wreck of fortune. His son, now living, is, I am informed, an estimable man, and I doubt not his young reminiscences are yet taxed with some of the scenes he could not help witnessing, but, with all his filial affections, I believe he must assent to the perfect truth of my narrative; and, as I have said nothing to affect his father's moral

worth, but the reverse, I trust that no word I have written can displease or pain him. Mr. Taylor had also a brother, an oculist, as he himself had been, and a sister, and both were a little eccentric in character.

It has been said, "you had better have dealings with a rogue than a fool;" since a rogue can at any rate be convinced to act for his own interest. In this matter I can certainly ascribe (and I am thankful I can do so) my loss and vexation to a weak judgment and not to a bad heart.

Early in the disagreement, mutual friends on all sides were anxious to prevent the evils they foresaw, and from memoranda I have before me, I find that Mr. Thomas Clarke (of the firm of Fynmore and Clarke, Mr. Taylor's solicitors), had proposed, on the part of Mr. Taylor, that we should refer our differences to arbitration, so that we might go on together on pacific terms. Previously to this I had taken the opinion of counsel, as copied in a preceding chapter, upon the point of bringing an action against him for slander; and if this proceeding was to be stopped by a reference, I insisted, as a preliminary, that he should disavow in writing the "knowledge of any thing which could militate against my reputation as an honest man, or my honour as a gentleman," as the "only grounds on which he could resume an amicable connection with credit to himself;" and my letter to Mr. Clarke added—

"It is needless to observe that after what has passed, some time of good faith and regulated intercourse must elapse, and mutual proofs of a determination to act properly together must be given, before anything like a cordial reconciliation takes place. What sacrifices are made now, are made to interest and not to affection. That I am not of a vindictive disposition, I presume Mr. Taylor's experience of

me will acknowledge, and the legal course I have resorted to will confirm. I could have harassed Mr. Taylor with lawsuits, which, though not sufficient for my purpose, would have exposed him to great expenses (I speak as advised by eminent counsel). I have not done this : finding obstacles in the way of full self-vindication, I dropped all proceedings, which could only have gratified revenge. The steps I have taken are merely calculated to define our mutual rights. This, I imagine, is the object proposed by a reference. Perhaps it might, with the preliminary before stated, be attained by agreement even without the latter expense. Shortly, then, will Mr. Taylor write the letter I demand, and state his willingness to go on amicably with me ? If he at once adopts this just and salutary course, I am not afraid but he will endeavour to repair the bitter injuries he has done me in all quarters. As passion led him to endeavour to blast the hopes of a fellow creature, a better feeling will induce him to employ stronger efforts to eradicate the evil he has planted.

“It will then be requisite to state precisely what he wishes to have referred. I have nothing to gain by this but peace, and a co-operation more for his own advantage than mine, and I will yield to it only on these grounds ; for, after the opinions I have had of the first lawyers, I am not at all apprehensive but that I can very summarily establish all the pretensions which I set up.

“Your immediate answer to this letter, written in the spirit of conciliation, is requested, as, if satisfactory, I may pause in incurring heavy expenses.

“Yours truly, &c.,

“W. J.”

The legal difficulties above alluded to will be readily

comprehended by those who are aware of the technicalities which shut out the truths of the whole of any case being allowed to be brought out in a court of justice. This and that are out of the record, or something or another of that sort is sure to prevent the disclosure or proof of circumstances which parties may consider most material ; but which are, perhaps necessarily, excluded as not *directly* bearing upon the issue in question, and opening too wide a field for the established system of forensic investigation. The legal opinions I have quoted will illustrate this. But meanwhile I find the next mention of Mr. Taylor, is a proposition about the sale of his share in the property, or the purchase of all. My letter to Messrs. Fynmore and Clarke will show how this was received :—

“Little Chelsea, Feb. 8th, 1816.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I confess that while so important a part of our correspondence as my letter of the 20th ult., is lying unnoticed, I was surprised by your note of yesterday, requiring ‘an early and definite answer.’ The purport of that note, besides this indecorum, I do not clearly apprehend. Sure I am, that you would not be the conscious instruments of a design to entrap me into unwary concessions, and your client has no claim for any voluntary facilities towards his speculations to be afforded on my part. If he purchase, or if he sell, it must be at his own responsibility ; I absolve myself from interference with, and still more distinctly from sanctioning, either.

“I inclose two letters for your client, open, that you may be aware of their contents. My object in calling for a settlement of accounts is that I may receive the salary due to me, a current expense, and such as ought surely to be

paid without putting me to the trouble of taking harassing legal measures to enforce it, and expose what ought to be kept secret. The other matter is more personal, and explains itself. Be assured that it is most painful to me to find myself drawn into so unpleasant a predicament, but constant insults and injuries admit of no medium course, and have determined me to hold no measures with a person unceasingly on the watch to turn every transaction to my prejudice.

“ I am, Gentlemen,

“ With sincere esteem and regard,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ W. JERDAN.

“ MESSRS. FYNMORE AND CLARKE.”

The meaning of this is explained by the following letter from Mr. Gray, my solicitor, whose sudden and recent death has caused me, as already noticed, to lament the loss of another old and intimate friend, added to the dark list of half a century.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have been to Westminster Hall the whole morning, and have not had time to call upon you.

“ Yourself *v.* Taylor for breach of covenant. The defendant has pleaded that he never executed the deed of partnership; on this plea, therefore, there is no doubt but you must have a verdict, and the only question will be the amount of damages. This is a curious plea, after all his vapouring. Archdall kept the appointment, and gave his note of hand for 33*l.* 13*s.*, payable at a guinea-and-a-half per month.”

This last piece of information deserves a note, illustrative

of the law of Dr. and Cr. in those days, and the practices to which they led. Archdall was the son-in-law of Mr. Lane, the editor of the "Globe" while I was engaged on that journal. Archdall, unlike the porter-quaffing and pipe-smoking nightly editor of the Aurora, described in my first volume, being only a reporter, prolonged his indulgences throughout the day, and was, in short, a quiet, large, guzzling native of the Emerald Isle, who would have been fresh and good-looking but for the reddening splashes on his countenance, and especially on his nose, occasioned by habitual intemperance. Having good credit as the editor's son, he got into some debt for the vivres and tippie, for which he was suddenly called to account; on which occasion I consented to be one of his bail, my fellow-surety for the production of his portly and port-filled person when legal occasion required, being a man who kept a convenient tavern somewhere behind the Admiralty, whence he dispensed chops, with stout (Pale Ale not yet having become so popular) and other condiments, to clerks in the adjacent government offices, and responsible newspaper reporters. This Boniface, being also a considerable creditor, kindly consented to save the now hampered consumer of what hampers held, from durance vile. Well, I heard no more of the business, and thought little or nothing about it after; supposing that our friend had settled the disagreeable affair, and "there an end." But it was not so; and never could I forget a fine summer evening, when I was sauntering up the Strand, with some notes of a slight Parliamentary debate in my pocket, a civil gentleman at the top of Cecil-street, endeavoured to get me into a little private conversation. I told him I had not leisure to attend to him; and then he appeared to wish to show me something, which I, fancying it was a rich India shawl, or some

beautiful smuggled handkerchiefs, refused to look at. But the smuggler was persevering, and intimated to me that a Mr. Heinrich, or Henrich, whom I knew by name as a member of the Eccentric Society, and an attorney, had something very particular to say to me down the street, where he lived. Of course I turned down, to ascertain what this interesting communication might be ; and had not proceeded many steps when my new acquaintance tapped me on the shoulder, and arrested me, in the name of some terrible judge, intimating, at the same time, that he expected I would remember his civility in not exposing me to capture in the more public Strand. The attorney who played this unhandsome trick, did reside a few houses down the street ; but my otherwise accommodating companion, who was soon joined by another friend, would not accompany me thither. I had been joint-bail for a debt of about 20*l.*, the loss of half of which I thought could not hurt me, but I was, unwarned and unapprised, in custody for between 60*l.* and 70*l.*, as the writ too clearly witnessed, under somebody's hand or hands with which I was not familiar. I was accordingly sorely perplexed, but the bailiff consented, for a promised consideration, to go with me to the "Morning Post" office, where I fortunately found my friend Mr. Byrne, and, though past banking hours, we contrived to satisfy the demand, with the few guineas annexed for the delicacy with which the commission was executed, and the accommodation. I was repaid the balance mentioned in Mr. Gray's note, in the manner arranged ; but the poor innkeeper had also been taken, notoriously, from the midst of his business, and the blight upon his credit led to his ruin. The law is bad enough yet, but it is much amended since then, and must, now the country is awakened to its oppressions, be quickly amended much more.

Poor Archdall, he was truly ashamed of plunging me into such a scrape. Witness the annexed,—

“127, Strand.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“If you will allow me to call you by that appellation, I would request that you would meet my other creditors to-morrow evening at Hillyard’s (Oliver’s Coffee-house), to-morrow evening (*sic*) at six o’clock. Thirteen weeks have occurred since I commenced my first payment, and it is necessary that a dividend should be made. Believe me, I should have seen you before this, but have been ashamed of apparent ill-conduct, which I trust on a personal communication with you, I shall be able to prove was not intentional. Have the goodness to bring the amount of your demand with you.

“Your sincere and obliged friend,

“JOHN ARCHDALL.”

This however was a momentary and an amusing scratch, while the consuming sore ripened in the “Sun.” Further counsel was sought, and every effort, and abstinence from effort, tried in vain to bring about an accommodation which might avert the consequences of the mad warfare now waging. Another letter from my solicitor, Mr. Gray, will explain some new features in the case.

“October 28th, 1816.

“DEAR SIR,—

“I had an interview for above an hour to-day with Mr. Frederick Pollock, and the inclination of his opinion is very strongly in favour of leaving all matters in difference to some mutual friend. I represented to him

that Mr. Heriot and Mr. Clarke had been successively named and refused by Taylor, and that he had offered an arbitration only on some particular points, which, of course, could not be accepted. Mr. P. says, he thinks you stand at present in a more imposing position than ever, from having obtained the judgment against Taylor, and he does not seem to be very sanguine as to large damages. Though he admits, if even moderate damages were obtained, it would go a great way to settle with Taylor. He says as you have received no special damage by the speaking of the words, the damages will not be very great, but they would either stop his mouth, or pave the way to a much larger sum on a second offence. He discourages an indictment for perjury, and says it will utterly preclude, in his opinion, any arrangements, as a defendant in such a case generally answers to such a proposition, you have an indictment pending over me, and until that be fixed or settled some way or other, I cannot treat with you at all.

"My father and myself are to see Mr. Pollock to-morrow. If you could conveniently previously have an interview with my father (say two o'clock precisely) it would be quite as well.

"I communicated to my father the result of my consultation with Mr. Pollock, with whom he does not quite agree.

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"RT. GRAY.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

I had thought that a reference to the former proprietors of the paper, Messrs. Heriot and Clarke, must have been satisfactory: nothing would do but idle negotiations and changeable propositions. Every day the "Sun" rose

dismally and set in murky, unilluminated clouds. Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, the editor of the "Antijacobin" newspaper, and Mr. Swift of the Regalia Office in the Tower, were proposed as arbiters to arrange the dispute ; but all to no purpose. Mr. Goldsmith fancied that he had brought the affair to an amicable adjustment ; but he was not aware of the mutability of the party who had apparently acquiesced in his arrangement, and assured him that he "intended forthwith to go to prepare arbitration bonds for that purpose."

Instead of this issue, the petty squabbles and more serious annoyances were continued with unabated fury. But I will not be tempted to prolong this wretched history much more ; only as I have related it my way, I deem it fair to let the reader know the full extent of my opponent's allegations against me. The paper had commenced the year 1817 without the customary address, and no wonder, for the following is one of my colleague's elaborated letters, not exactly in the style of Junius :—

"Sun Office, 112, Strand, Feb. 8th, 1817.

"SIR,—

"You might well apologise to Mrs. Taylor for your brutal insolence to her husband, but she despises you too much to care for your *manners*. She only wants you to *do justice to her husband*. You complain of provocation !!! Is not your absolute tyranny over my property a continued provocation to me ? Is your conduct to be reconciled to any principle of justice, or any feeling of shame ? You know you acquired your power by *accident*. You never paid a farthing towards it, but have drained it of a large sum. You know it is justly my own paper, yet will you permit me to have the least control over it ? Do not you monopolise power in all directions ? Might not I, living in

the house, if I had a fair and just authority, be of the utmost service in forwarding the paper, when you, perhaps, are not out of your bed. Might not Mr. Carstairs, if any discretionary power were entrusted to him, prepare for publication early, render important service to the paper, and in doubtful cases should not I be at hand to assist him? People will not believe that any man could tyrannise over another man's property, as you do over mine? Have you not, in many instances, brought discredit upon the paper? Must not everything that I write be submitted to your inspection, and, in spite of all the animosities which the practice has occasioned, to your *additions* or *alterations*? Sir, it is insolent to alter even the position of *a comma of my writing*. Do you not garble the productions of official correspondents, and set your narrow judgment and scanty knowledge against those who have official information? If this be not the most horrible provocation, what is? Yet you complain of provocation. You call me a beggar. You are then a beggar's dependent, and live upon the credit of a beggar's property. But beggar, as you call me, if I had not forborne to take my salary for two years, and Mr. Heriot for the same period, how would you have gained the 800*l.* which you took out of the concern, and which, according to a statement, which has been made out, you owe to the property at this moment, besides 131*l.* 5*s.* for French papers which you never procured, and 116*l.* for the law expenses occasioned by your breach of covenant in trespassing upon my department, in hiring writers without my permission? Have you not brought a man who received nothing but kindness from me, and from whom I have received written acknowledgments to that purpose—have you not brought him to insult me at the office? After coming shamefully late to the office, do you not make it often as a coffee-room

and a gossiping mart, to the delay of publication, and to the injury, and nearly destruction, of the paper? Yet you presume to tell Mrs. Taylor of provocation. I most heartily pity your poor wife, for her afflictions must be heightened by the consideration that you bring all that she suffers on *yourself* by your conduct towards me. While you were responsible to others you seemed to have some plea, but you now are to be considered as responsible *to me only*. Is not your conduct arrogant, insolent, and oppressive to the highest degree? As you never could suppose that the arbitrators would confirm your assumed power, it might have been expected that you would have abated of your sovereignty by degrees. But have you relaxed at all? Thank God, I could never commit such conduct, or I should be as callous as you are to the opinions of mankind. If you had conducted yourself with any regard to my just rights, and like a gentleman, matters might have been harmoniously arranged between us. People who have known me all my life, know that I am far from being of a quarrelsome or unkind disposition; but they know that I am firm in the maintenance of my rights. I have a wife and son to support, and you are ruining the property which I hoped to be able to bequeath to them. Can you offer *any one plea* in favour of your conduct, or rather in palliation or excuse for it? and living upon the credit of my property as you do, and not permitting me to have any share in the management of it, dare you talk of provocation! Sir, do not give me *much more provocation*, for if you do, I will make a brief but emphatic statement to the world, and then I believe your right will soon be at an end. Reflect upon this letter before it is too late, and *reform*, otherwise, the Lord have mercy upon you.

“JOHN TAYLOR.

“MR. WILLIAM JERDAN.”

One might fancy such a setting down enough, but not so my indefatigable correspondent. Within a few days he followed up his charges with more artillery, of which the annexed is an example—

“ SIR,

“ I have seen your answer to my note to Mr. Carstairs, and I still say that I do not believe a syllable *you say or write*. Your treatment of me is revolting to the feelings of everybody who hears of it, but your own wretched sycophants, who can be bribed to your cause by the play-house freedoms, which you find so *useful*. You told me, before Mr. Owen, that Mr. Canning ‘despised me for attempting to lessen your credit with him,’ and you told Mr. Owen that you had had a kind and friendly letter from Mr. Canning. I shall endeavour to ascertain both of these points, though I believe neither. When I told you that I should advise Mr. Freeling to return the manuscript which you took from Bellingham, and which ought to have been surrendered to the law, or to the widow, you said, ‘Mr. Freeling would laugh at me.’* If so, I shall certainly put him into a *jocular mood*, but I believe that he will not

* The annexed note on the subject will dispose of this foolery.

“ G. P. O., Thursday.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Nothing but *overwhelming* business could have prevented my thanking you expressly for the kindness which induced you to put the Bellingham Manuscript into my possession—I have never been insensible of your constant and unwearied regard to my gratification, of which your note of this morning affords another proof.

“ I can have no other objection than that which arises unaffectedly from the time and labour which it must cost you to add anything so valuable to what you have already so kindly bestowed.

“ Believe me, with the sincerest regards,

“ Yours always,

“ F. FREELING.”

think that he has reason to rejoice in having sacrificed a friend whom he had known nearly thirty years, for a person with whom he casually became acquainted, because that person dedicated a sneaking, fawning address to him in a work to which he *singly* put his name as translator, though he was assisted by two others. I have made a minute of everything relating to your conduct, since you came to this place, and have most, if not all, of everything you have written to me. All shall in due time be promulgated, and then it will be seen if you are a proper object for government *protection*. You know what I mean. I shall certainly file a bill in chancery against you, to require a knowledge of all you have received, if you have received anything, on account of the paper. I have made you several liberal proposals, which I have been told I was mad in offering, and you more mad in declining. You have never proposed a modification of your accidentally-obtained and ill-exercised power, and your proposals to quit the concern have been so extravagant as to excite laughter. I once more ask you what sum you will take to abandon your connection with the paper? I expect your answer on Monday. But you must not regulate it by your estimate of 'the patronage of the paper,' which you have sometimes rated at *three thousand*, and sometimes at *five thousand*, pounds. This estimate will be a strong point in my account of your proceedings. You have often accused me of attempting to undermine your character—*your* character!!! I have stated nothing but facts, which can be proved by others, and God forbid that I should resort to needless and wanton exaggerations. Remember, I shall on Monday resort to you to know what sum you require to relinquish all connection with a property which you have nearly ruined.

"JOHN TAYLOR."

With a few lines of mine in general reply to the foregoing, and fifty equally agreeable epistles, I shall relieve my readers of a correspondence, the publication of at least a portion of which was indispensable to my biography.

“ Old Brompton.”

“ GENTLEMEN,—

“ In answer to your note, I will accept one thousand pounds in full for salary (being now between five and six hundred pounds in arrear) and profits as a proprietor of the ‘ Sun,’ and a well-secured annuity of two hundred pounds for my life. Upon these terms I will surrender all the rights I have in the ‘ Sun’ newspaper. This letter is without prejudice to pending proceedings.

“ I am, Gentlemen,

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ W. JERDAN.

“ MESSRS. FYNMORE AND CLARKE.”

“ 7th March, Sun Office, afternoon.

“ MR. TAYLOR, SIR,

“ It is very painful to be forced day after day to reply to the same sort of letters, especially after declining so positively as I have done the inconveniencies of your correspondence, and stating how decisively I had made up my mind to the line of conduct which it had become imperative on me to pursue. On the subject of the paper be assured I will notice no communication; and with regard to offers of purchase, sale, or reference, Mr. Gray will from this date be the proper organ. I have nothing to add but that I do not value your offer of an annuity while the ‘ Sun ’ is published, at 20s., and have no alteration to notice in my sentiments respecting the life annuity,

in which, if you were sincere in what you said, I was accepting your own proposal.

“W. JERDAN.”

The best commentary upon the pecuniary assertions contained in the first broadside, will be found in the terms of my letter, when so badgered and plagued, that I had agreed to sell my interest ; and will demonstrate the heavy loss at which I got out of this senseless and disgraceful squabble ; in which, not to espouse the cause of my infuriate vituperator, was to be guilty of a heinous offence : witness the following, addressed to a gentleman of the highest character, who had peremptorily refused his adhesion, as all others did, either in that manner or by shunning intercourse.

“31st October, 1816, Sun Office, 112, Strand.

“DEAR SIR,—

“When I had the pleasure of meeting you some-time ago in the Argyle Rooms, and complained to you of the treatment which I experienced from *your friend*, Mr. Jerdan, you said you thought he was right, and that in the same situation you should act in the same manner. Now as I shall ‘be glad to learn of abler men,’ I should esteem it a great favour if you would let me know upon what principle of morality and common justice, to say nothing of religion, you would justify such treatment, from one who is not the proprietor of a single share of the ‘Sun’ newspaper, to one who is the proprietor of nine-tenths.

“I beg leave to thank you for your recent critique on ‘Coriolanus ;’ but I fear it is much too sublime and poetical for ordinary readers, and may be misconstrued into bombast and turgidity by the vulgar—‘Caviare to the million.’

"I forgot, I fear, to tell you that I in vain attempted to obtain a written acknowledgment from Mr. Jerdan of your claim upon him for letters written from Paris, though, as I learned from you, he had repeatedly promised to give one. But this is one of the features of his conduct which shall be properly noticed in *due time and place*.

"I am, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"JOHN TAYLOR.

"THE REV. GEORGE CROLY."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "SUN" FINALE.

But, Oh ! remember the indignant Press;
Honey is bitter to its fond caress ;
But the black venom that its hate lets fall
Would shame to sweetness the hyena's gall.—HOLMES.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone.—MOORE.

I SHALL very briefly indeed conclude this sad eventful history, though adorned with the animated and provoking portraiture of myself, exhibited in the preceding chapter. The 800*l.* mentioned was, alas ! all I got for about four years' labour, at a nominal salary of 546*l.* per annum. The French Papers were procured under circumstances I have previously alluded to, when single journals smuggled over were frequently purchased almost like pigs in pokes at a late hour in the afternoon, at extraordinary prices ; and the contributions paid for were the absolutely necessary articles for every respectable newspaper. The first item was indeed a hard reproach for me to bear—the 800*l.* representing my right to nearly 2200*l.*, of which I was defeated by a legal distinction ; such as often covers villany, though I do not impute it in this instance, because the condition of our banker at the moment (Sir W. Stirling), and the state of the " Sun " account rendered the payment

impossible. But the fact was, that when I proceeded in Chancery to recover this claim, it was referred to a Master, who found that by the deed of copartnery I was entitled to "take and receive for myself the sum of *ten guineas weekly* as salary;" that I had not done so, but allowed the long arrear to accumulate, and therefore was not legally entitled to a verdict. Mr. Fladgate, who drew the deed, and Mr. Clarke, who was a party to it (Mr. Heriot, the other party, being in the West Indies), offered their evidence that such a construction was never contemplated and could not be intended; but the Master, on a right principle, said he could not receive parole testimony to overturn the *littera scripta*, but the case was so hard that he would not pronounce a judgment in it at all. He was not aware that it would have been equally hard to get the money if he had pronounced in my favour; but it would have been a potent instrument for procuring a just settlement of all differences, and as such I greatly desiderated it. The allusion to Mr. Freeling's friendship may be illustrated by the following note from that gentleman:—

"General Post Office, 19th September, 1815.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I could almost be uneasy if I did not know that the world will attribute to your own generous and friendly appreciation of me those two handsome and liberal expressions in which you have indulged yourself respecting me. Be assured, however, that I am grateful for your good opinion, and for the warm and affectionate manner in which it is conveyed.

"Always yours truly,

"F. FREELING."

How I sustained this unequal combat would be a mystery, had I not to record the generous friendship of Mr. Freeling, who was not only cognisant of all I have related, but I may say a party concerned in it ; and who, knowing how much I must be harassed under the circumstances, surprised me by one of those acts which are so rare in the world, and supplied me first liberally from his own purse, and afterwards farther by his influence, and thus enabled me to weather the storm. Never can I forget the manner in which he came to my succour. I was hailed at my office-door to step into a hackney coach, and found him proceeding in haste, or apparent haste, to the Post-office in Lombard Street. He said he had not time to call, but wished to put a letter into my hands ; and that was all for which he took the liberty to trouble me to come in. He gave me the letter, and set me down in Fleet Street ; so the journey was not long, but the enclosure was sufficient to save me from much annoyance, and last a long while !

My legal measures had protected me from having statements or paragraphs forced into the paper against my will and orders ; and so far established me in the position upon the faith in which I had entered into the concern : on which Mr. Freeling writes, " I am sure you will use your triumph mildly, and be merciful as you are strong." But the perpetual worry and annoyance, being in the same room every day with such an adversary, and the discouragement of a sinking instead of a rising " Sun," at last determined me to make good my retreat on the best terms I could. Mr. Arbuthnot wrote to inquire " how the property of the newspaper stood, and what proportion of it was *bonâ fide* my own ;" the origin of which question is readily traced to such mis-representations as Mr. Taylor dwelt upon regarding my tyranny over his property ; and Mr. Freeling assures

me, "In the course of ten days I shall have the opportunity of discussing the whole subject with C. A. and C. L. (Mr. Charles Arbuthnot and Mr. C. Long). Write a handsome letter directly to C. A.—Yours, F. FREELING." I had suggested an arrangement, which, if sanctioned, should have been satisfactory to Mr. Taylor, and left the paper under my conduct, respecting which the same kind and active mediator says, "I have been so hampered by arrears of business, that I have not had time to think of the *proposal*. It is highly important; I will devote half an hour on Sunday.—Believe yours truly, F. FREELING." Every attempt at pacification was, however, unavailing; and the unceasing ravings and "false facts" of my partner (as indicated in his letters to me in the preceding chapter) grew, by repetition, so irksome, that I lived in a state of great uneasiness as to the impression which unanswered falsities might produce on persons and in places unknown to me. In a few cases where I became aware of such imputations, I took the trouble to meet them; and the annexed letter from Mr. Long will demonstrate the result, which indeed was the same in every instance, as my continued intimacy and increasing friendships with all the distinguished individuals whose names have been forced into the account of this brawl, incontrovertibly proves. Bored almost as much as I was with ceaseless clamours, their conviction of their groundlessness only served to augment the interest they took in my welfare, and my escape from so trying a connexion. Thus Mr. Long:

" Bromley Hill.

"I assure you that as far as my good opinion is at all worth your having, I have never seen anything of you that does not fully entitle you to it; and that opinion could

not be changed by the representation of any adverse party, without my having the opportunity of knowing the points in dispute between you.

“But I am particularly desirous to notice what you say respecting Mr. Arbuthnot. I firmly believe you are under a mistake respecting him ; at least, I can truly say that upon those occasions on which I have heard him mention you, nothing has fallen from him which could be construed into the slightest prejudice against you ; and if it does exist, I am persuaded it must have taken place since I last mentioned you to him. Upon that occasion I transmitted your letter to him, because it stated fully the grounds on which you made the application, and because I was totally ignorant of the sort of office you solicited ; but nothing could be further from my intention than to bring into question any other point.

“I lament the disputes which have taken place between Mr. Taylor and yourself. I know no person more likely to conciliate, if conciliation is practicable, than my kind friend Mr. Freeling, because I know no man of a more just and honourable mind.

“Believe me,

“Yours most faithfully,

“CHARLES LONG.”

From this letter I presume that in my anxiety to get out of the “Sun” into the shade, I had asked for some appointment to light up the latter, in which I did not succeed. At last, in the spring of 1817, the conflict was brought to a conclusion. I was glad to sell my share for 300*l.*, and had the world to begin again.

At the commencement of the year there was, as already mentioned, no address to readers; for what could I truly say

of such a wreck. But it rocked on its unquiet billows, to and fro, with my unsteadied hand at the helm for four months more ; when all negotiations being concluded, the dissolution of partnership was announced in the "Gazette" of the 3rd of May. On the 1st, and several successive days, the following announcement appeared over the leading article :—

"May 1. The patrons of the 'Sun' newspaper, the public in general, and the friends of Mr. John Taylor, who has been for nearly twenty-four years intimately connected with that property, are hereby informed that it is now solely in his possession, the late partnership having been dissolved by mutual consent."

And on the 5th, and following publications, after the Gazetting, another advertisement was substituted, in which Taylor referred to the "London Gazette" of Saturday for the dissolution ; and announced his having been "enrolled as a member of the Pitt club, as a pledge for his upholding the principles of the paper, founded under the auspices of the illustrious Pitt."

This last "dodge" was Mr. Acheson's cajolery : alas ! poor misguided Taylor.

I do not mean to insist much upon the bearing of this transaction on the question of literary liability to greater losses than would attend similar ruinous disputes in other walks of busy life and trade ; but *quantum valeat*, it does appear to me that the breaking up of very few concerns, in any other line of life, would prove so unfortunate to the parties. To take a mere sop as an inducement to retire from a competent annual provision is bad enough, but the evil is aggravated by the particular pursuit of the sufferer. A merchant ; or a trader, can readily go from one counting-house, or from one shop to another of the same kind, with

his share of business connexions to buoy him up; but the author has neither counting-house nor shop to go to; he has to find out some new channel where he can dispose of his talents and wares, and these are by no means either numerous or easily opened. It requires considerable time, under the most favourable circumstances, to establish any thing capable of offering a profitable return. There is therefore a material difference between the classes: in the one the staff is only partially affected; in the other it has altogether given way, and fallen into a slough out of which it is often very difficult, if not impossible, to lift it again.

In my case fortunately the field was not far to seek, though it was merely experimental and unproductive. The "Literary Gazette"* presented a path into the green pasture for which my soul yearned, after the turmoil of politics, and the more incongenial troubles of personal quarrelling. Then it was that the literary pursuits (which I have been so erroneously charged with depreciating) afforded me employment and solace which could hardly have been derived from any other source. I took to them as a Newfoundland dog takes to the pure and cooling water on a sultry day; and I found in them the refreshment I so greatly needed, the plunge and swim-like exercise so delightful to the senses, and the invigoration of hopes and prospects, the reverse of the vexations which had pestered my existence, and the despondency which had clouded my views during the last two years. With such consolations from literature at that period and ever since, I should be an ungrateful defamer were I to utter a syllable against it as a mental balm and source of pre-eminent

* This new periodical had been quoted with approbation in the "Sun" of February 14th, when I had no idea of ever being concerned with it.

enjoyment, although it is neither likely to bring affluence nor even competence in its train.*

Let me not, however, quit the Sun-shine without a momentary retrospect upon some of the habitual visitants, who, during the stormy time, durst still occasionally venture into hot Sun atmosphere. The philosophy of Proby cared little for the outbreaks ; but such individuals as Mr. Freeling, Mr. John Stuart, Dr. Croly, Mr. Robert Clarke, Mr. Fladgate, Mr. John Kemble, Mr. Allan Cunningham, and others, gradually refrained from their usual calls, and made them very short when they did happen to drop in for a passing how do ye, and a hasty retreat.

With Allan Cunningham I had been acquainted from his advent to the capital, I think about 1810, and the first poetry he published in London was under my auspices. His signature of Hid-allan was both appropriate to his name and poetical in sound ; but he had previously acquired a provincial fame in his native Dumfries, where some curious productions, covered with an incognito almost equal to Chatterton's at Bristol, as well as some sweet specimens of Scottish song, had settled the destiny of the worthy and gifted stonemason for a literary life. Nature was bountiful to Cunningham. He was a fine manly specimen of the *genus homo* ; had a massive head, with a countenance impressed with intelligence, and a softened air, fine and, when not animated, rather melancholy eye, very rarely found united to so much strength of character ; and he was what he looked, a combination of sound judgment, masculine firmness, and that gentler nature in which the feeling of simple and plaintive poetry was enthroned. His genius and

* To avoid surcharging this portion of my narrative with too much of the "Sun" affairs, I have thrown some illustrative letters into the Appendix. See E.

his literary labours, aided by an adjutancy to Sir Francis Chantrey, to whom and to whose studio he was an invaluable ally, happily sufficed for the wants of a comfortable, unambitious domesticity, and kept him above the severer trials, though not some of the disappointments which usually attend the class to which he pertained. The friendship of Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart also contributed much to this fortunate result.

I remember the little piece to which I have alluded gave rise to the exhibition of a laughable trait in my stalwart countryman's disposition, and his sense of the dignity of the independent muse. There occurred in it a grammatical error, in which "that" was used instead of "who," or something of equal note, but decidedly ungrammatical. This I pointed out to Cunningham, and was proceeding to correct it, when he snatched the paper out of my hand, with "Na, na, I will allow nae man to alter ma poetry; be it grammar or no grammar, it shall joost stand as it is!" and stand it did. But more of honest Allan, and others I have mentioned, anon.

John Kemble, glorious John, was to his intimates a treasure, and though something of his sepulchral tone could generally be distinguished in his convivial hours and conversation, he was off the stage as different from John Kemble on the stage as it is possible to imagine. This is seldom the case with eminent performers; but in him the stately majesty of tragedy was left on the fall of the curtain, and within half an hour after Richard had been himself again, John Kemble, with some pleasant companions, was also himself again! He had a grand gusto for the society he liked, and his enjoyment of it was contagious. Of many memorable instances, I shall give two or three to exemplify my reminiscences; premising that his fine classical culti-

vation and critical acumen rendered him as oracularly instructive when in that vein as he was socially delightful in his merrier moods.

What a word it is that I have so often to repeat in this work—“*I remember*”—“*I remember*.” I remember John Kemble in his happiest hours. I remember one night being in the front seat of the stage-box at the theatre, and witnessing his *Coriolanus* with that intense admiration which fixed and transported me from beginning to end. The next day, he happened to call, and I expressed to him the delight I had received, adding, that frequently as I had seen him in the character before, I had never thought that he played it to such absolute perfection. “And I will tell you the secret,” he responded. “I caught your eye, on my entering the stage; I knew I had got you, and I performed *Coriolanus* to you, as if quite insensible of any other audience.” I observed, then, it was no wonder he had fascinated me; and he explained what I daresay our greatest tragic actors would corroborate, namely, that the performer was curiously sensible of the sympathies or the negligences of his hearers, and that his temperament was often so keen and excited, that the slightest symptom of having failed in producing a desired effect, was enough to damp his efforts for a whole evening; whilst, on the other hand, a merely vague consciousness that he had fastened, were it only one spectator to his chariot-wheels, imbued him with a strong spirit to execute his task to the utmost of his powers. According to this dramatic canon, we may account for the marked difference, as far as excellence is concerned, between the acting of the best artists on one night and another.

In comic theatrical criticism, I remember no one superior to Kemble. The description he gave me of his *Reuben*

Glenroy, in one scene a poor fellow in Wales, and the next a millionaire on the Royal Exchange, without the public discovering any discrepancy, was a rich and humorous treat, enough to set the table in a roar. His remarks on the Timon of Athens by a celebrated contemporary were no less egregious and irresistibly laughable. But there was always much fun and a spice of sarcastic humour in him which those who never met him in private circles could not imagine in the stern tragedian and noblest Roman of them all.

To generous wine he was no enemy. I remember he was one of a party of four made up by Mr. R. Clarke, Mr. Taylor (I think, or Mr. Fladgate), and myself, who hired a glass-coach to carry us to Hampstead, and dinner with Mr. Freeling, who then resided there, on account of the indifferent health of his lady. As might be anticipated, we spent a most agreeable day, and were sorry when the hour of departure (somewhat sooner than usual, on account of the invalid) arrived. The carriage was at the door, we had descended into the lobby, and hatted and cloaked ourselves, and bid "good night" to Mr. Freeling, on the top of the stairs, when we suddenly missed our companion. No Kemble was forthcoming, and yet we waited a considerable time, whilst the servants sought him "that night" as they did the poor bride in the Old Oak Chest (so pathetically sung by Mr. Lane, the charming lithographic artist), and with no greater success. So, as we could not stop till "they sought him next day," we reluctantly gave him up, wondering what could have happened to him, resigned him to his fate, whatever it might be, and drove away. All the ensuing forenoon we were full of surmises and speculations, and not devoid of some uneasiness, now that the after dinner roseate spirits had been slept upon, when our host favoured us at

the office with one of his customary calls. From him we learnt that our great comrade was alive and well, and the history of his disappearance was thus explained. When Mr. Freeling returned for a moment to the dining-room we had left, the lost Kemble stepped majestically forth from behind the door, and exclaimed, "Frank, my boy, that claret was too good for those fellows, and I have stopped behind to enjoy a cool bottle with you!" The claret was produced, the butler received conditional orders, and after sipping a glass or two, Mr. Freeling stole off to the invalid chamber, leaving his unobservant guest, who had got into a brown study, to enjoy his reverie and cool claret together as long as he liked. I am inclined to think he did not "awake, arise," in aught like a hurry. He stood the consequent bantering with much good humour, and, in return, pitied us for what we had missed.

I remember another still more entertaining expedition, wherein the soul of his good fellowship shone forth in a still more grotesque and amusing manner. We had a very pleasant trip down the river in the Admiralty barge, on the invitation and under the command of a fine old British officer, Admiral Schank. The sail was delightful, and the company assembled select, and well disposed to make the most of so pleasurable an excursion. After touching our farthest point, the prow was turned homewards, and we sat down to a splendid feast, and not the less gracious from discarding all ceremony and etiquette, and adopting the joyous hilarity of the naval service. After this fashion, we had not only toasts and speeches, but songs to enliven the jovial scene; and there is no denying the great fact, that we were nearly all in the condition which sailors denominate three sheets (or some phrase of that sort) in the wind.

The jolly old Admiral kept up the ball with the liberality of a Bacchus ; and the effects of his near neighbourhood, in proposing and passing bumpers, had told with certainty on Kemble, who was so close beside him, that he could not shirk the glass, if he had wished it. But the wines, like Mr. Freeling's, were not of vintages to be disregarded ; and as well as I can recollect, Mr. Kemble sung a song on the occasion in a very creditable style, though not quite so well as Braham or Incedon might have done it. But the crowning whim was, that by the time we had drunk our way, say from the Nore to off Greenwich, he had misconceived the Admiral, in his uniform and epaulettes, to be the landlord of a capital tavern ; and clapping him on the shoulder, bid him never mind the disparity of rank or condition, but when he came to London, he should be very glad to see him in Great Russell Street. The invitation was repeated more than once, amid roars of laughter from the company, Kemble still clapping his fancied Boniface on the back, and assuring him that he was one of the best fellows he had ever sat down with, and that he should indeed be exceedingly happy to see him at his own house. I believe the parting toast was, "Merry days to honest fellows," and a merrier one than this it never was my good luck to enjoy.

Mr. Kemble took leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*, on the 23rd of June, 1817, and the event created the strongest sensation I had ever witnessed, or thought it possible could attend a dramatic incident, however interesting. The heat of the weather was excessive, the house crammed ; and every passage that could be applied to himself and the circumstances of the evening, was seized with ardour, and most vehemently applauded. When *Coriolanus* has to say—

As soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here,

the shouts were tremendous, and the cries, "No! No! Do not quit!" were repeated from a thousand throats. His farewell was delivered in a most touching manner, and reproduced in a few minutes, printed on white satin, and handed, with a laurel crown, to Talma, who was in the orchestra, to cast upon the stage, whence it was taken by Fawcett, to present as a mark of public respect to Mr. Kemble. It was altogether a memorable and affecting scene.

His Essay on the characters of Macbeth and Richard III., in reply to Whately and Steevens (published the same week), proved him to be as fine a critic of the tragic in Shakspeare, as I have described him to be humorous in his comic remarks upon other dramas.

On the 27th, a farewell dinner was given to him at Freemason's Tavern, when Lord Holland took the chair, surrounded by numbers of the nobility, and nearly all the eminent poets, artists, and literary men of the metropolis. A splendid vase was presented to him, and an Ode by Campbell performed. Talma spoke.

Talma, soon after his return to Paris, where the playgoers were angry at his long absence, performed "Coriolanus" at the Théâtre Français; and when he came to the line

Adieu, Rome; je pars—

a sharp voice called out from the parterre,

Pour les départements—

which set the house in a roar (as much as a French

audience can be made to laugh), and reconciled the opposition.

I am told, by the by, that in America there is almost, at least in some parts of the Union, a similar fastidiousness and aversion to the outward and visible sign of being much entertained. It is told of one of our most comic actors, on his American tour, that he considered it the highest compliment paid to him in the country, when, one night after his performance, a representative of this class addressed him with, "Well, stranger, I guess you had almost made me laugh at some of your nonsense."

Having mentioned Sir James Macintosh also, in a preceding page, I will take the opportunity of this retrospective glance to place on record a floating, and hitherto imperfectly told, anecdote relating to him.

About the time of the trial of O'Quigley, who was hanged at Maidstone, for treason, in 1798, some articles appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," apparently reflecting on Fox. Dr. Parr read them, and was much displeased. He attributed them to Macintosh (not then Sir James) because they contained some literary criticism or remark which Parr thought he had communicated to Macintosh exclusively; in point of fact, he was wrong, as it turned out in the sequel that Macintosh had nothing to do with them; but while in the state of wrath which his belief that Macintosh was the author occasioned, he (Dr. Parr) and Macintosh dined together at the table of Sir William Milner, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square. In the course of conversation, after dinner, Macintosh observed, that "O'Quigley was one of the *greatest villains that ever was hanged*." Dr. Parr had been watching for an opening, and immediately said, "No, Jemmy! bad as he was, he might have been a great deal worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a

Scotchman ! He was a priest ; he might have been a lawyer ! He stuck to his principles—(giving a violent rap on the table)—he might have betrayed them ! ”

The made-up addition to this philippic, living only “ on the lip,” has converted the third branch into, “ He was a turncoat ; he might have been a traitor ! ” Or, “ He was a traitor : he might have been an apostate.”

About this time Parr, who was in constant correspondence with the publisher, Mr. Mawman, who was present, and from whom this accurate version of a remarkable anecdote, so much valued for its sarcastic force, as unsurpassed in language, is recorded, said, “ I do not like Macintosh ; he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs ; they prowl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they thieve like greyhounds ; they’re sad dogs, and they’re mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pugs.”

It is a curious comment upon this national charge (and would have delighted Parr beyond measure to know), that Macintosh’s paramount enjoyment of a hot summer day was to lie on a sofa (in Cadogan Place, as I recollect in his latter years), and, almost in a state of Indian nudity, be manipulated from head to heel with the flesh-brush. A good new novel, to read while the operation was going on, made the luxury complete.

Having thus corrected the story of this venerable literary collision from the genuine source, I will conclude the miscellaneous portion of this chapter with a correction I have received myself, relating to an anecdote in my preceding volume, the addenda to which are so happily in tone with the humorous recollections I have endeavoured to sprinkle over my work by way of relief, that I copy the whole with a pleasure that I trust my readers will share with me. For, indeed, telling the jokes of past times, I find, involves a

more serious responsibility than I was aware of ; and I feel I must be on my guard in respect to dates and names, birth, parentage, education, and other memorabilia of the parties mentioned. Thus, whilst vouching for the true reading of the Macintosh onslaught, I have to cry *peccavi* (or, as a late worthy and eminent publisher used to pronounce it, *pessavy**) to the inaccuracy which led to the following reproof :—

“ MY DEAR JERDAN,

“ It is astonishing how unjust the world is ; your story of Basil Montague and Jekyl is an instance of it : Jekyl no more made the joke than you did ; it was made by Serjeant Lawes (Vitruvius), but long before he was a Serjeant. He was a busy pleader, an active junior in great business, a rival of Marryatt ; withal a pleasant and facetious man, who said agreeable things and always had a smiling face. The solitary joke that has survived him you (and perhaps others) transfer without scruple to Jekyl, as if nobody was equal to any labour but Hercules. This is great injustice, just like the story of Canning’s statue, which gave rise to a good thing of Curwood’s ; but it did not remain with him, but was put to the account of Rose, Thessiger, or some more *accredited* wit. Curwood was a little senior to David Pollock, of whom you speak, the ugliest man in London. He had a glass eye, which is connected with stories innumerable. He is supposed to be the only man that ever was *churched* (rather a comical story). He had been appointed Recorder of Maidstone, and

* The same learned Theban, looking out from Charles Heath’s balcony, in the New Road, before the dinner was announced, expressed his admiration of the opposite church, in consequence of the beautiful *Cantharides* (*caryatides*) employed in the architecture.

understood he must attend church and get a certificate of his having taken the Sacrament ; so to church he went, and, having staid through the ceremony, he asked an official for the certificate, who informed him that what he had witnessed was not the Communion, but the Churching of Women ! When he married, he concealed his transparent eye from his wife, who found it out on dining one day at a friend's, whose wife was an embodiment of indiscretion, and, somehow, blurted it out that Curwood had a glass eye ! Mrs. C. stoutly denied it ; the lady as stoutly affirmed it ; Mrs. C. quarrelled with her, and went home to ascertain the truth—quarrelled with her husband for deceiving her, which made him go and quarrel with his friend for not keeping his wife's tongue in order ; but there the quarrelling ended, for that dear friend (both yours and mine) quarrelled with nobody, and, in spite of all her faults and absurdities, loved his wife as if she really had been made of one of his ribs ; but I shall never get to Curwood's joke if I go on thus. Soon after Canning's statue was put up in Palace Yard, in all its verdant freshness, the carbonate of copper not yet blackened by the smoke of London, Justice Gazelee, (better known as Starelee, who tried the cause of *Bardwell v. Pickwick*), was walking away from Westminster Hall with Curwood, when the judge, looking at the statue (the size of which is heroic, if not colossal,) said : ' I don't think that is very like Canning ; he was not so large a man.' ' No, my lord,' said Curwood ; ' nor so green.' In like manner, the only joke I ever made was not ascribed to me, though it was not good enough to ascribe to any one else. I was one day in Gray's Inn Hall, where, in Vacation, the Court of Exchequer sat in Equity, and Chief Baron Richards was hearing causes in one corner, the rest of the Hall occupied by loungers and waiters on the

cause-paper; an attorney came to me, and, pointing to Chief Baron Richards, said: "Pray, sir, is that Baron Wood?" "Yes, sir," said I, '*but his NAME is Richards.*' Two days after, Denman told me my own *mot* as the good saying of some anonymous barrister of Gray's Inn."

My friend's epistle recalls, as Old Men's Tales generally do, other facetiæ connected with Mr. Curwood, with whom I lived on terms of friendly intimacy to the end of his life, and who was both an acute and able lawyer, much esteemed by the Bar, though exposed to jest from a sort of insignificance in appearance and manner. Mr. Fladgate, the solicitor in Essex-street, was one of the Sydney Smith species of wits (who are so rare), and was so prolific in piquant sayings, that, if all were remembered, they might fill a volume. When Elliston was in treaty to become the lessee of Drury Lane theatre, he gave way to more than his usual excitements, and consulting his legal adviser at all hours in no very proper state, Fladgate exclaimed to him, "Hang it, sir, there is no getting through any business with you, who come to me fresh drunk every night, and stale drunk every morning." Elliston, like Elia Lamb, was easily affected by wine.—But to Curwood. One day, at the dinner-table, a troublesome blue-bottle fly kept buzzing about and alighting on the meats, apparently more attracted to Curwood's plate than to any other; provoked by this, at last he started up, and, with napkin in hand, pursued the offender to the window and round the room, slashing away at it right and left. There was a call to sit down again and be still, as the chase was disturbing us all; when Fladgate quietly observed, "O, for Heaven's sake let them alone! I want to see which will beat!" On another occasion, Curwood called upon him on a Sunday forenoon

to propose a walk, and, according to the fashion of the time, when not in professional costume, was drest in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons, and all the rest of his attire, to the very stockings, of bright yellow. The moment he entered, Fladgate jumped from his seat, and pointing to a canary breeding-cage belonging to one of his children, cried, "By Jove, the canary has hatched one of her eggs without our having noticed it!" His were seldom or never puns, but savoured always of the neatness of French touch and allusion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

I've often wish'd that I could write a book,
 Such as all English people might peruse ;
 I never should regret the pains it took ;—
 That's just the sort of fame that I should choose.

WHISTLECRAFT.

ARRIVED, at length, upon my own green ground, I feel more at home with my readers, and more safe in addressing them in that familiar style which I was soon encouraged to adopt by the favour shown to my writings, and which generated the friendly intercourse between me and the public which lasted more than thirty years. In fact, the dignity and stilts of authorship never suited me. If I tried to write grand or fine I was sure to fail ; and therefore I was obliged to rely on the colloquial and unstudied, as much from heart as head, and I have reason to think generally acknowledged as a natural consequence, to possess the useful qualities of clearness and obvious intelligibility. On the rumour of this arrangement I received the following note from my ever kind friend Mr. Freeling :—

"General Post Office, Friday.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I only received your note late yesterday afternoon. I am sorry to say that a plate engraved on a

separate page would make the 'Literary Gazette' liable to postage. If the page were stamped it would go free, or if the etchings were embodied in the stamped sheet.

"I was vexed that I missed you when you called, as I should have been very glad to have shaken you by the hand, and to have heard (what I sincerely hope is the case) that you have found some pursuit congenial to your wishes, and advantageous to yourself, unaccompanied with those spots which dimmed the 'Sun.'

"Yours very truly,

"F. FREELING.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

The "Literary Gazette" was commenced on the 25th of January, 1817, by Mr. Colburn, and to his enterprise and example in this instance, the country and its literature are indebted not only for the entire class of direct imitations which have sprung out of this experiment, but for the introduction, more or less, into all other journals, of the topics now for the first time brought forward and discussed by the periodical press. It was printed in two columns, sixteen pages, by A. J. Valpy, published by Colburn, 159, Strand, and the price one shilling. The plan embraced Original Correspondence, foreign and domestic; Critical Analyses of New Publications; Varieties on all subjects connected with Polite Literature, such as Discoveries and Improvements, Philosophical Researches, Scientific Inventions, Sketches of Society, Proceedings of Public Bodies; Biographical Memoirs of distinguished persons; Original Letters and Anecdotes of remarkable personages; Essays and Critiques on the Fine Arts; and Miscellaneous Articles on the Drama, Music, and Literary Intelligence: so as to form, at the end of the year, a clear and instructive picture

of the moral and literary improvement of the times, and a complete and authentic Chronological Literary Record for general reference.

The design was novel and unquestionably meritorious ; the Prince Regent was the first subscriber,* and success seemed to depend upon the execution. The early numbers, to which William Carey was the chief contributor, contained the plan of the Abbé Gregoire, ex-Bishop of Blois, for the general association of learned and scientific men and artists of all nations for accelerating the enlightenment of mankind—a consummation a thousand times desired and proposed, but never yet systematised or effected. There were also some original letters of David Hume, followed, a number of years later, with some interesting correspondence of that eminent historian. At this period the dramatic world was illuminated by the Kembles, Siddons, Young, O'Neil, Kean, Braham, Pasta, Fodor, Camporese, Naldi, Ambrogetti, and other brilliant stars. Haydon produced his grand picture of Christ riding into Jerusalem, and other artists as well as he were copying the cartoons. Brockedon made his favourable *débüt* with the "Judgment of Daniel," and *inter alia*, Mr. Pettigrew published his *Life of Dr. I. Lettsom*, of whom it was written as a prescription,—

If any patient comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em ;
If, after that, they chance to die,
What's that to I ?—I. LETTSOM.

At this period the satirical novel called "Six Weeks at Long's," in the doing of which, as formerly stated, I had a hand with Michael Nugent, (a few years before a fellow-

* A complete set, in beautiful condition, and with a few complimentary annotations, was sold among the library of the late Princess Sophia.

reporter with me, and a clever fellow to boot, though he never could emerge from that drudgery,) was published. The *matériel* was furnished by a military officer, I think, who paid us for our literary assistance, which, as far as I can remember, was not of the foremost character. Lady Caroline Lamb's "Glenarvon" ran away with the notorious popularity of that date; but our production was bepraised in the "Literary Gazette," No. 5, as a caustic portraiture of "noble profligates and honourable dupes," from which I now infer that it was a personal satire of an order never tolerated by me as a critic, in which Byron, Beau Brummell, Lord Yarmouth (afterwards Hertford), and other living notorieties, were pilloried. I am afraid I had little excuse at the time, except such as the starved apothecary offered to Romeo when he sold him the poison—"My poverty but not my will consents."

On the appearance of its tenth number, the "Literary Gazette" changed its form into three columns on the page, which it continued till the close of my editing. It also gave brief notices of parliamentary proceedings and remarks on politics. At the twenty-fifth number appeared my first contribution, a critique on "Zuma, ou la Découverte de Quinquina," by Madame de Genlis; and on the following week I became the editor. It was a stirring time, and in literature, as in many other relations, exhibited a very marked difference from the aspects of the present day; the Crystal Palace excitement excepted. Within a few preceding weeks, Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Byron's "Manfred," Croly's "Paris in 1815," Lewis's "Adelgitha," Miss Edgworth's "Patronage," and Jane Porter's "Pastor's Fireside," were published; Shiel's "Apostate," and Maturin's "Manuel," to succeed his "Bertram," performed; Talfourd began his literary career with a law book; Waterloo Bridge was finished and opened

with a grand ceremony ; Spurzheim introduced Gall's system of phrenology to London ; the first pretensions of mesmerism were advanced, so that Mentz, with its Doctor Renard, might contest the palm of priority as it has done with regard to a nobler art ; lithography was imported and made public, though "Sennfelder, the wretched singer of Munich," had invented it above a dozen years before ;* my esteemed contemporary, "Blackwood's Magazine," started ; in short, it was a busy world, my masters, and I was glad enough to be also up and among the "stirring."

The publication had not made great way, though, besides its original features, most of them well-chosen or treated, there were some exceedingly clever criticisms on Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, and other living poets, by a correspondent of no mean discrimination and talent ; but, without boast, my accession seemed to put a little heart into it, and if it were up-hill work for a long while, still it was Up, and but for a few incidental or accidental crosses, would have been Up-per. I found the laborious Lloyd, of the Foreign Post Office, a diligent collector and translator of continental intelligence, Professor Böttiger, and (soon after) other German scholars, valuable correspondents ; Miss Ross (a daughter of William Ross, an early newspaper reporter, a tremendous democrat in the Corresponding Society, and withal a very worthy man,) another ready and excellent translator ; and the machinery altogether, for so young a concern, in very fair order.

I consulted my friend Mr. Canning, who thought well of the project and said, "Avoid politics and polemics," an

* It was first exemplified in England about the beginning of the century, by a Mr. Andrée of Offenbach, in its rude state ; but had slept till now, when Mr. Ackermann took it up, and showed of what it was capable.

advice which I not only observed throughout my career, but also derived another signal benefit from having had the temerity to consult such a counsellor, and which arose from this—that whenever I was disposed or likely to write anything doubtful, I thought, what would Mr. Canning's opinion be? and in short, as Kemble had acted Coriolanus to me, I edited the "Literary Gazette" to him.

In my capacity I was omnivorous—at all in the ring—and produced hebdomadally, Reviews, Criticisms on the Arts and Drama, *jeux d'esprit* in prose and in verse; and in truth, played every part, as Bottom, the weaver, wished to do; and it might be only from the good luck of having, in reality, several able coadjutors (though I announced publicly I had them), that the paper did not sink under my manning, in addition to my pilotage.

With my taking this leading part, the publication was removed to No. 267, in the Strand, now a cook-shop, affronting the vestibule of St. Clement's Church, the monotonous chimes of which made me so often so dull and melancholy that I could almost have put the rope about my neck to suspend the want of animation. This had been my own house, bought, together with the copyright of the Satirist, published there, and as queer a bargain as any which literary folks are in the habit of making. Mr. Manners, a gentleman of truth and honour, sold me the concern, as the saying is, "in a lump." I was apprised of the state of the publication, and assured of the "sponsible" character of the sub-tenants, *videlicet* an agent for a newly-discovered rich metallic mine in Cornwall (neither companies nor metals so rife then), having beautiful specimens of the ore to display in the window below; and on the first floor a most respectable and honest-looking mantua-maker of the middle (or it might literally be first floor), age, with five or six

smart young Mantuas or sempstresses in her employment. Neither party, however, turned up trumps ; and apropos to crown the business, I had the rascally old publisher, Williams, who betrayed the office in the Mary Ann Clarke affair, and swindled me afterwards, located in the apartments nearest heaven. No farce could surpass the drollery of my going in person to collect my rents. The man of ore was always expecting a rich remittance of " the precious," from the mine ; and up stairs, Madame and the lasses laughed at me to my face. Times *was* hard, and they wished I might get it. They would do anything to oblige me, but they could not pay. Corsets were down, and flounces were up ; and the trade so bad that really they could hardly live, and sure they were that so kind a gentleman would not press upon them ! They liked their landlord—were so delighted with his writings—thought him one of the best and cleverest creatures in London—and hoped, of course, he would not trouble their quarters on quarter-day. And so the occupancy went on for a year or more, till all at once my " first floor " and all her tender chickens flew and disappeared ; and shortly after, having thereupon spoken angrily to my man of metal, he proved to me that he was so ; for one morning I received a very heavy letter, which I poised and puzzled about for several minutes before I opened it, imagining all possible impossibilities as to what it could contain, when lo, on breaking the seals, I found the street-door-key of No. 267, with a very polite letter hoping that I would consider the writer had behaved handsomely in taking care not to give me any trouble before quitting my premises.

The future history of my house-owning was not much out of keeping. I sold it for what I gave, to Mr. Pinnock, taking bills for the purchase money, of and on the Newbury

Bank. Before they were due, the bank was robbed and failed, and a considerable time elapsed before Mr. Pinnock, with great integrity, could repay my loss. This he honourably did, and I conveyed the "Literary Gazette," for their publications, to the famed catechism-bookselling-shop of Pinnock and Maunder. Pinnock, at that period, was a sound, good man, with certain indications of that restless and speculative mania, which ultimately made a wreck of him. Maunder was always steady, able, and most estimable; and kept his brother-in-law somewhat in check; but the spirit was too powerful to be quite put down, and at last it got the upper hand and destroyed an individual who had conferred not only useful but incalculable benefits upon the rising generation, and all who have to follow them. Pinnock's catechisms and abridged histories were immense improvements upon preceding educational elements of a similar kind, and their success might have satisfied any ordinary or even very sanguine mind. But Pinnock's mind was not formed to be satisfied. The more his publications profited him (and they realised several thousand pounds a year), the more he yearned to try something else. And so, for example, in one fit for making a fortune by a single stroke, he went into the docks and markets, and purchased all the veneer wood which he could obtain, and set out in the piano-forte manufacturing, "seeing as how no other" musical instrument maker in London could produce "the article" without paying "the price" to the person who had nearly all the veneering under his thumb. This is not an embellishment; it is a sad literal truth, and went far to the ruin of the ingenious contriver of so ludicrous a monopoly. The passion grew upon him, till he was lost. There was no end of schemes; no end of failures; and not even the honest and worthy and excellent Maunder could avert the catastrophe.

But at the time of which I am speaking, matters were all in order ; and Pinnock's and Maunder's connection with Education, and travelling throughout the country, rendered them very eligible allies for the new paper. Either at first, or immediately after, they were admitted as co-partners with Mr. Colburn and myself, and the circulation reaped a benefit from their provincial agencies and general co-operation. One evil infected the arrangement ; the accounts were irregular, partly from the nature of the pushing steps which were taken, and partly from the character of Pinnock, who had no idea of details. This led to a dissolution in about three years. But I will not anticipate.

In No. 28 of the "Literary Gazette," my third number, I wrote a review of Beloe's "Sexagenarian, or, Recollections of a Literary Life," on which looking back I feel strangely admonished and affected. Beloe framed his autobiography in the third person, in order to avoid egotism ; and made the supposition that after his death, the imagined friend had found and put the materials together. He died in the midst of his task ; and what he had invented as an imagination was realised. His plan was prophetic, and his death-bed its fulfilment. A friend completed his memoirs ; and his life, chequered by various prosperous and unfortunate events, was finished by another hand. The postscript says : "He was suddenly called from an existence of much pain and suffering. In the paths of literature his exertions had been attended with the most gratifying success. He had moved in the first circles of life ; he had been fostered by the great, and rewarded by the good. As a friend he was respected and beloved ; among his acquaintance, indeed, his good humour was proverbial. His open and generous nature was too often a dupe to the treacherous, and a prey to the designing. His latter days were spent in retirement

from those busy scenes in which he had formerly borne a conspicuous part. In the last two years of his life he amused himself with the composition of these Memoirs, which display an extensive knowledge of the events and characters of a former day. Many of the personages there described, like the hand which records them, are now in the dust, and have left only their names and their memories behind." In remarking upon this text, I wrote—"Such was the plan and such the fate of poor Beloe, the Sexagenarian! Should the writer of this article ever have to record similar occurrences, at a similar period of life, it would be one of his earliest recollections that he had more than once met in society where the conversational talents to which so just a tribute is here paid, were exerted to the delight and information of the social circle!"

My friend William Mudford's "Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo," with splendid illustrations by Mr. James Rouse, was published at this time; but its cost, six guineas, operated against its popularity. The Duke declined furnishing any information, but in a note, I think, stated that he had never met Blucher at *La Belle Alliance*, though some wiseacres, presuming on the truth of that report, had gone so far as to impose the name on the battle, instead of Waterloo, where it was fought. On a later occasion, indeed, many years after, I had an opportunity of learning some more of his Grace's remarks connected with this glorious day. It was mooted whether the action to be imparted to his statue should not represent the moment when his cry "Up boys! and at 'em!" roused his troops to their last irresistible and victorious charge. "'Up boys! and at em!' replied the Duke, "I never could have said any such thing. I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved

many of their lives ; but 'up boys ! and at 'em !' is all nonsense."

At the same interview he mentioned that he was aware of the Prussian advance, and of their foremost light troops having got into communication with the farthest outposts of his left wing, long before he announced the fact to his staff. This was in answer to a reminiscence of Lord Hill, that the illustrious commander had alighted from his horse, and was reconnoitering through his glass laid across its shoulder, the distant quarter where the Prussians were expected to appear when the clock of the Hougemont struck twelve. The Duke seemed to fancy the statement a little at variance with what he had expressed, and replied, as above, that he was quite aware of the fact long before he mentioned it.

His Grace's off-handedness, and blunt as well as quaint modes of expressing himself, are very characteristic ; and many an anecdote might be told of them. Entering a gallery where the visitors were requested to sign their names, in a book prepared for the purpose, on being asked by the doorkeeper, " Would your Grace have the goodness to put your name in the book ? " he took the pen and wrote " Dr. Wellesley." He does not seem to be prone to furnish autographs, nor to be seen disturbed or in dishabille, if the following be true, as I had from a likely authority. One of his brother marshals called at Apsley House on a day when he was confined to his room by a cold, and had given orders to be denied. The visitor, however, told the servant that he came on some particular business, and he was sure the Duke would see him ! The groom could not gainsay so important a personage, but went upstairs to deliver the message, closely followed by the gallant officer. On opening the chamber door the Duke was seen with his back to it, and

leaning towards the fire. Without turning round, he inquired what was wanted, and the servant answered that Marshal —— had called and wished to see him. “What does the —— old fool want?” exclaimed his Grace; and the “old fool” being quite close behind him, slunk quietly off, and delivered no message that day!

One of my extra little literary matters near this period was to take notes of Mr. Canning’s famous Lisbon speech, from which that splendid oration was published. Although his corrections were manifold, and curiously fastidious, I nevertheless received the following kindly acknowledgment of my slight service:—

“India Board, 15th July, 1817.

“DEAR SIR,

“One of the first subjects that occurred to Mr. Canning’s recollection upon the cessation of the laborious and unintermitting business of the session, was his omission to acknowledge the report of his *Lisbon* speech, for which he is indebted to you. Can you make it convenient to call at Gloucester Lodge some morning (*not* Thursday next) before or about eleven o’clock, upon that subject?

“In the mean time I send to you by his direction a few copies of the publication which owes so much to your valuable notes.

“Yours, my dear sir,

“Very truly,

“J. BACKHOUSE.”

CHAPTER XV.

"LITERARY GAZETTE" TO THE CLOSE OF 1817.

A spotless leaf ; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes—in foul and fair—
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all—
Like that fierce writing on the wall—
Has stamp'd sad dates he can't recall.

Disjointed members—sense unknit—
Huge reams of *letters*—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.—CHARLES LAMB.

IN my thirtieth number a manuscript narrative of Captain Tuckey's voyage to the Congo, which had been procured for me by a friend, at no very great cost, was begun, and turned out one of those incidents in newspaper progress which give them an upward tendency in a ratio that can hardly be accounted for. Their rapid rise from such causes is often inexplicable ; their decline is generally a slower process. The "Sun" and "Courier" were nearly equal in repute and circulation when the treason and execution of Colonel Despard occurred. The "Courier" made a striking effort to get all the particulars, and publish the earliest account of every circumstance to the very death ; and from that date it rose in circulation, at the expense of the "Sun," which declined. In all respects the journals were comparatively the same as before ; but the public impulse was given, and

there was no use in trying to stem it, unless another chance might occur to turn the tide by a similar fortunate exertion. On the return of Parry's Arctic expedition, I had the privilege of boarding the ships as they came up the river,—collected all the intelligence I could, and on the Saturday, (by tremendous labour, extending over sixty hours without sleep,) I presented the public with a good account of the voyage, about which "all the world" was so interested. The sale of the Gazette was lifted above five hundred by that effort, which, please to observe, in these piping times of shilling sheets, was equal to about a thousand pounds a year, besides the upward hoist and improved expectances. I have known the success or failure of many publications depend upon what one would think trivial matters of this kind; therefore I would say that the "wide-awake" principle and system is absolutely essential to journalist prosperity. Sleeping will not do.

My publication of the Congo narrative was, however, attended by some—I would say, to me—rather distressing than merely annoying consequences. It led to an angry misunderstanding between me and Sir John Barrow, for whom my regard and respect was always of a high order. He supposed that the Admiralty orders against making public the particulars of a Government expedition, were violated by some officer who was in duty bound by them; and his resentment was warm. He suspected one individual, and pointed his ire against him and his claims, which merged in a widow and children, for he fell a victim to the climate. At the time, I was utterly ignorant of the original source of my information, and indignant at its publication affecting the interests of any supposed informant; and thus Sir John Barrow and I had a hearty quarrel. Ultimately I discovered that the Secretary of the Admiralty was wrong in his

suspicion, and I informed him of the fact, which put matters right and absolved the presumed offender. Our agreement was adjusted, but, for a while, we were not so cordial as before, as, in truth, the "Literary Gazette" numbers injuriously anticipated the novelty of one of Murray's customary quartos, and was resented accordingly. But time restored the friendly relations between Barrow and me; and few, out of the circle of his own near relatives, admired or regretted him more than I did when he was taken away in the fulness of years and honourable and well-earned public estimation. My informant turned out to be an inferior captain's or purser's clerk, who had nothing—not even an implied assent—to restrain him within the rules of the service.

X My commencement with the "Gazette" was also much and effectually aided by the powerful contributions of my friends Dr. Croly, Mr. Richard Dagley, and Mr. William Carey, a man of great judgment in the Fine Arts and an able writer. Mr. Dagley was an artist, whose information and taste in all that regarded the Arts, as well as his general talents, poetic fancies, and playful humour, were devoted to my work till the day of his death; for many years in conjunction with Walter Henry Watts,* and of both of whom I shall have much to say as I proceed. Of the value of the co-operation of an author so distinguished as Dr. Croly—happily continued to me during a long period of intimate intercourse, as occasion offered—I need not speak; and of a similar nature was the assistance I derived from Mr. Carey, from whom the

* The first volume of the Annual, Biography, and Obituary, by Mr. Watts, was published by Messrs. Longman this year, and the work was long continued by his able and honest pen. His other publications on the Arts, &c., were all equally honourable to his heart and head.

two following letters illustrate the spirit of our earliest connection :—

" Sunday, 7th Sept., 1817.

" DEAR SIR,

" I was favoured with your obliging note, and you will perceive that we must be governed in the arrangement of the memoir by the circumstance of my receiving or not receiving Sir R. C. H.'s (Sir Richard Colt Hoare's) promised communication on or before Wednesday's post. Not having *his* details, I have proceeded upon the skeleton that I obtained from the brother artists of W.,* which merely fixes some dates, and ascertains the general course of his studies in Italy, and subsequent career in England. I have thrown in the critical remarks on the schools (an imitation of which has been injurious to our school) in the place where they naturally arise—that is, in the notice of Mr. W.'s studies in Rome and Venice, where *Paul Veronese* lived and painted. This was not even a matter of choice, but of *necessity*, for by this arrangement I will be able to furnish the first part, with much *interest*, on Wednesday next, at twelve o'clock, even if disappointed of Sir R. C. H.'s expected communication. And as I may certainly depend upon his promised letter in time for the second part, I shall be able to embody a few leading facts in the conclusion, to his satisfaction and our own.

" If this arrangement does not meet your views, pray be so good as to let me know, and, as mere forms are inessential compared with the matter, I shall, with pleasure, mould the matter into the form most likely to meet your interests. I shall, by to-morrow night, be able to let you know the

* Samuel Woodforde, Esq., R.A.

precise length, or somewhat near it, of the first part, as I shall by that time have it thrown into form.

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Yours very truly,

“ W. CAREY.”

“ 35, Mary-la-bonne Street, Piccadilly, 21st Sept., 1817.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ A week of excessive hurry will, I hope, plead my apology for not having thanked you for your kind and obliging note before. I now avail myself of a respite from business to express my sense of the polite and frank terms in which it was couched, with sincere gratification and acknowledgment.

“ The unceasing civilities of Mr. Colburn have rendered my communications with the ‘ Literary Gazette ’ very pleasant from its first commencement. If any circumstance could have added to my satisfaction in that connection, it was the fortunate co-operation of a gentleman so capable of promoting the interests of that journal, and of appreciating the labours of its literary correspondents.

“ I was at Drury Lane last night, and sate out three acts of *Stanley’s ‘ Rover ! ’* Alas, poor Drury !

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Your respectful and obliged servant,

“ WM. CAREY.”

And even within my first few months my pages were enriched by the productions of Crabbe, Miss Mitford, Neale, Gaspey, Mrs. Rolls, Howard, R.A., Wilkins, architect, and others, whose writings in verse and prose largely helped to stamp a sterling and popular character upon the publication,

and establish it in growing esteem. It was especially strong in treating of the Fine Arts, which had hitherto been so strangely neglected by the Press, and a love for which prompted me to use my every effort to procure their competent and ample illustration. The date of the following note, besides tickets to attend and report the Academy lectures, will show how soon these efforts were begun :—

"Newman Street, 10th October, 1817.

"SIR,

"I am just returned to town, and have found your note of the 29th ult. It will give me great pleasure if I can in any way promote the objects had in view by the proprietors of the 'Literary Gazette.' A work of that kind, conducted with the ability and candour which I believe the editor to possess, can hardly fail of exciting an extensive interest, and of acting as a beneficial alternative on the public taste.

"If, at your leisure, you will do me the favour of calling here any morning, a few minutes' conversation will enable us to judge better how far it will be in my power to assist you.

"I remain, sir,

"Your obliged, humble servant,

"HY. HOWARD."

It was in the same way, as will appear in the sequel, that I gradually succeeded in opening up the previously closed sources of intelligence in the various walks of literature and science; and obtained for the public ready access to that intelligence so common now, but which, up to the time of the "Literary Gazette," had either been unsought or inaccessible. My personal acquaintance with the leading men of the period, and, I may add, my own

standing and estimation in the world, were the means of obtaining such facilities for the regular dissemination of every species of useful and entertaining knowledge congenial to the design of my journal as had never before been attempted. The importance of these services was gradually felt; and the present highly improved system of our periodical literature may, in great measure, be traced and attributed to the pioneering of so humble an individual as myself.

Meanwhile the interesting Congo Voyage, accompanied by woodcuts, and David Hume's original letters, kept on a series of popular attraction.

+ At a small evening party given by Dr. (then Mr.) Croly, I had the pleasure of first meeting the celebrated French tragedian, Talma; and it was a night to be recorded for its dramatic and literary enjoyment. Talma was in great force (as it is called), and gave us his opinions in the frankest and most emphatic manner: speaking English, acquired during his younger residence in the country, with very little of foreign accent, and that little only contributing to add a degree of piquancy to his remarks. Of John Kemble he was an enthusiastic admirer, whilst of Kean he spoke slightly, as deficient in comprehensive intellect and dignity. To show this, and illustrate the truth of his appreciation of the English stage, he recited several passages from our great dramatists, and among the rest, Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy—"To be or not to be, that is the question!" In some lines he imitated the peculiarities of our actors, but there was in the whole a peculiarity of his own—a French peculiarity in tone and action, which rendered the exhibition most original and entertaining. His public recitations, in union with Madame Georges, could afford no idea of the delights of this private treat.

In September I became the depository and exponent of

Mr. Wilkins' views of the topography of Athens, on which a spirited controversy ensued between him and Mr. Barrow. Mr. Wilkins and I thenceforward carried on an amicable correspondence, till my earnest opposition to the site, architecture, and building of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the perpetration of which unseemly job I in vain endeavoured to prevent, brought on a fracas and complaints and hostilities of a rather bitter description.

China, Japan, and New Zealand, still countries of much curiosity and interest, were copiously brought forward by reviews and extracts from the works of Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ellis, the Russian Captain Golownin, and Mr. J. L. Nicholas; and it may be conceded that such features are the best proofs of the utility of publications of this class.

I observe from a letter from Fife House, and signed "R. Willimott," that I had been seeking some Government employment this autumn, which Lord Liverpool, however, did not bestow upon me; and I was consequently left to very narrow resources in my quiet and pretty residence, Rose Cottage, Old Brompton, whither I had removed from a short abode in Little Chelsea, whilst the cottage was getting ready. At Little Chelsea, however, at my first occupancy, my proximate neighbour was the exiled Princess of Condé, with whom the Duchess d'Angoulême frequently stayed. The establishment was upon a very moderate scale, and the daughter of the murdered king of France dressed little better than a milkmaid, which rank indeed she much resembled in her form, and walking about in thick-soled boots. She looked well in health, but had no appearance of gaiety, or good spirits; nor was it melancholy, but I may picture it as a kind of gentle and subdued reserve, which communicated a grave and serious air to her countenance and demeanour. I was several times admitted to call,

on immaterial matters connected with the neighbourhood, and am thus able to paint my slight sketch from the original.

But I have a remarkable anecdote to append to this notice, which I think eminently characteristic of the individual who is now playing the highest *rôle* in the French nation, viz., the President, Prince Louis Napoleon. During his last residence in London, he was one of a chiefly literary party who spent a charming day with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his villa on the Thames above Fulham ; and at which Mr. Disraeli, Count D'Orsay, Mr. George Banks, Mr. Fonblanque, "assisted," and which was also graced by the presence of accomplished and distinguished ladies. Among the diversions of the *déjeûner*, everybody strolling about the grounds and doing what they listed, I had the honour to be taken into a wherry by the Prince, and rowed for half an hour upon the river by him. It must be confessed that he caught crabs, and did not exhibit so much skill as to afford me a presentiment that he would so soon, or ever, scull himself into the position of despotic ruler over thirty millions of people ! In short, I was rather glad when I got out of the boat and found myself once more on the lawn, or terra firma.

On the return to town, the Prince was courteous enough to give me a seat in his open carriage, and we happened to come by the road through Little Chelsea ; our conversation having turned on an idea propounded by Mr. Banks, that the vessel which brought the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, might produce a prodigious effect if the sails were painted with armorial bearings and other emblems, such as the History of England recorded of the ship of the great Earl of Warwick ! This strange proposition was received with more than the Prince's usual taciturnity, but, in passing by the quondam abode of the royal Bourbons,

when I incidentally pointed out the house, I found that I had at once awakened extraordinary emotions. He questioned me, again and again, about every particular I could remember ; and, not content with my first answers, repeated the same inquiries, apparently with an increase of wonder and interest. It was as if he could not bring himself to believe that the true ancient regal race of France could have dwelt in so humble a tenement ; it was, in short, an involuntary tribute of the soul, paid to legitimacy. Proud as he was of his own blood, and ambitious of restoring it, in his own person, to the utmost pinnacle of power, he could not help feelings allied to those of the *parvenu* ; and I rarely met him on future occasions, that he did not, if opportunity served, recur to the subject.*

But to return to my narrative. Anno Domini 1817 wore away, and with it the poor fund with which I had got out of the thralldom of the " Sun ; " so hateful to a disposition like mine. As I have been reproached with extravagance, I will pause for a moment at this point, to state my position. By the failure of Messrs. Whitehead's bank, and the loss I sustained in my compromise with Taylor, I was thrown much behind-hand with the world ; and above three years elapsed before the " Literary Gazette " furnished enough of profit for even the most economical subsistence ; the past was unfortunate, the present pinching, and the future only cheered by Hope. In fact, I was so encumbered, that it would have been far wiser and better to have appeared in the Government " London Gazette," than in Colburn's " Literary ; " but who, with principles of integrity, and confidence in their capacity to improve their condition, could ever reconcile themselves to such a step, till too late to

* See Postscript at the end of the volume.

benefit them? The crafty and experienced know how to stop in time, with little hurt, and start fair again; whilst the well-meaning and uninitiated struggle on to ruin and reproach. From this time, during a large portion of my life, I paid thirty or forty shillings for every pound, and got plentifully belied and abused by my unsatiated plunderers.

Heaven knows, I had law actions enow, and not so amusing as one I was threatened with for refusing to insert a dissolution of partnership; the advertiser having mistaken my Gazette for the official organ conducted by my friend Robert Clarke, and insisting on my printing the notice, under the heaviest of penalties; and Clarke, in his turn, had a more laughable communication, which was intended for me, in the shape of a letter from Yorkshire desiring him to insert among his Extraordinary Gazette news the birth of a child in that county, with six fingers on its hands and six toes on its feet, and other phenomena exceedingly interesting to its astonished parents. It was handed over or placed at the feet of its rightful owner, and I think I did print it among my varieties.

To finish this year, as far as I am concerned, I will add two of my own sportive contributions in the months of August and October. The first is a letter to myself.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,

“Though this is the first letter I ever wrote to you, I trust you will excuse the familiarity of the address, and the more especially as I can assure you it can boast of greater truth than most ‘dears’ at the top of epistolary correspondence. But I hear you exclaim, Why take the trouble of writing to me, since you may at any private time let me know what you desire in person? To this my answer is, that I am of opinion a formal and public communication will

have more weight on your mind; and since I don't grudge the trouble, you need not grudge the postage between us.

“ To come to the point, then, I am credibly informed and believe that you have undertaken the responsible office of editing the ‘ Literary Gazette ; ’ purporting to fill a chasm in the overstocked periodical literature of this scribbling era, and to lay as it were a moving panorama of the learning, arts, sciences, political history, and moral and intellectual and ornamental advance of the age continually before your readers, ‘ Audentes fortuna juvat ! ’ but, my good fellow, the strength of Hercules, united to the talents of the admirable Crichton, and the calculating powers of the American boy, would not suffice for the execution of so vast a task. I am afraid you have over-rated your capabilities, as my talkative friend in the Chapter Coffee-house calls them. Nay, even if you possess the allies you muster on the parade of your prospectus, will the confederation be firm and united in the field of the work ? Can you trust in your regulars, and rely on your volunteers ? If not, the Lord have mercy on your soul, for you will soon have a host of enemies. Ah ! Mr. Editor ! Mr. Editor ! I am afraid you have not well considered either your difficulties or your dangers, ‘ Ira quæ tegitur nocet ; ’ but comfort ye ! this is only one-half of your troubles. You review new books forsooth ; every censure makes an author and his partisans your foes. You criticise the drama ; have you forgotten, or did you never attend to what Shakspeare says of the players’ good words, ‘ After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.’ You will be pilloried in a farce, caricatured by Matthews, and transfixed by as many thousand shafts of ridicule as the wit of modern dramatic writers can supply. You also criticise the arts : artists are even more irritable

than the 'irritable genus vatum;' you will look well on a sign-post. You have sketches of society and manners; venture not to censure or reprove, or there will be no society for you, and your manners may be practised in solitude. Your very negatives will embarrass and plague you as much as your positives. You avoid politics; but I hear as many condemn this abstinence as a blank in your publication, as approve it for keeping out debasing humours. Every pseudo-poet, whose unfledged muse you affront by not admitting her eyases to your nest, will hold you in mortal hatred. If your literary intelligence is not a string of puffs, publishers will abominate as much as authors abhor you. They will print against you *gratis* (a rare practice with them) all that revenge will write, and you had better be broiled like St. Bartholomew than endure these tortures. If you do not compose panegyrics on the wholesome common place of 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum,' abstain, as you value your miserable life, from biography: though the evil that men do lives after them, there would be no discretion, which is the better part of valour, in allowing its vitality in your pages. In fine, your case is desperate, and if one bard exclaimed

" ' Ah me ! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron,'

you may with greater truth add in agony—

" ' Ten thousand greater perils diddle
The ass who doth with goose-quill meddle.'

" I remember, and well may you, a sorrowful sight—a hive of bees, with an infernally mischievous Queen Semiramis at their head, took it into their fancy to form a settlement on the jowl of an honest, unsuspecting mastiff, who was

lying asleep in the sun, dreaming no doubt *ubi mel ibi apes* ; but he was dreadfully mistaken, for the Philistines were soon upon his capital, where there was no honey. The poor dog howled, shook his ears, scampered, rolled, foamed, and maddened ; but in vain ! the pestilent tormenters were irremoveable. His cries availed not ; they filled his mouth, and choked his throat ; his efforts were fruitless—they blinded his eyes, and clustered round his brain, and stung him to distraction. You and I alone saw, and pitied, and tried to save him ; but, alas ! our work of pain and danger was not crowned with the success due to our humanity. It is true, we drowned off the persecutors, but at the same time we almost drowned the persecuted ; and when at last he was freed from his hellish periwig, the torments it had bequeathed, like the shirt of Nessus, were so intolerable, that it was mercy which sped the mortal bullet through the heart of the victim. Need I apply this remembrance of our early life to you, in whose fate I take so warm an interest ? No ! I leave it to yourself, who are just as able to feel as I am to enforce its appositeness. I have only to assure you, that if, in spite of my warning, you determine to persevere in your mad attempt, you shall have my best aid, and the ardent co-operation of my friends. But oh ! my dear sir, be otherwise advised.

“ ‘Vive sine invidia, mollesque inglorius annos
Exigo.’

“ You will then be happy with one another, for you may be assured that,

“ I am,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ And unchangeable well-wisher,

“ THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

“ P.S. I desire my best compliments may be presented to Tom and Dick. I hope you have succeeded, as indeed you ought, with Aldeborontiphoscophornio ; but this is no time for private matters. Adieu.

“ E. L. G.”

The second is a historical sketch of the Enneabionians, a newly-discovered nation in the interior of New Holland.

“ ‘ Long were to tell
What I have seen——’

“ One day in summer, being determined to visit my friend C——, at Richmond, I took a seat in the stage-coach at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, selecting, after minute inquiries, the most steady coachman, as is my general rule, by which, though I have travelled as much as a thousand miles within the last ten years, I have only been overturned fifty-four times, *videlicet* :—

By the linchpin's being loose	5 times.
By the wheel breaking	1
By driving against posts	3
By driving into ditches	3
By the axle-tree breaking	2
By anti-attribution	6
By horses foundering	11½
By horses running away	½
By racing, and against other coaches	22
	<hr/>
	54 times.

“ This I note (as all travellers ought to convey useful information) for the benefit of the public, that others, by imitating my prudence, may escape those severe accidents which are so common, and journey as much as I have done with no greater injuries than have be-

fallen me ; that is, a collar-bone dislocated, a leg and arm broken, ankle sprained, eight or nine contusions on the head,* and but slight bruises over all the rest of my body.

“ Owing to the precautions taken, we arrived safely at the end of Fulham Bridge, where it is deemed expedient to water the horses, lest they should resent the abnegation of their simple beverage, when the view of the Thames must convince them that there is no necessity to want. The driver, being more rational, is not in the habit of drinking water.

“ While waiting for our second start, I could not help being witness of a scene of great cruelty. Several ruffianly boys were tormenting a poor cat, which seemed nearly dead from ill treatment before I had time to interfere in her behalf, and when I did, the young barbarians threw their victim into the river, and ran off to avoid punishment. I rejoiced to observe that their malice was disappointed. Puss, carried down by the stream, swam as if she had finished her education in one of the newest-fashioned *Ecoles de Natation*, and landed happily in a private ground below the bridge, and out of the reach of her persecutors. Here she licked herself dry, and began to gambol about as if

* It was upon one of these occasions that my witty companion, poor Punning, lost his life. His skull was fractured, and the surgeon at Launceston proposed the trepan. “ Oh,” quoth Punning, “ I have been *trepanned* already ;” meaning into a “ Fastflier ;” but the surgeon understood him literally, and, thinking it dangerous to repeat the operation without further advice, postponed it till too late. While the surgeon was consulting the physician, his brain became more affected than usual, and he died, deliciously repeating,

“ Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis
. . . . evehit ad Deos.”

nothing had happened. 'It is well for you,' said I, as the coach drove on, 'that you have nine lives.'

"The day was sultry, and the conversation within our vehicle as dry as the weather. My companions being also lusty, I was squeezed into a corner by a fat lady, whose pressure produced the soporific effect of *shampooing*,* and, in many ways overcome, I had just dropped into a doze—into which the adventures of the cat were being rapidly transferred to human creatures—when the coach suddenly upset, and by a rattling concussion of my brain laid me along, insensible to external objects, but busy in developing those within. In short, my journey terminated, and my travels began. I found myself, after a stormy voyage, and tedious peregrinations, fairly set down in the interior of the Blue Mountains, and in the midst of an utterly unknown people in the centre of New Holland, called the Enneabionians, as their country bore the name Enneabionia. They were rather a dwarfish race, the tallest among them not exceeding four feet six inches in stature; and I thought, were they hostilely inclined, that I should be able to play a tolerable stick among them before they got me down. But there was no occasion for apprehension; the inhabitants welcomed me as kindly as the Armatans did a *ci-devant* Lord Chancellor, who has taken to the allegorical circuit since he left off the Northern and Home, in travelling. It would be impertinent to dwell upon the hospitality of my reception, and the natural chain of events which gradually unfolded to my observation the character of this singular and interesting nation. They differed in appearance from other men only in one extraordinary feature, the mouth. I

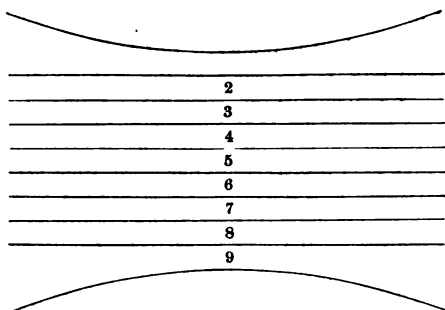
* *Vide* Hawksworth, vol. ii., page 63, for an account of the soporific effects of *tooge-tooge*, or *shampooing*, as practised in Otaheite, the Tonga Islands, &c., &c.

had seen strange phenomena among my fellow-creatures—feet of an inch-and-a-half in Chinese ladies, waists squeezed into inverted cones in English beauties, and —s of enormous dimensions in Hottentot Venuses, but so wonderful a sight as an Enneabionian mouth it had not entered into my mind to conceive. Every man, woman, and child of this blessed nation has ten thin lips, occupying almost the whole allotment of their faces from their nostrils to the peaks of their chins. And what rendered this still more astonishing to me at first was, to observe that the real mouth appeared to be placed indifferently between any two of these labial conformations, from the highest to the lowest. I was not aware at that time that this neither arose from accident nor chance, but was indeed the consequence and index of the most important events in the lives of this people. Yet I soon perceived that great consequence was attached to this matter. The common salutations on meeting were, ‘I hope your lips open high;’ ‘How do you mouth?’ and their taking-leave and good wishes were of the same nature, such as, ‘Etua [their god] keep up your lips!’ ‘May your last lip never come!’ ‘Heaven close your under lips for ever!’ ‘High mouthing to you!’ ‘May your nose know your mouth ever, your chin never!’ &c., &c.; to divine the meaning of all which I was long sorely puzzled, as well as with their expressions of pity towards me, ‘Poor wretch, he has but one mouth!’ Not to keep my readers in suspense, I will inform them now, that this cluster of mouths is the necessary appendage, sign, and endowment of a race of individuals who really possess, as we idly allege of cats, *nine lives*. Yes, happy nation! little need they fear dangers and fatal accidents, with such a bank of vitality to repair the losses, and wastes, and perils of humanity. A forty-eight-pound shot through the body, only drops the mouth

one lip lower, and each seems qualified to exclaim, with Sin in 'Paradise Lost,'—

“‘But death and I
Are found immortal.’

“I will, however, draw a figure, to render this prodigious physical secret clear to the meanest capacity.



“Suppose this an Enneabionian mouth with its ten lips. When a child is born its mouth is at No. 1, and all the lower lips are as it were hermetically glued together, as close as those of lovers; but should it be killed, either by the carelessness, overstuffing, or overlaying of its nurse (as is not more uncommon in Enneabionia than in England), the upper compartment instantly collapses, and No. 2 opens. Thus do the mouths shut and open in succession to the lowest, as lives are lost, till at last the term of fatalities brings down the account to No. 9, and the stroke of Death is final, and with his last lip's close, the Enneabionian expires, or according to the phraseology of the country, 'is *chinned*,' if he be killed, or '*chins*,' if he die a natural death. They laughed at me when I told them we had a phrase in our language, when a person is sorely distressed,

saying '*he is down in the mouth*;' but one of the greatest philosophers of Enneabionia entered into this subject with the devotion its importance merited, and before I quitted the country, published a treatise in two volumes folio, which proved as clearly as is usual under such circumstances, that Great Britain was originally an Enneabionian colony; but what I liked worst in this learned work, was an argument founded on the fitness of things, which went to show that these colonists must have been convicts, and that the return at present to Botany Bay was the natural consequence of a moral balance. Their funeral ceremonies are very curious; but I shall not stop to notice them at present, thinking it more eligible to give my readers some insight into the manners and habits inspired by the possession of such inestimable privileges.

"To do this, I cannot pursue a better course, than to describe an entertainment given by the chief persons of the town of Ninepins, to which, as a stranger, I was politely invited, and the company present on the occasion. It was astonishing to see with what assiduity the whole party attached themselves to the business of the table. Had I not had some faint idea of it from the manners of my own country, I should have supposed that the Enneabionians had no other care in life but to eat and drink. The anxiety with which they watched the removal of the covers, and the greediness with which they gobbled up the tit-bits of one dish after another, exceeds any belief which I may expect to obtain in this temperate country.* For two hours did they

* There was one clever rule observed here, which I note down for the benefit of my gormandising countrymen in London and elsewhere. Every person began by being helped to the dishes most distant from him, by this means reserving those more within his reach for the conclusion of the meal. *Verbum sat*, the Lord Mayor's day will soon arrive!

stuff and wallow, and I could only account for their intemperance, by knowing, that as they have but very imperfect notions of a future state, they place all their happiness in present sensual gratifications ; and I also remarked that my companions had no time to lose, for wonderful to relate, with the exception of one man, who had a lip to come, they were all reduced to their last mouth, though several were young and middle-aged people.

“ My expressions of surprise at this strange circumstance led the way to the after-dinner conversation, and it will be received as a proof of the politeness of this people, when I tell, that to gratify my curiosity, each individual in turn narrated the chief events of his life by which he was brought so low in the mouth.

“ ‘ I am, as you perceive,’ said our entertainer, ‘ a man of good fortune. Born to the inheritance of the largest estate in this parish, I was reared with the utmost care. I was the idol of father, mother, and all the household, yet what will appear most extraordinary, I lost six lives before I was six years old. Although my mamma was a fashionable lady, she resolved to set a bright example to mothers, and nurse me herself. Yet, as she could not wean herself entirely from her accustomed pleasures, I was frequently neglected, and died twice before she weaned me. Maternal duties and fashionable pursuits cannot assimilate. Terrified at my *lipping*, a nurse was hired for me, and one of the finest peasants on our estate was selected. She was healthy and good-natured, but she had a child of her own, and through their stolen interviews I was rendered so weakly, that I fell an easy victim, first to the *Quugh-whu-u-u-Quugh* (their name for the hooping-cough), and next, to the *variolpogs*. In my fifth year I was killed by a fall from my father’s favourite hunter, upon which his favourite groom placed me,

to teach me to ride, and not six months after was frightened to death by a trick of the nurserymaid, who disguised her sweetheart as an infernal ill-looking ghost, lest seeing him in his proper shape, I should blab to my mamma. It was some consolation to me when I grew up, to learn that even-handed justice visited this vestal, who became in due time the mother of the most monstrous and diabolical imp that was ever preserved in spirits in the academy of natural philosophy of Enneabionia. From this period I was tolerably lucky ; but at nineteen, having been sent to the capital, I died from dissipation, and being not long after shot in a duel, arising out of a frolic adjourned from the *Fum* lobby of a theatre to a bagnio, I thought it high time to return to my paternal acres, and take especial care of my last lip, which I have now done for above sixteen years, and so comfortably (I am not married) that my only apprehension is told by the poet, when he says—

“ ‘ How swiftly glide our flying years !
 Alas ! nor piety, nor tears
 Can stop the fleeting day !
 Deep-furrowed wrinkles posting age,
 And death's unconquerable rage
 Are strangers to delay.’ ”

“ ‘ Your history is not uninstrusive,’ quoth the Vicar, taking up the story, ‘ mine is more monotonous, and may be sooner told. By the accidents of childhood I died only twice ; but the balance between us is made up by my decease four times during the four years I was at college ; in the first instance, from contracting a malady respecting which I did not like to consult the doctor ; in the second, from catching cold one night that I could not get in at my chamber window ; in the third, from a disorder induced from want of exercise, while fagging for my degree ; and

in the fourth, (said he, looking hard at the Squire,) by a hard fall down-stairs, prepared for me with soft-soap by my pupil in revenge for an imposition, the recompense for which *death* was my present *living*.

“ ‘Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.’

“ ‘Since my induction I have died naturally of plethora and apoplexy, and have now only one life at the service of my patron and my parishioners.’ These last words he accompanied with a low bow round the room, which was acknowledged in a bumper toast by all present, and the physician next thus addressed us :—

“ ‘More fortunate than the generality of men,’ said he, ‘I arrived at years of maturity without the loss of a single life. At twenty-one I graduated regularly as a physician, and the lip of my birth-day was still open. What a prospect of immortality ! I took the most rigid precautions to avoid every danger and every disease, But alas ! in the early part of my life I was poor : it is a long and trying probation before our profession acquire a name, practice, a carriage, and wealth. My first life was sacrificed to a mere casualty. A slight indisposition which I felt alarmed me, and I prepared a medicine to take on going to bed ; but unluckily sent it to a patient in a mistake, swallowing the strong drug I intended for his desperate case. They were of opposite natures, and we both lost a lip. Poor fellow ! his was his last ! This threw me into a lowness of spirits, and the terror which a knowledge of the human frame inspired in me when I was the least unwell, literally destroyed me three times by three separate nervous fevers, which anybody else would have escaped. Now, in the middle of my course, though yet young, I got into full practice ; for the

long preservation of my own lips had inspired much public confidence in my skill, which, once established, did not diminish with the number of my lives. I caught, however, a putrid fever in attending the Duke of Norris, which cost me one lip ; another I lost, together with my left arm, as you see, through a slight puncture which I received in my little finger in opening the infectious body of Lord Cadaver ; and a third closed from my being blown up while attending a chemical experiment of my friend Mr. Gasote. Thus reduced, in little more than ten years, to my penultimate lip, I thought it high time to settle for posterity, and accordingly married a sickly lady, but of very large fortune. She wedded me for my physic ; I loved her for her riches ; and we might have gone on as decently as can be expected in the marriage state, but that she sacrificed all her own and one of my lips to jealousy. Even my last would have gone with hers ; for so desperate was this infatuated woman, that she mixed poison in our common cup, but on the first symptom I discovered the cause, and hastily administering an antidote to myself, I left to fate Mrs. ——.' Here a fit of coughing abridged the few words which remained of the Doctor's memoir.

“ ‘ It is the immutable decree of Nature,’ said a fourth, who, from his loquacity, I before rightly conjectured to be the lawyer, ‘ that man should die, and the *modus quo* he approximates that condition, if not to be may be called a condition, is of no consequence in the eyes of the eternal law. For the terms are convertible ; and what is justice is law, and what is law is justice. Therefore no man has a right to complain * * ’ Here a tremendous yawn from the Squire, echoed from the contagious feeling of several of the party, interrupted the speaker ; and I observed with astonishment that one or two of these otherwise polite

persons had composed themselves into the most convenient attitudes for sleep. The lawyer took the hint, and as he was not paid for prolixity, declared he would briefly state his own case. I know not how it was, however, but either overcome by the heat of the atmosphere, or some other cause, I fell into a confused slumber, and heard only the following broken passages: 'Quarrelled about the cause in cross-examining, if witness looked east or west—lie direct—received my adversary's shot in the back—fell mortally wounded, and no redress by action of battery—overheated by wearing my gown during the dog-days, while so fully employed in a crowded court—requested a silk one, for the sake of coolness—was refused—died broken-hearted. Caught the gaol distemper, in visiting the celebrated —, to whose villanous deception I attribute the loss of my last lip, and I am only one remove from that mortal event on which a philosophising moralist may say of me, with our immortal bard,' 'Where be his quiddits now; his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel?' " Suiting the action to the word, our lawyer gave his neighbour such a rap over the head, as made it clearly a crown case, and 'roused him like a rattling peal of thunder.' The whole company started with the din, and a round of toasts ensued before a pale and care-worn-looking gentleman, whose vocation I had in vain attempted to divine, took up the thread of narration.

" 'It is well known,' said he, 'what services I have done my country, and all my reward is the closing of eight lips. What I was, and what lives I lost while young, is of no consequence; for it is not till man, mature and active, forms a part of the great social system, that he becomes of any account in the estimation of the statist or economist.'

“ ‘Oho,’ thought I, ‘a politician!’ and I pricked up my ears, to learn how these wise men acted in Enneabionia.

“ ‘From seventeen to seven-and-twenty, I zealously advocated the liberty of the people against the encroachments of power. The mere possession of authority converted otherwise amiable individuals into incarnate fiends in my diatribes; and I raved for alterations which I declared would be improvements, and instanced the good effect of destroying all the first-born of Egypt, as a precedent for immolating all the rich and powerful among ourselves.

“ ‘The experiment was tried in the kingdom of Maniagal, and the horrors it produced made me a convert to the other side. For twenty years I devoted myself to the cause of our rulers; their measures I defended, their wars I justified, their errors I extenuated, their virtues I proclaimed, and their vices I excused, on the plea that whoever supplanted them would be more vicious. The midnight oil and my health wasted together, and several of my lives vanished in this drudgery. The thanklessness of office was my just reward. After six years’ daily attendance, the high behest of a trifling sub-secretary sealed my hopes, and threw me on my own resources, only instructed in this, that there is nothing so unproductive as political labours, on either side, *after they are performed*. Exhausted and chagrined, esteemed and neglected, praised for talents and steeped in poverty, I retired to this village, where the pursuit of literature is the chase which furnishes my humble board; if it is as scanty as that of the wild Indian, it is also as independent; and while I mourn, I laugh at the anxiety and fury with which I once mingled in the madness of party and the fray of faction.’

“ ‘I am,’ exclaimed a little fierce-looking man, whose tremendous mustachios had hitherto concealed from me that

he had two lips remaining, 'a soldier. Ever fearless of danger, I have fought in nineteen general battles, and actions innumerable, with the extinction of three lives added to four which were gone before I entered the army. Mine has been a career of hazard and peril; I never inquired why my sovereign or his ministers ever went to war, but, always praising them when they so determined, rushed into it most resolutely, with all my heart, and all my soul. In the first campaign with the Bonians, I was taken prisoner, and massacred in cold blood; and in the second fell gloriously on the field of Humdrum, bequeathing my exploits to history, which has never mentioned them. In the last short conflict with the pirates of Brenoo, I was unfortunately slain; but our victory imposed terms upon them, which they observed till we were out of sight.

“ ‘Cowards die many times before their death;
The brave man only tastes of death but once,’

as is evidenced in your condition and in mine, who have more lives in store than any one of you, though I have never shrunk and cringed from my duties as a man.’

“There was yet the tale of a merchant, a farmer, a traveller, and a citizen to come; but the offensive language of the soldier, rendered presumptuous by his two lips, and the excitement of the company, who had not failed to drink deeply during this drama of story-telling, begat a quarrel of the most fatal kind.

“The Captain attempted to draw his sword, which so exasperated his opponents, that, in their resentment, they threw him down and literally beat him to death. My concern was succeeded by astonishment, when I saw his eighth lip suddenly close in an agony of pain, and his ninth as suddenly open in perfect serenity. Reduced to a level

with his fellows, his intemperance and their resentment at once subsided ; and I exclaimed with emotion, ‘ Ah, gentlemen, I perceive, after all, such is the wisdom and goodness of Providence, that the poor wretch with only one life is just as happy as the Enneabionian with nine.’

“ The struggle I made to deliver this sentiment with due effect, woke me from my trance, and I was astonished to find myself lying on Barnes Common, with an old woman throwing some ditch-water in the face of

“ F. MUNCHAUSEN PINTO.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LATE JOHN TROTTER, ESQ.

From the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these,
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things, enlarge her view.

ARENSIDE.

ALTHOUGH not yet in emolument to satisfy the expenses, the "Literary Gazette" began to hold an honourable and acknowledged rank in periodical literature, and the novelty and utility of its plan to increase the numbers of its friends. The printing was confided to the celebrated typography of Bensley, whose establishment was, in the course of the year, visited by the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria, and the Russian Grand-Duke Michel, who closely inspected the machinery, and carried away as much information about it as I could communicate. I was pressed on the Austrian occasion, from correcting my press for the morrow's publication, as the only person in the house at the time who could converse with their Imperial Highnesses in French, which language I spoke very indifferently. Add to this that I knew but few of the names of the various parts of the "Patent Completing

Printing Machine," even in English, and it may be conceived how perfect an explanation of them and their performances in action was supplied. They, however, thanked me very graciously, and ordered the "Gazette," which, when done by the Archdukes John and Lewis, was of much service to its future circulation and influence in Germany. On such accidents do many of the important events of literary success, and even of life, often take their hue.

At this epoch the higher compositions of poetry were very popular. It was a direct contrast to the condition of the Muse at the present time. How the public taste has happened to degenerate into apathy, would afford grounds for a curious philosophical inquiry, for there are sweet and graceful poets still amongst us, but something has changed the feeling of the age towards their productions. Have we become more mercenary, and less refined? it should seem so. Poetry has hardly a voice now, and no echo! Dumb and silent selfism listens to no ravishing sounds which enchant the generous heart; or the noise of clamorous self-hunting drowns the intellectual and exalting in the din of the go-a-head and sordid. Be this explained as it may, the launch of the "Literary Gazette" was fanned by the fine poetry of Croly; Barry Cornwall, who made his *débüt* and produced his earliest flights in it; Miss Porden, the first wife of the lost Sir John Franklin; Knowles, brother of the eminent Queen's Counsel, and from his few productions before he was prematurely cut off, quite equal to Kirke White; Read, author of the "Hill of Caves;" Chandos (Lord) Leigh; Fitzadam, whose touching tale is almost confined to these pages, and others, who, if they have not reached the foremost rank, have shone with considerable lustre in the literature of their day. Instead of being a weight to drag down a periodical, and be passed over

unread, the poetry in the "Gazette" was one of its most attractive features, and the young, the imaginative, and the cultivated, rallied round the standard "flowing sheet." The sensation afterwards made by L. E. L. completed the charm.

And there are other matters in this world little dreamt of in our philosophy, which are as imaginative as poetry, and still more extraordinary ; but the story connects itself with my intercourse and friendship with one of the most remarkable men I ever met in my life, and it must be told at some length. I was acquainted with Mr. John Trotter when he thought of establishing the Bazaar in Soho Square. It was an entire novelty in Europe. From his great previous contracts with the Commissary General's department, he had very extensive premises in that locality, and when the connection was dissolved, and, as I understood, in compliance with his advice, the Commissariat (grown to an enormous extent by the war) made a Government department, these immense storehouses, which had been the receptacles of the supplies by private contract, were emptied and left vacant, to be applied to any other useful occupation. The genius of Mr. Trotter suggested the Bazaar, and in humanely turning its foundation and operation into admirably-regulated benevolence, he was seconded by his estimable wife. There never lived on earth a more enthusiastic, and yet systematic being, than John Trotter.

The formation of the Bazaar turned out to be far more lucrative than could have been imagined on the first conception of the idea, when its founders invited my literary assistance to write an explanation of its nature and objects, to enable the public to understand them. This I did, and got it inserted in the "New Monthly Magazine," after which the account was extracted and enlarged into a pamphlet of a few

pages, and sold for a few pence in the Bazaar. A year after, whilst sipping my wine with Mr. Trotter, my surprise may be guessed at having a cheque for a considerable sum put into my hands. I objected to the receipt of any *douceur*, but my worthy host called for his Big Book, and showed me that the amount was *bond fide* the profit on the extraordinary sale of the publication. I was glad enough of the unexpected supply ; for, as I have stated, my income was so limited, that, had it not been for certain independent literary employments, and particularly two or three with the always liberal publisher and ever my warm friend, John Murray, I could not have gone on even so well as I managed to do, and, as the saying is, "keep my head above water." Before offering a few remarks on the Big Book I have mentioned—and a stupendous proof it was of the systematic part of Mr. Trotter's character—I copy a letter from Mrs. Trotter, relating to the Bazaar, which throws a gratifying light upon that establishment, and well sustains what I had written in its commendation :—

"Thursday morning.

"DEAR SIR,

"Not knowing Mrs. Sell's address, I must beg of you to tell her to call at counter No. 8 in the Bazaar next Monday, at half-past ten o'clock, and ask there for Mr. Gingell, to whom I have spoken, and who will take her to Mr. Trotter, without whose sanction no one by *any* interest can be admitted ; otherwise I would say yes to your request ; but unless he decidedly disapproves, I will do all in my power to promote your views for her. At present there is not one counter vacant, but there may be sooner or later ; it is all a lottery. Nor is there an inspectress's situation vacant ; but one of them has been absent a few

days from illness, which, if it continues, may oblige the poor woman to give up her employment. We are but just returned from the Continent, where we were detained by our little John's having met with an accident, which, thanks be to God, he has completely recovered from.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"F. TROTTER."

This note indicates the admirable principles on which the Bazaar was conceived and conducted. There was no promiscuous admissibility. Every person who took a space of counter must be properly vouched for and introduced; when at their post, their behaviour must be decorous, and their dealings fair; punctuality was a *sine quâ non*, and breaches of the regulations, or other offences, were immediately followed by warning, and, if these failed, by expulsion; but, above all, it was the cherished object of the founders to look out for tenants in such circumstances of life as rendered their election a boon and a blessing to them. The widows and orphans of decayed families, who had seen better days in every variety of profession and walk in business, were thus enabled to provide for themselves in a creditable and respectable manner. The case above referred to was an instance, and the comfort it carried into the hearts and homes of deep distress was one example, of the multitude for which their fellow creatures had cause to be for ever most grateful to their benefactors in the Bazaar.

The Big Book, I have no doubt, remains in the possession of my lamented friend's son and successor, Captain John Trotter, of Durham Park, who has in several philanthropic

designs followed the beneficent example of his sire. It was, I think, the largest volume I ever saw, and on opening it, its vast page had much of the look of a gigantic manuscript of a page of Napier's logarithms. Yet this apparently inextricable display of figures was a perfect exemplification of order, with the powers ascribed to the elephant (I dare say it was elephant paper), to bear a castle, or pick up a pin. Almost every line or entry embodied a transaction of great pecuniary importance, or some minute affair of the value of a few pence. It was so arranged and indexed, that its owner could at once turn back to any year of his public concerns, or any date of his private circumstances, and find them clearly stated and minutely detailed. Thus I remember some chests of stores were returned from Egypt, which had lain in that country, lost sight of for years, ever since the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The Government officials in the Ordnance-office neither knew, nor could know, anything about their origin, or what ought to be their destination; and in their dilemma applied to Mr. Trotter. He inquired if there were any marks remaining, and on being told there were some faint traces, and getting a copy of them, he went to his conjuring book, and immediately returned an answer that such and such a chest contained so many dozen pairs of stockings at such a price; that others held so many pairs of shoes at such a cost, and so on through the lot, and that the whole were the property of the Crown!

To me personally the specimen in the small way was yet more interesting. One summer day after dinner, I continued to drink a glass or two of port, instead of paying my respects, as usual in hot weather, to the superb claret which was an honour to a cellar where every vintage was of the best. Mr. Trotter asked why I did so, and I answered that I had got hold of a wine so peculiar, that I could not make

out what it was, though it bore a stronger resemblance to rich fruity port than to anything else to which I could compare it. He tasted it, and inquired of the butler out of what bin he had taken it ; and on being told, the Big Book was sent for, from which it was immediately discovered that the precious tippie belonged to a supply which he and Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, had bought as a curiosity in 1795, on the faith of its character ; being then of *ripe* age, and fermented from the juice that dripped from ripe grapes, and without the admixture of a single drop of brandy. Such was the *Ichor Deorum* respecting which these Sybilline leaves afforded so distinct and satisfactory a record.

The inventive powers of Mr. Trotter's mind were, as I have hinted, perhaps still more extraordinary than his organ of order. There seemed to be nothing around him, to which he paid attention, that he did not improve. His apartments were models of every comfort and luxury, without ostentation. Finery was not to be seen. Doors closed softly of themselves, as if on magic hinges. There were no noises, no bangings, no culinary odours anywhere but in the kitchen ; everything neat, everything good, everything in its proper place, and nothing out of it ; in short, all things disagreeable or inconvenient, which are often met with " in the best regulated families," were so transformed by his inexhaustible ingenuity, that he seemed to have the absolute command of every mechanical art. But these were only every-day trifles, the aggregate of which, however, contributed largely to the general sum of ease and contentment, and the right working that prevailed over every place and undertaking directed by him.

Here he invented a little machine, like a watch, which marked every revolution of the carriage-wheels, and regia-

tered the exact extent of the drive ; * here another, to be carried in the trouser pocket, which informed you how far you had walked. He was full of similar curious and most ingenious productions, many of which, I am afraid, like many admirable ancient inventions, have left no memory for our edification in reconstructing such useful articles. Still more I have reason to regret the passing away, without a record, of a discovery replete with incalculable consequences to mankind, viz., the means of carrying on the grand desideratum of civilised intercourse through the medium of a Universal Language ! That Mr. Trotter had mastered this prodigious system, I have not a doubt. I have witnessed its practical illustration, for though the secret was not communicated to me, I have given out the problem, and seen it completely solved by Mr. Trotter and his eldest daughter, Stuart, whose intelligence and sweetness of nature was beautifully exemplified in performing the task. I have given the passages in languages which Miss Stuart did not understand, and yet, by the application of her father's pasigraphic signs, she has shown a thorough understanding of them in a few minutes.†

* This desirable check on coachee, when he is supposed to be waiting several hours for his master or mistress, would well deserve general adoption, as a considerable preserver of horse-flesh, inasmuch as it is not altogether unknown to London servants to do a little business on their own account in the driving line, when they are sure the governor or m'lady are engaged for some time.

† This amiable girl died in the autumn of 1818 ; and, soon after, I spoke my feelings in addressing the following lines on the affecting event, to her disconsolate parents :—

There are some woes that wring the heart,
While Sorrow's fount is dry,
To which Earth can no balm impart,—
They point us to the sky ;
For there alone the anguish'd mind
Can peace and consolation find.

Vain, then, to hope, with human dross
To bid such griefs be o'er ;

Wilkins's folio essay upon the subject was published so long ago as 1668, and since that period it has often engaged the earnest study of able and philosophical men in all countries. With regard to Mr. Trotter's success, all I can now vouch for is, that the characters were of the utmost simplicity, and bore some resemblance to the notes in music; that they were so limited in number, that two types of a telegraph would express them all; and that they changed their signification by relative position.

The knowledge of this character, that is, the power of reading what is written in it, critically, could, with the greatest ease, be acquired in ten minutes, by persons of common capacity. Thus, A, with ten minutes' instruction, should audibly read—give voice to—these signs, so that B, previously acquainted with the language, should completely understand the import given to each by the first writer, C, with the utmost grammatical minuteness.

Friends can but feel thy fatal loss—

Thy fatal loss deplore;

And He who gives and takes away

Tell thee is now thy only stay.

Yet fain would I some comfort shed

Upon this hour of pain.

Alas, I cannot! She is dead,

And will not come again!

And child so good, and child so fair,

Hath seldom smooth'd a parent's care.

What could a Mother's eye delight—

A Father's fondness cheer—

That she possess'd not?—lovely, bright,

Affectionate, and dear;—

Those charms Youth, Beauty, Virtue gave,

Now moulder with her in the grave.

And therefore 'tis we heavenward turn,

Where joys immortal are;

And, piously confiding, burn

To meet our treasures there:

Who bless'd us in this world shall be

Bless'd with us in Eternity.

From one to three signs, and very rarely a fourth, expressed any idea, in all its various moods and forms ; and the grammar of the characters might be acquired in a very few hours ; so that it was firmly believed, from analogy of the European languages known to the inventor, that every foreigner could, within that brief space of time, place his finger on every part of speech used in his native tongue ; distinguishing the gender, number, and case of the noun, the degrees of comparison of the adnoun, agreeing with its noun ; the same with respect to the adverb, the moods, tenses, number, person, and voice of the verb.

The same symbol or symbols represented the same substance or the same idea in all languages. Every possible inflection of any word followed the knowledge of the root.

Every symbol, with all the niceties of language, could be spoken, written, printed, or expressed by a very simple telegraph.

The roots were few, the number of words, in all their inflections, without limit, and their use attained with the utmost ease, within the short time stated ; of which fact I repeat I have been the witness.

Such was the first outline of this discovery, and Mr. Trotter and I took much pains to invite the attention of learned philologists to the properties stated to belong to it. But we could not arrest the sceptical public mind to the investigation ; and, like many a great discovery, our Pasigraphy fell asleep, whilst something else started up to evoke the ever active faculties of the prolific inventor, who, with the sensitiveness of genius, felt so discouraged that he would not bestow the labour needed to mature this conception.

All we gathered was, that a French "ancient major of infantry" had, about 1796, published in Paris a system of Pasigraphy, which did not appear to be very difficult, and,

when understood, requiring little more study or imagination than short-hand.

But there is a living fact to the practicability of such a system ; since the people of China and Cochin China, though unacquainted with the spoken language of each other, yet write in a character perfectly intelligible to both !

The gate which forms the entrance to Mr. Trotter's seat, Durham Park, I may mention, as an archæologist, is the same which Monk caused to be erected in London for the triumphal return to his capital of King Charles the Second. In its new site it opened the way to a very delightful retreat, where I enjoyed some happy holidays. Here and in Soho Square, the instructive and pleasant society of Mr. Trotter and his household, combining his own striking conversation with accomplished literary tastes, charming music, and all the *agrémens* of refined communion, leave remembrances on my spirits which are at the same time sad and solacing.

In my first volume I dwelt upon the fortunate results of brethren standing by each other in the world's fight, and endeavoured to contrast the benefits derived from their mutual affection, and sustaining each other, with the baneful consequences which must ever flow from family feuds and fraternal strifes. I instanced the Wellesleys, Pollocks, Malcolms, and might have added other honoured and conspicuous examples to the list ; and among these one not less eminent may be found in the brotherhood of the Trotters, Alexander, John, and Coutts. They were the sons of highly respectable and highly-connected parentage in Mid Lothian, and seated on a property near the Scottish metropolis. Like so many of their countrymen, they were sent to London to make their way, Alexander, the eldest, being promoted through the family interest to a clerkship in the Navy Office, Somerset House. It was in this

situation that his talents recommended him to Lord Melville, did important public service, and laid the foundations of his own, and to a certain collateral degree, of his brothers' prosperity. It was, after all, as simple as it was a sagacious work, and yet of how much benefit to the country. Before it was suggested by the young Scotchman, the system of keeping the official accounts was a monstrous absurdity. They were always largely in arrear, and the practice was to keep on bringing them up from the date at which they had arrived, in regular line as it were, whilst at the same time all the later accounts were accumulating in an increasing ratio; for the business had become far too extensive and complicated. Thus, whilst you were clearing off (say) 1777, 1797 was loading your books with twice or thrice as much as was got rid of, and the confusion every year grew worse confounded. The clever brain of Dreghorn (so called, *Scottice*, from his estate) detected this gross inconsistency, and he wrote (as his brother informed me) a memorial to the first Lord of the Admiralty, in which he pointed out the expediency of keeping pace with the current accounts instead of lugging on the past, but leaving the intermediate period to be brought up with all the expedition the strength of the office could afford. Lord Melville perceived the merits of this suggestion at a glance; the system was adopted, and the young clerk was promoted to a position of great emolument, fairly earned by his merits, as well as advanced to the especial favour and patronage of the powerful friend he thus had made. His appearance in connexion with the memorable impeachment of that distinguished individual cannot have been forgotten by my readers: it was a rub in the game of party politics.

But the *début* of the brethren in town, as humorously

described to me by John, must possess more of novelty, and therefore I will venture to repeat the tale as it was told to me. They lodged in the Strand, very near to Coutts's Banking House, of which in process of time Coutts Trotter became a leading partner; I think it was on the second floor, in the shape of bedrooms only, as the young gentlemen of those days did not indulge much in the expense of sitting-rooms. I have mentioned that they were highly connected with some of the nobility of Scotland (a relationship which, as blood is thicker than water, did no harm to Alexander in his rise in the Navy Office); and they were occasionally honoured, particularly on Sundays, with a call from one or other of their dignified kinsfolks. When we heard their knock (said my informant), we used frequently to be caught in a disorderly state, and put into a fearful "bicker." Perhaps we were, or had just done, feeding, and everything was in confusion. But we were active fellows, and before you could cry "Jack Robinson," the firkin or pan of butter, and the barrel or pock of oatmeal, or the kipper salmon, or the jam or jelly, or short-bread, or whatever else it was which the bounty of our friends at home had supplied for our provision, was shoved under the beds with wonderful rapidity; and before our visitors got to the top of the stairs, everything was as snug and tidy as if half-a-dozen housemaids had been employed! From such beginnings it is a proud feeling to witness the diligent and the worthy raise themselves to great wealth and eminent station: the pith and glory of the British empire are knit up with such progress in our social and national scale. It is true that only a limited portion can reach the goal; but thousands and tens of thousands strive for it, and therein, as in the hair of Samson, lies the strength of the land.

That John Trotter did not forget the advantage of being remembered by kind friends in the way of "victual," the following note will witness :—

"Soho Square, 15th March, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,

"I find I have a very gentle cow, small and a good milker, which calved three weeks ago, and is now ready to be removed to Brompton when convenient for you to receive her. At present she lives on hay, of which it seems you have abundance. I shall hope to hear from you on the subject, and am, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN TROTTER."

This was of a piece with many a friendly office, among which I was very thankful for his handsome and well-appointed equipage to carry me to, and bring me from the coronation of George IV., which I was thus enabled to attend in a style which few literary gentlemen could hope to emulate. At least, it was a chance so rare as to be unique in my time, though I hope it may be more within the compass of my younger compatriots now who uphold the "profession," as so pre-eminently eligible for an investment of learning and talent.

"'Twas not so when Tabitha Woodstock was young;"

and it must be gratifying to congratulate the more fortunate generation which has arisen since, on the change of times, of their happy change with it ; long may it continue, though the preceding literary litter might be unable to help enviously wishing that they had been born a little later !

Another, and the most elaborate affair that ever Mr. Trotter and I concocted together, was a scheme for placing the national finances on a better footing ; invigorating every class of society, producing a plentiful and healthful medium currency, and, in short, imparting to the country such a fresh circulation of life-blood, that its prosperity should hardly know a bound, nor its population a want. He was very earnest in this matter, and we really worked at it night and day. He was often at my house before I had risen from bed, and often found me at my late labours at night ; for the demands on my time always forced me to waste a great deal of the midnight oil, when all was still, and interruptions mitigated. The different habits of literary men in this respect are very curious, though generally to be accounted for from extraneous causes. Thus, some diligently employ the morning, and others toil at night ; and some poor souls are at it morning, noon, and night. But I agreed in opinion with Bishop Burgess, of St. David's and Salisbury, that the most studious, and learned, and deeply pondered writings were produced by the sitters-up at night, and not by spinners in the sun. It is almost impossible to steady the mind to such objects amid the tempting freshness of nature on a lovely summer morning ; and as for lighting candles in winter, you might as well do it before you retire to rest as to have your rest broken for a very cold, uncomfortable, and untimely sederunt early next day.

The currency plan was submitted to Sir Coutts Trotter, and a number of distinguished political economists and statesmen, including Mr. Huskisson ; and I will say, that though the theory was objected to by the bullionist school, even its leaders acknowledged its ingenuity ; whilst those of the opposite opinion held it up as a panacea for all our monetary evils and panics. The pamphlet we made on the occasion

was quite in keeping with Mr. Trotter's methodical precision. One side of the page was left blank, and on the opposite side the lines of printed matter were all numbered ; so that the persons who were consulted could readily make a close and direct reference to the precise line, and enter their judgment *pro* or *con* on the adjacent white. I have not seen it now for some years,* and cannot recollect what bearing it would be likely to have on the altered system of the golden age in progress ; but if I find the opportunity, and it seems to have aught deserving of notice I will bring it forward for another place.

* Since writing this, Captain John Trotter has kindly looked up a copy for me, and in due season I shall refer to it.—W. J.

CHAPTER XVII.

—♦—

“LITERARY GAZETTE” CONTRIBUTORS:
POETS AND POETRY.

Friend! desert not thou the Muse!
 Shun not—scorn not—her control!
 Thou the yellow drop may'st lose,
 But thou'lt gain the wealth of soul.
 What is gold unless it bring
 More than gold has ever brought?
 What is gold, if to it cling
 Narrower vision—meaner thought?

BARRY CORNWALL.

IN one of my “Gazettes” in April this year there is a review of “The Arctic Expeditions,” a poem, by Miss Porden, the first wife of Sir John Franklin, and mother of his only daughter, which contains some lines touchingly applicable to the present hour:—

“Give to mankind the inhospitable zone,
 And Britain's trident plant in seas unknown.
 Go, sure wherever science fills the mind,
*Or grief for man long sever'd from his kind,**
 That anxious nations watch the changing gales,
 And prayers and blessings swell your flagging sails.”

* Alluding to the inhabitants of lost Greenland, should any exist; and most singularly applicable now to the gallant officer to whom they were addressed.

The following is almost prophetic of a condition of things we may all so promptly imagine, and deplore—

“ Oh, did its sons, beneath the withering gale,
Behold each year their scantier herbage fail !
The South, still wont with light and joy to bring,
The friendly ships, the short, yet fruitful Spring,
Changed to their keenest blast

“ Oh, has their sight
Been strained o'er glowing realms of dreary white !
While each clear iceberg, floating o'er the main,
Seem'd a white sail, and wakened hope again ;
Till, fancied outcasts, both of heaven and man,
Even to their hearts the piercing coldness ran.
O'er blasted fields they rolled their stiffening eyes,
And sunk, the victims of unpying skies.
“ Or have they lived, to prove the Almighty hand
Showers blessings ev'n on that secluded land,—
That fortitude can warm that frozen air,
And clothe with food that region of despair.”

I was well acquainted with Miss Porden at this time, and when she wrote her epic of *Cœur de Lion*, and also with her father, an able architect ; and just before Sir John Franklin departed it gave me a pleasing reminiscence to meet Miss Franklin (who has since changed her name), with her enthusiastic stepmother, Lady Franklin, at the house of the most eminent of all the arctic and antarctic explorers, Sir James Clarke Ross. The painful interest now attached to these regions surpasses aught from the time of their first accidental discovery in 1380, by the Venetian brothers Lani, through all the voyages of the Cabots, Willoughby, Burroughs, Frobisher, Pett (who was never more heard of) and Jackman, Davis, Barent, Hudson, Button, Baffin, and others, to the brave and dauntless efforts of our own countrymen in our own day. Alas, for the mystery and gloom that impends over the fate of the gallant Franklin and Crozier and their intrepid companions ; rendered almost

romantically dreadful by the vague stories of phantom ships seen traversing the ocean, bound to eternal ice !

At this period died John Gifford, author of the "Life of Pitt," and a number of popular political pamphlets, and other productions, besides being founder and editor of the "Anti-Jacobin Review," and a police magistrate. From the similarity of name he was sometimes confounded with William Gifford, the translator of "Juvenal," author and editor of many works of the highest reputation, besides being the redoubtable editor of the "Quarterly Review," who used to be much displeased with any mistake of their identities. Truly, there was no comparison, and well was it written of William, that

"He peopled with the blockhead throng
That stern creation of satyric song,"

which put to flight

"That long-eared rout, the Della Cruscan host ;"

and still more deserved to hear that

"Persius is his, and Juvenal arrays
His honoured temples in a living blaze ;
His the firm song where genius feels her scope,
And England glories in a second Pope.*

I frequently met John Gifford ; a generally well-informed gentleman, who had seen much of the world, and could tell much about it ; with William I became intimate, and continued a friendship (which will furnish me hereafter with some literary matter) to the close of his life.

On setting out with the Gazette I naturally consulted several friends, and from one of them (who has since then

* See Appendix.

led a distinguished literary and public life), I received and acted upon the following hints.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You are welcome to any assistance I can give to its success as a volunteer. If it should gradually look more promising, then is time enough for any arrangement which you may consider as the most suitable to the part which I may take. I may not be fully acquainted with the general line you have adopted, but it appears to me that detached essays of whatever excellence are not the most judicious features of such a work. For facility and for interest everything should have a reference to, and take as its groundwork some matter which has already engaged the public mind. This of course affords a large liberty of choice, but independently of passing topics, critical surveys of the works of persons who feel their credit more than commonly engaged in their works appear to me likely to excite the strongest curiosity. I do not know for instance whether you have seen Lord Thurlow's poems ; a slight permeation of these would certainly awaken his lordship, and every man who thinks him worth looking or laughing at, to the book in which they were criticised. I would undertake those affairs, when you found it convenient to point them out to me. The spirit of such a criticism of course might be anything but solemnly literary ; a light examination of the subject, a light occasional wandering from it into one's own speculations, and a light ridicule, should be all that was to be admitted. I leave the filling up of the idea with you.

“ I go to the fête to-morrow, and shall have much pleasure in going with you, if you can contrive to be ready in time ; we should not leave town later than three o'clock, at the latest.

“ Believe me, &c.

I have already mentioned Mr. Canning's advice to shun polemical and political discussion ; and thus, acting on the suggestions of the wise and good, and following the bias of my own inclination and tastes, the "Gazette" increased, though not rapidly, in circulation, and the superior classes of the educated and intelligent who were addicted to literature, began to take a more marked interest in its progress. Correspondence and contributions multiplied, and able men in various walks of arts and sciences lent their aid, to facilitate my operations. Thus I find Professor Brande, in Chemistry ; Mr. (Sir David) Brewster, a very old friend, in Kaleidoscope invention, and other philosophical inquiries of a higher order ; Robert G. Clarke, in historical researches ; Mr. Carey in the Fine Arts ; Mr. Dagley in the same, and in all kinds of disquisition, grave and humorous, in prose and verse ; Professor Faraday, Professor Millington, Sir Charles Morgan, Mr. Mudford, Mr. Cyrus Redding, Mr. Gaspey, Mr. Walter Henry Watts, Mr. Duppa, Mr. S. W. Singer, Mr. Laird, Mr. Andrew Robertson, the miniature painter, Lord Buchan, and through him M. Millin at Paris, Mr. Upcott, afterwards so celebrated as an autograph collector, Mr. Ilbery, who had been his fellow-librarian under Porson at the London Library in the Old Jewry, and a very intelligent man, and others, whom to name and describe would occupy more space than I need allot to the list ; all helping me on my untrodden way. Suffice it to notice, that some of them have risen to such eminence as to require no panegyric beyond their announcement, while nearly all the rest were active and useful workers in their time, and will be found honourably recorded in the repertories of literature, sciences, and arts. Saturn, it is mythologically and allegorically stated, ate up his children ; and in the true history of more recent and

civilised, not pagan, man, it is seen that generation eats up generation in succession, and the busy crowd of human bees throw off their swarms and perish; the aforesaid swarms having to do for themselves, and regarding little of the past. Thus it happens that many of the individuals of whom I have spoken and shall speak in these pages, who filled prominent parts on the grand life-theatre of their day, may be unknown, even in the brief lapse of thirty or forty years, to their successors, who are now playing similar parts; yet did they exercise a considerable influence on the spirit of the times, and on the progress of society throughout the world. The greater and smaller wheels are all necessary to the wonderful machine; though the latter, in the swift and engrossing course of events, are too apt to be too soon forgotten—some, perhaps, to be revived again, with thankful remembrance for what they have performed.

But, as I have observed, the period of which I am treating was a poetical era. Campbell, Scott, Southey, Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Sotheby, Bowles, Crabbe, Hogg, Montgomery, Wilson, Lockhart, Croly, and other lesser lights, were in their prime, flourishing and productive, and a younger race was entering on their career of fame. Already rich in poetic association, it was to the latter that I turned with genial affection and regard; and even from this early date it is the proud boast of the "Literary Gazette," that it cherished and brought forward much of that genius which has given, and will long continue to give, infinite delight to millions. In 1818, that periodical was enriched by a number of fine compositions by the author of the admired poem of "Paris in 1815;"* by the earliest X

* Published in the Collection of Croly's Poetical Works. 2 vols. Colburn & Bentley. 1830.

effusions of Barry Cornwall (Procter); * by productions of Read, author of the "Hill of Caves," a poet of power, who ought to have written more to charm the public; by playful tales and apologues from R. Dagley, and by occasional pieces from Polwhele, Crabbe, Miss Mitford, Neele, Beresford, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Chandos (Lord) Leigh, Fitzadam, the seaman of melancholy memory, Knowles, who died too young, and anonymous hands from all parts of the kingdom, of which the merits were such as to entitle them to juxtaposition with such flowers and fruits of song as made the regular exhibition of my weekly garden.

Two other circumstances occurred within the year, to raise the character of the journal in public estimation and repute. The first was an original translation of the Remarks of the Austrian Arch-Dukes' (John and Lewis) tour in England, by Mr. Lloyd, of the Foreign Post-Office, my indefatigable coadjutor for many a year, through his laborious diligence, and that of Miss Ross (daughter of William Ross,† an old

* Some of which only that have appeared in many Gazettes are preserved in the "English Songs, and other small Poems." Edition published last year by Chapman & Hall.

† Ross and I were always good friends; for I never found politics or differences of opinion provoke enmities in my breast; and yet, at the time alluded to, he was a red-hot republican, though, like most others, he, too, cooled down in later years. One evening, in the gallery of the House of Commons, he was pointing out, to a curious stranger, the distinguished members sitting below; and, among the rest, Mr. (Sir Benjamin) Hobhouse. "That," said he, "is the man of the people, who will stick to us to the last. If all the rest are faithless, he will be faithful found." On the following week he accepted a Government office!! Under all circumstances, however, he was the stanchest and most efficient friend to the Literary Fund, for the prosperity of which I acted in unison with him for a number of years, as may be related more at length hereafter; but, even in 1818, was beneficially exerted. The Duke of Somerset had rank, but was a rather indolent and "slow" President; and the interests of the Fund languished in consequence. I wrote and wrought earnestly to arouse the prevailing lethargy; and Sir B. Hobhouse was a firm and powerful ally. 1157*l.* odd were consequently procured within the year, and above 820*l.* devoted to the relief of unfortunate authors; and

reporter on the "Times," who was nearly compromised as a secretary to the famed Corresponding Society, at the time of the French Revolution), whose talents were of a sound order, especially for a youthful female, and who still, I believe, performs able though unostensible duties in the republic of letters.

The other circumstance which helped to advance the "Gazette," was the commencement of that series of smart and graphic sketches of society, entitled "The Hermit in London," the hint for which was taken from my "Paris Spectator." They were begun in No. 77, July 11th, and with a bit of flourish of trumpets, of which I was the blower, though it was in fact, my copartner, Mr. Colburn, who put the instrument to my mouth. I, however, declared on his "authority," (page 444) for I have always been a little doubtful on the subject of publishers' announcements, that the papers were received from and "written by a person of distinguished rank and title." What was much more to my satisfaction, I perceived that they were the production of an acute and observant author, who had mixed much with "the world" and its upper strata, and could draw very clever and original pictures from real life, and lively

Fitzgerald's annual recitation (so often made the subject of too undistinguishing ridicule), dwelt upon the wrongs and sufferings of the literary classes :—

"But of all wants with which mankind is curst,
The accomplished Scholar's are, by far, the worst;
For generous pride compels him to control
And hide the worm that gnaws his very soul.
Though Fortune in her gifts to him is blind,
Nature bestows nobility of mind,
That makes him rather endless ills endure,
Than seek from meanness a degraded cure!
Yet from his unrequited labours flow
Half we enjoy, and almost all we know."

There was, and is, and ever will be, reason in these rhymes, drawn from a kind-hearted witness of much of the misery he sung and deplored.

representations of the manners of various circles, without trenching upon private matters or personalities. That, like the performances of the "Persons of Quality" of older times, they required some corrections, licking into shape, and pointing, was no obstacle. The material was to the purpose, and it required little trouble to brush it up for display and sale. The author was a Captain Macdonough, and his Hermit became at once so popular as to produce a very gratifying addition to the Gazette, and one no less agreeable to that repose from actual service which is uncomfortably designated "half-pay." Above twenty of the essays appeared before the close of the year.

The opening of our columns to poetical contributions, though hardly credible to the unpoetical spirit, or rather want of spirit, now pervading the land, had a considerable influence on the progress of the Gazette ; and some specimens of dramatic criticism and discussions on the works of great dramatic writers had also a favourable effect. But as I have said, the advance, though encouraging, was neither rapid nor remunerative ; yet it was so tempting as to provoke imitation of a piratical description, and fraudulent external appearance, in London ; and in Paris it was translated nearly verbatim and published under another name. But the rose in neither case happened to smell as sweet ; and our rivals and copyists soon withered on their stalks, as did others who in after times essayed the same walk in literature, and some of them with very commendable talent.

It was no wonder that, living in such an atmosphere of verse as I have described, I should myself be more than ever bitten with the *cacoethes scribendi* ; and as an editor has nobody to control, reject, or amend his lucubrations, I presume that I took advantage of my privileges to insert the subjoined two pieces in one number ; calculated, as I

daresay I thought at the time, to display my sportive and my melancholic capabilities. *Ex. gr.* :—

TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

Thrice red that blossom is, alas!
 And thrice red has it been :
 Red in the grape—red in the glass—
 Red on thy nose, 'tis seen.
 Ah, Tom ! at that red, red, red blot
 Thy well-wishers bewail ;
 They say the *redness* of that spot
 'Tis makes thy poor wife *pale*.

The jocular may pass, but I know not what the critical verdict may be on the serious :—

NIGHT DREAMS—LIFE DREAMS !

“ Life is a dream,” and “ rounded by a sleep ”—
 A heavy sleep—and Oh ! a sorrowing dream,
 And wild, and fevered ! Be its closing deep—
 Oblivious as Lethe's fabled stream,
 Untroubled by one soul-reviving beam,
 Lest I should wake again to some new race
 Vexed as the past,—of which I well might deem
 'Twas as Night's broken minutes, through whose space
 Things hideous, fearful, agonising, all held place.

Yet, innocent and beautiful, the forms
 In opening vision o'er my senses play ;
 Serene the heavens, as if there ne'er were storms,
 And bright, as if eternal were the day.
 With my companions how I bound away—
 Rude-laughing at each freak, careless and free !
 Ah, merry little fools, in frolic gay,
 How we disport, brimful of Nature's glee !
 I wake. 'Tis past—'tis gone—the *dream of Infancy* !

Arcadian bowers ! Were ever bowers so fair
 As these I thread ? Was ever painted mead
 Like these I move upon,—whose flowerets rare
 All that the earth e'er perfected exceed ?
 Such gorgeous colours, and such shapes, indeed,

As win the eye to gaze, as if delight
 Would ceaseless on the dazzling wonder feed—
 Increasing! while, to spoil this scene so bright
 Is near nor sting, nor thorn, nor snake, nor envious blight.

And on my arm She leans, who, fairer still,
 Makes all this paradise,—my promised bride—
 Soul-joined, of love and joy we prate our fill,
 As wandering all adown that river's side;
 Years coming like its pure waves' placid glide.
 Ah, faithless bank! why tempted I thy brink?
 Precipitate, and plunging in the tide,
Love's dream is o'er! I struggle, gasp, and sink;
 And she her troth and faith doth with another link!

A shadowy Spectre, of tremendous power,
 Approaches dimly. Stretching forth an arm
 Impalpable, its finger points an hour.
 It drags me on, resistless. Magic's charm
 Hath not, nor ever had, such gift of harm.
 That *hour* is Death, and all between is pain,
 Racking the joints, freezing the life-blood warm.
 Thou art *Disease*—thou spectre of the brain—
 Night's grimly visitant—in life man's direst bane.

Horror! 'tis on my limbs, my breast, my soul,
 The fell Hag rides; nor motion, breath, nor life
 Are mine;—so dead and heavy her control,
 I cannot even groan for help. Her knife
 Is in my heart. Pangs through each nerve are rife.
 Exulting see the demon bloat and swell
 O'er the poor victim's faint and dying strife!
 Her name the Night-mare, as weak dreamers tell!
 But *Poverty* it is, which makes this world a hell.

Were not the power to shriek for help denied,
 How friends would rush to chase the fiend afar!
 With such I converse hold, though yet untried,
 Whose sympathies congenial know no jar,
 But, born beneath an influencing star,
 Admiring, loving, hating each the same;
 Fix'd in esteem, no accident can mar;
 Ready to aid, as either aid may claim.
 All human parallels, and differing but in frame.

From books, from social bliss, to Nature's store
 We range together. Now, the bright-orb'd sky
 We scan with wonder, and its Lord adore;
 Now, Earth we meditate; now, Ocean eye,
 In all its grandeur, from this rock on high,

Whence to the shore dare scarcely Fancy creep.
 Yet, down the impaling precipices I
 Am hurl'd ! "*Friends*, help !" *They* dash'd me o'er the steep,
 And mock these dreams—thank Heaven, "all rounded by a sleep !"

The readers of my memoirs will, I hope, be so good as pardon the quotation of my own productions ; the vanity of which I candidly own. But besides the personal desire to show that I have written some tolerable things in my time, which are scattered unacknowledged and unknown in many publications, and am not quite undeserving of a niche among the *minores gentes* on the outskirts of Parnassus, I wish it to be understood that I have had some pretensions to deliver my opinion upon the productions of others—seeing that I have myself attempted as much as to enable me to understand their difficulties and their triumphs.

My lines, I have no doubt, were inspired by some disappointment of friendly succour, at this time when my resources were unsettled and insufficient ; and I felt as the poet from whom I have headed the chapter expresses it :—

Had he no friend ? Oh ! yes :
 Pity which hates all noise, and Sorrow, like
 The enamouring marble that wraps virgin mould,
 And palest Silence, who will weep alone,
 And all sad friends of Death, were friends to him !

The world is full of such false sentiment and friends bearing the name without the moving principle. Bah ! Show me friends like the old Scotch lady, who, in the unhappy civil war, hearing some one pray "God defend the right," fervently exclaimed in the true spirit of friendship, "God defend the right ? God defend Hamilton's regiment, whether right or wrong !"

CHAPTER XVIII.

POETS; POETRY—AUTHORS; ARTISTS—A PATRON.

Come on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares ;
For read it backwards, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all ;
So, in this way of writing without thinking,
I have a strange alacrity in sinking.

EARL OF DORSET.

AMONG my endeavours to promote useful undertakings, I wrote much in favour of an Equitable Trade Society for the adjustment of disputed accounts, the prevention of law suits, and the benefit of the commercial and trading interests, which unfortunately never could be carried into execution, to substitute cheap and honest arbitration for costly and lottery-like decisions. The public has not yet become wise enough to mature such a plan, and the county and other courts continue to do the old work, though so far happily, in a partially reformed manner. I also strove for the establishment of free drawing schools, and schools for the cultivation of design, throughout the kingdom : I was then before the age, but am rejoiced to have seen the recommendation acted upon within the last few years, and I trust it will spread to the magnitude and encouragement of the fine arts which I

originally contemplated. I also, I believe, uttered the first continuous outcry against cruelty to animals, which has also, since then, acquired a definite form, and reflected credit upon humanity.

These were labours of love, and pursued with a lover's fervour ; and I was not less gratified by making my way gradually in the opening of scientific and learned institutions for the general benefit, by procuring admission to their sittings and leave to make known their proceedings, hitherto the sealed mysteries of a few individuals, till perhaps a tardy volume, appearing after the lapse of years, told us of something that had grown stale by keeping. The contrast now, in consequence, is astonishing : assuredly I contributed mainly to remove the bushel from over the candle, so that its light might be diffused over the land : and see

“How far this little candle throws *that* light ;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

Nor was my pen idle in the way of fanciful pleasantries, of which, as not yet obsolete or too stupid for a good-humoured perusal, I take leave to insert here a specimen :—

“1820.

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

“Orkney, June 4th, 1817.

“SIR,

“The being one of those gifted individuals who possess the second sight, or faculty of peeping into futurity, would, I am sure, constitute a sufficient introduction to your columns ; but the marvellous manner in which I have recently had my prognosis confirmed, furnishes a still more irresistible claim to your attention.

“Walking on the 30th of February, sir, upon the sea-side, I beheld at about the distance of three furlongs, upon a small tabular-shaped rock which just emerged from the bosom of the heaving wave, one of those extraordinary creatures, the existence of which has been almost as much doubted by sceptics as the existence of the second sight itself, I mean a *Mermaid*, if I may so call that which appeared to be a *Mother*,* for she was suckling a little innocent with a tail like a gold fish, and not longer than eighteen or twenty inches. Both mother and child were surpassingly beautiful. The former had a fine oval countenance, and not the less lovely from being inclined to green, like some of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s pictures, in which the colours are most evanescent. Her hair was purplish, as you may have seen the carrot-locks of mortals who had in vain attempted to die them black, and so long that it floated on the water like a sea-weed. The bust was the finest I ever gazed upon; and though I cannot so much approve of her extremities, it is but justice to acknowledge that the whole of the fish department was radiant as a dolphin playing in the sunbeams, elastic as the flying-fish, and shapely as the salmon. Earnestly engaged in her maternal office, the oceanic lady did not heed my approach, and when she began to sing her offspring to sleep—ye gods! it was the music of the spheres or fabled cadences of the expiring swan. Never was mortal man so raptured as I was. I stood transfixed in a trance of delirium, chained, like another Prometheus, to the rock nearest that of the enchanting Mermaid. In this posture it seems I first caught her eye, and whether it was that, being susceptible of flattery as earthly females are said to be, or influenced by any other consideration I know

* “In terrene affairs this species of misnomer is not uncommon.”

not, but to some cause or other must I attribute the wonderful condescension with which she rewarded the expression of intense admiration so visible in my features.

“It were needless, sir, to occupy you with the entire conversation that ensued. Suffice it to say, that a perfectly good understanding arose between the prophetess of the sea and the seer of the earth. The Mer-child was gracefully laid to slumber upon the fin of its accomplished parent while she unfolded to me the drama of the future.

“It may be proper to explain to you that my *sight* is limited to somewhere about seven hundred and thirty days, beyond which my perceptions of futurity are dim and uncertain. But my fair companion darted her easy glance into years, it may be into ages, far removed. Curiosity is most excited by proximate objects. I cared little for 1920, but 1820 arrived just at the end of my own vista, and I regarded with peculiar attention the exposition of that year as successive seasons were unfolded to me in the glass of my wonderful acquaintance. This glass, by the way—and I am happy to set at rest so important a point in natural history—is a perfect sphere, and not an oval plano, as hitherto represented by the pretenders to Mermaidal intercourse. Upon its transparent face the lines of January, 1821, were just opening upon my eye, when the report of a duck-gun startled my ear. In an instant my instructress vanished beneath the billow, and what became of her glass I know not, though from the unwelcome entrance of about an ounce of shot (No. 1, Mr. Editor!) into my body, I am inclined to suspect that she also got a few drops too much, and that her glass was shattered. For some moments I was not aware of being wounded; but when the sportsmen started from behind a precipice where they had couched for the benefit of a surer aim, I perceived the whole nature and

extent of my misfortune. Painful as was my situation in every respect, the denouement had something ludicrous in it. I was peppered, and that soundly too, and the shooters, my personal friends, with all their assumed concern, could not help laughing heartily at the mode in which they had interrupted my tête-à-tête with the Mermaid.

"But no more of this. I hasten to lay before you as much of the history of the year *Eighteen Hundred and Twenty* as I can recollect; many important matters having I fear, slipped my memory during the three months I have been smarting under the hands of the surgeon, and those benevolent friends who have from time to time had the kindness to devote an hour to the amusement of picking the shots out of the carcase of your unfortunate humble servant,

"DONALD MACDARTGLANCESON."

"1820!

* "The King's palace looked quite bare and unfurnished; there had been a clamour against the expense of chairs and tables for it, and the Sovereign had reduced his establishment to Spartan plainness. I naturally took a peep to observe how wretched the prisons must now be; but judge my surprise on finding every gaol glittering with mirrors, rich with Turkey carpets and sofas, and some of them even adorned with noble corridors and the most transcendent paintings, with lawns for exercise, theatres for concerts and private performances, and all that taste could devise for the gratification of luxury. On inquiry, I found

* "Our correspondent's letter here assumes the form of loose notes, apparently the result of his examination of the glass, and the explanations of its proprietor."

that this change had taken place in consequence of the exertions of a great statesman of the name of *Benedict*, and that the most magnificent of the buildings I saw were for *State Prisoners*, so called from the state in which they were maintained.

“I turned to examine the church. Astonishing! Each venerable pile was surrounded by a number of appendage buildings, like a hen and chicken daisy; these were chapels of ease which had been added at the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1817. St. Paul’s cut a most extraordinary figure with its adjuncts, which reached all over what was once Paternoster Row, and Satan was now defied where Printers’ Devils had reigned so long. The interior of the National Church was however even more transformed than the exterior. The light of reason had at last succeeded in attaining perfect toleration. The Archbishop of Canterbury was a very zealous Roman Catholic; the Chancellor of the Exchequer a worthy Jew, with a fine beard, and a great financier; the first Lord of the Admiralty an Anabaptist, who baptised the crew of his fleets over the ship’s sides; the first Lord of the Bedchamber a strict Methodist; the Lord Chancellor a Southcotian, with the guardianship of many Shilohs; and the Commander-in-Chief a Quaker!

“A grand reform had taken place in Parliament. There was a general election every month. Men had two votes, children one, and women three. Nine-tenths of the members were consequently females, a few males standing for the boroughs. The Speaker this month (April) was Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, whose intrigues had elevated her to that high situation.

“There was a levee. I took a peep. The chief presentations consisted of missionaries returned from prose-

lytising Asia, Africa, and America. Their suites were the most splendid that can be imagined, and composed of black, copper, tawny, grey, yellow, red, blue, pink, green, and carnation-coloured natives of every clime in the universe. Their wives were superbly dressed, and their concubines and seraglios still more magnificently adorned. Some of them were blazing in diamonds.

“ At the Cabinet Council after the ceremony, dispatches from Tombuctoo were laid before his Majesty. A storm had wrecked several vessels in the Niger between Wangara and Bergou, and a gang of carpenters were ordered to be dispatched to assist the King of Tuarick in repairing them. There was also indifferent intelligence from Nubia and Darfur. The canal for carrying the Nile out of its course so as to avoid the cataracts, had however been completed under the inspection of that able engineer, Mr. ———.

“ The provincial halls for the meetings of political delegates were just roofed in ; a letter from America offered to bet 100 dollars that the writer would return to England by next *fall*.

“ The exhibition of the Royal Academy was open, and consisted entirely of portraits, an essay from the pen of the learned Sir Sycophant Flatter, Knt., having proved to the conviction of the nation that portraiture was the truest, highest, nicest, and most interesting branch of the art. The sculpture-room was full of busts—that of architecture, with plans of prisons and elevations of monuments to living merit.

“ Drury-Lane Theatre, after being shut two seasons, was opened for three sermons to be preached by Mr. Chalmers. Boxes, pit, and galleries, a bumper. At Covent Garden there was a piece performed by dogs and monkeys ; it was bespoke by Prince George Augustus Coburg, now nearly three years old, who was rapturously

greeted by the audience, and seemed much pleased with the entertainments. The actors certainly exerted themselves to the utmost, especially that old public favourite, Mr. Jacko. An apology was made for Tobina, the successor of the learned pig, who was to have danced a waltz to a wind instrument, but was prevented by a cholicky complaint. The last bulletin was, however, favourable.

“An advertisement announces that Professor Davy has nearly perfected his recent invention of the ‘Salamander Great Coat, which enables the wearer to walk at his ease through the flames of burning houses.’ The happiest results are expected from this discovery. The same paper notices that the steam apparatus for working questions in fluxions and algebra, has already sold nineteen thousand ; the steam wings are ready for the new expedition, and General —— has almost recovered from the bursting of his boiler.

“Bridges with the arches inverted are not so universal as they would be, as tunnels seem to meet with greater encouragement. That from Dover to Calais is not expected to be complete for some time.

“The greatest improvement in politics seems to be the system of legislating entirely through the medium of newspapers. Oratory has certainly declined in consequence of this alteration ; but then printing has greatly improved, and the steam compositors and editors may be reckoned the perfection of human ingenuity.

“Dancing on all fours is now the only fashionable style. The missionaries’ ladies who introduced it still surpass native artists ; but some of our belles go near to rival them, not only in the camel, buffalo, and beaver steps, but even in the tiger spring, squirrel frisk, and ape gambol. What will not British talent accomplish !

“Examinations for public employments of every kind, as

well as medical degrees, legal appointments, &c., being now determined by craniology, the Barbers' Company have resumed their ancient pre-eminence, and shaving in all its branches flourishes more than ever.

"In consequence of the universal use of iron paving, the city of Edinburgh has been ruined ; and the port of Leith, which was wont to carry on so brisk a trade in the staple commodity furnished by Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat paving stones, is now a desert.

"The Grand Seignior, the Emperor of Pernambuco, and

* * * *

oh ! * *

"ANNUS MIRABILIS."

May I add, from many more in my earliest numbers of the "Literary Gazette," these brief morceaux :—

ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥ ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ,

Εἰς τὰ ἐν τῇ Μουσείῳ Βρετανικῇ συντηρούμενα ἀγάλματα,
'Επίγραμμα.

'Ελλὰς ἐμὴ, πολεμοῖσι καταφθιμένη πολίπορθοις,
Χαῖρε, καὶ ἐν φέρετρῳ τοῖσι τέκεσσι φίλῃ.
Σῶμα τὸν θνητὸν πόλεμοι ἐδύναντ' ἀπόλεσσαι·
'Αθανάτων ψυχὴν οὐκ ὀλέσαι δυνατόν.
Ζήσεται ἀθανάτοισιν αἰεὶ ἐπέεσσιν "Ὀμηρὸς"
Φεΐδιου ἐμψυχοῖς πνεῦμ' ἔτ' ἔνεστι λίθοις.
'Εν Λονδίῳ τῇ κέ 'Ιουλίου.

PARAPHRASE.

EPIGRAM ON THE STATUES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BY DEMETRIUS
CONSTANTINUS.

Hail, Greece ! my loved, my native land,
The ruthless desolate thy strand :
In death, dear to thy filial band !
Thy mortal part the foe might spoil :
The immortal mocked his barbarous toil !
And till of human kind is none,
In deathless verse shall Homer live ;
And Phidias' spirit shall survive
In every breathing stone.—W. J.

IMPROMPTU.

ON READING THAT THE PACHA OF EGYPT HAD SENT SEVERAL SACKS
OF EARS TO CONSTANTINOPLE, AS A PROOF OF HIS
VICTORY OVER THE WECHABITES.

O'er Wechabites the Pacha's fame
A wondrous trophy rears :—
Tongues other conquerors proclaim ;
His deeds are told by *Ears* !

A paradox is his campaign :
No town does he attack,
Yet his foes' *capitals* are ta'en,
And all given up to *sack* !—TEUTHA.

The Moslem Bridal Song, Czerni George, Rosolia, the Death Song, on a Portrait of the Queen of Prussia, on Stewardson's beautiful Painting of an Indian Girl charming a Serpent, on Nelson's pillar at Yarmouth, on Portraits by J. P. Davis and Macquerier, and other poems, by Dr. Croly, first appeared in the Gazette within the few months over which I have run, besides others hitherto unpublished, from which it is my purpose to select a few examples. At the same time Barry Cornwall first impeded his wing in my grateful pages, and long continued a most welcome guest. In publishing their collected works, neither of my old friends have stated these circumstances, which I thought, though I care about it no longer, rather unkind to the cradle in which they were nursed. It is therefore the more my duty, as the rocker thereof, to restore some of their early utterances in the bygone and almost forgotten times.

The following are by Croly in 1817 :—



THE DEAD SEA.

The wind blows chill across those gloomy waves—
Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves ;—
Stranger ! here lie the CITIES OF THE PLAIN !

Yes ; on that waste, by wild waves covered now,
 Rose palace proud, and sparkling pinnacle :
 On pomp and festival beam'd morning's glow ;
 On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely, and splendid all ;—but Sodom's soul
 Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury ;
 Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
 And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting spoke
 Her sportive blasphemies against the THRONE :—
 It came !—the thunder on her slumber broke,
 God spake the word of wrath—her dream was done !

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
 Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
 Pleased with man, but she was quite embroiled ;
 Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven !

'Twas done !—down poured at once the sulphurous shower ;
 Down stooped in flame the heaven's red canopy ;
 Oh, for the arm of God in that fierce hour !
 'Twas vain ; nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl ! the men of sin !
 Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze :
 The earthquake heaved ! then sank the hideous din—
 Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

PARIS ! thy soul is deeper dyed with blood,
 And long and blasphemous has been thy day ;
 And, PARIS, it were well for thee, that flood
 Or fire could cleanse thy damning stains away.

THE STORM.

The sun went down in beauty—Not a cloud
 Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
 A few fantastic vapours scatter'd o'er
 The face of the blue heavens ;—some fair and slight
 As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's bosom ;
 Some shone like silver—some did stream afar
 (Faint and dispersed) like the pale horse's mane
 Which Death shall stride hereafter, some were glittering
 Like dolphin's scales,—touched out with wavering hues
 Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
 And some the violet, yellow, and white, and blue,
 Scarlet, and purpling red.

One small, lone ship
 Was seen, with outstretch'd sails, keeping its way
 In quiet o'er the deep,—all nature seem'd
 Fond of tranquillity,—the glassy sea
 Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave,
 The winds were all at rest,—and in the east
 The crescent moon (then seen imperfectly)
 Came onwards with the Vesper star, to see
 A summer day's decline,

* * * *

The sun went down in beauty,—but the eye
 Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
 A small, black, ominous spot, far in the distance :—
 It spread and spread—larger and dark—and came
 O'ershadowing the skies—the ocean rose—
 The gathering waves grew large—and broke in hoarse
 And hollow sounds—the mighty winds awoke,
 And scream'd and whistled thro' the cordage ;—birds
 That seem'd to have no home, flock'd there in terror,
 And sat with quivering plumage on the mast—
 Flashes were seen,—and distant sounds were heard,
 Presages of a storm.

* * * *

The sun went down in beauty,—but the skies
 Were wildly changed.—It was a dreadful night—
 No moon was seen in all the heavens, to aid
 Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner—
 Planet nor guiding star broke through the darkness ;—
 But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
 As if the FRIEND had fired his torch to light
 Some wretches to their graves,—the tempest-winds
 Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds,
 (Like those the spirits of the dead do use
 When they would speak their evil prophecies),
 Mutter'd of death to come,—then came the thunder
 Deepening and crashing, as 'twould rend the world ;
 Or as the Deity pass'd aloft in anger,
 And spoke to man—Despair.

The ship was toss'd
 And now stood pois'd upon the curling billows,
 And now 'midst deep and wat'ry chasms (that yawn'd,
 As 'twere in hunger) sank ;—behind there came
 Mountains of moving water,—with a rush
 And sound of gathering power, that did appal
 The heart to look on,—terrible cries were heard,
 Sounds of despair some,—some like a mother's anguish,—

Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy—
 Music, and horrid mirth (but unallied
 To joy)—madness might be heard amidst
 The pauses of the storm ;—and when the glare
 Was strong, rude, savage men were seen to dance
 In frantic exultation on the deck—
 Though all was hopeless.—Hark—the ship has struck,
 And the forked lightning seeks the arsenal—
 'Tis fired !—and mirth and madness are no more.
 'Midst column'd smoke, deep-red the fragments fly,
 In fierce confusion—splinters, and scorched limbs,
 And burning masts, and showers of gold, (torn from
 The heart that hugg'd it ev'n till death.)—Thus doth
 Sicilian Etna in her angry mood,
 Or Hecla 'midst her wilderness of snows,
 Shoot up their burning entrails, with a sound
 Louder than that the Titans utter'd from
 Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchain'd
 Them daring and rebellious.—The black skies,
 Shock'd at excess of light, return'd the sound
 In frightful echoes—as if an alarm
 Had spread through all the elements,—then came
 A horrid silence—deep—unnatural,—like
 The quiet of the grave.

Barry Cornwall, I believe, made his *début* in print, or very nearly so, at the same time in the "Literary Gazette;" and his genius was so vivid, that I think I can put my finger on some twenty of his pleasing contributions in the year 1818. The first I observe are lines on "Uriel," a beautiful picture painted by Allston, and the next, "The Comet," both, as far as I know, otherwise unpublished. "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis" was a yet more expansive flight, and more clearly evinced the characteristic classical traits of the writer, so finely developed in many a succeeding composition. "Magic," a dialogue between Angelina and Prospero, indicated in an equally decisive manner the writer's dramatic turn ; and a *jeu d'esprit* on the celebrated dancer Fanny Bias, displayed versatility and playfulness, whilst a few lines of satire on a coarse Political exhibited great force of powerful language. I was much delighted

with my new correspondent, and predicted the rise of a poetic star. Altogether different are ——— lines to ———; in imitation of an old poet, which, with the little parentheses, might be sworn to as written by Barry Cornwall:—

Sweet lady! by that deep blue eye,
Behind whose fringed canopy
Love himself doth lie—
And from that throne of living light
Flings his dangerous arrows bright—
By that red and swelling lip
(With what a tremulous charm it glows!)
Whose spiced dew I long to sip,
Fresh and sweet as the bursting rose,
Or the half hidden violet,
When the morning sun revisits it—
By that form, and by that face,
Where loveliness is mixed with grace,
And every beauty hath in turn its place—
Whose angel look (void of all sin)
Speaks of the angel mind within—
I swear I love thee truly. I
Have sworn—Now what is my destiny?

A longer piece of perhaps a superior cast appeared in the same number, entitled “Portraits,” and in a few weeks a fine production for “St. Cecilia’s Day,” in which, after alluding to the genius of our most celebrated bards, he says, with feeling and taste—

Oh! ye the master spirits of my time,
Forgive, forgive that I have dared to talk
Of ye, and in your temple walk,
And trifle with your names or themes sublime!
I am a wanderer on the sacred hill,
And round the humbler slopes at times do stray,
And listen to—though far away—
The music of your own Castalian rill.

“The Dynasty of Dandies,” a humorous *jeu d’esprit* in prose, intervened between the next fits of poetry, viz., “A Haunted Stream,” and the following, which I consider to be

worthy of the latest honours unanimously accorded to the graceful poet :—

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath hath lost its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropped from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer fair.

And the Spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality ;
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves, they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die
Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh.
And this is *Man's* fidelity !

'Tis *Woman* alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness.

I am sorely tempted to extend these poetical revivals ; but the fact I have been obliged to confess, of the dull, utilitarian nature of the “ ignorant present,” withholds me from dealing as much as I could wish in the poetical illustrations of my early Gazettes, even before the wonderful genius of L. E. L. arose to adorn it. In truth, I must claim a small share of Appendix for those in whom I hope the love of poetry is not yet extinct—the young, the sensitive, the imaginative, the natural, the refined, the tasteful, the innocent, and the good. For all these must love poetry in spite of the overpowering mass of mere worldly grubs.*

In November this year, Mr. Mudford, already mentioned as the author of several important works, and for a number of years the able editor of the “ Courier,” after Stuart and

* Appendix.

Street had departed from it, the former to rank and station, the latter to poverty and its concomitant oblivion, published an extraordinary charge of piracy against Walter Scott, no reply to which that I am aware of was ever given. Mr. Mudford asserted, that of the "Border Antiquities of England and Scotland," two vols. quarto, published in the name of Scott as the entire author, very nearly half was written by himself. He stated that after having completed the first volume, certain circumstances induced him to relinquish the work, which Scott completed, and when it came out in an entire form (for it came out originally in quarterly parts) had his name placed on the title-page as author of the whole, without any intimation to the contrary, in any part of the introductory matter, and Mr. Mudford tells a whimsical anecdote of critical penetration connected with this strange story. During the time the work was publishing in detached parts, it was reviewed in one of the most respectable monthly journals, which, misled no doubt by the nature of the subject, confidently affirmed, *from the internal evidence of the style*, that it was from the pen of Walter Scott; and when it afterwards appeared with his name, the said reviewer reminded his readers with no little exultation, of the accuracy of his previous judgment. Yet at the time it was thus gratuitously assigned to the pen of Scott, he had not written a line of it! Another critic, yet more mistaken, in reviewing the book, selected most of his felicitous specimens of Scott's style from the portion of it written by Mudford!

About this period a slight acquaintance with Sir John Leicester, afterwards the first Lord De Tabley, grew into a greater degree of intimacy; and thence matured into one of the most gratifying sources of pleasure and friendship which gave happiness to many days of my chequered life. The

opening of his Gallery of Native Artists in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, in the spring of 1818, showed but a portion of the princely munificence and refined taste with which he had set the noble example of patronage to British art. But there was more than enough to excite my warmest admiration, which I as warmly expressed ; and on farther intercourse, the accomplished possessor of these treasures, liberally supposing that my knowledge was equal to my love of the fine arts, made me, to the hour on which I had to mourn his loss, a cherished guest in his delightful circle, whenever my occupation enabled me to partake of that enjoyment. Tabley House, with its lovely and charming mistress, the Hope of Lawrence's unflattering portrait ; its elegant refinements unstudied and unformal ; its splendid collection of superb paintings, the owner of which was an amateur artist of extraordinary talent ; its stores of curious literary lore, the relics of Sir Peter Leicester the Historian of Cheshire ; its fishing, its shooting, its otter hunting, and its ceaseless round of healthful exercise and intellectual converse, was indeed an earthly paradise to one who was so much the slave of the pen as I was. But in one other spot did I ever revel in similar and supreme enjoyments, and when I come to write of Drummond Castle, I trust I may describe, without offending the privacy of life, some of the scenes of perfect human happiness in which I have been welcomed to participate there.

Lord de Tabley was the surest shot I ever saw in the field. His piece was rarely raised but to kill ; and twenty snipes in succession have fallen in proof of his accuracy of aim. And with the pistol he was still more wonderful. The head of a swallow peeping over a cornice of the old tower was a sufficient object for a bullet about the size of a pea. A wagtail hopping and clipping on the lawn was a

gone bird if I asked for another specimen of skill ; though he was out of practice since the time he fired for a wager of a thousand guineas laid upon him by the Prince Regent, the evidence of the winning of which bet was testified by a card with two holes in the centre resembling the ace of clubs, and which had been perforated in that way at the duelling distance of twelve paces. He would have stood a poor chance in a duel who ventured to meet Lord de Tabley. The loading of the pistol was a bit of minute science which amused me. The gunpowder was carefully measured in a ramrod with a funnel-end to receive it, and smoothed off by a fine card ; the pistol was inverted over this, and being reversed, every particle was deposited in the breach. The rest of the loading was equally precise, and as his Lordship never missed, I was brought to the conclusion that three or four of the finest grains of powder, more or less, made all the difference in hitting or missing.

In the course of my narrative I shall remember other traits of my excellent friend ; but for the present must be content with relating two incidental anecdotes. I was on a visit to Tabley House, when the letter was received from the Prince Regent intimating his royal pleasure to raise Sir John to the peerage, and requesting him to choose the title. This was a voluntary act of the Sovereign, and altogether unsought and unexpected by Sir John ; who had, however, as I gathered, done good service to his Royal Highness when labouring under pecuniary embarrassment. We held a convocation on the grand question of title, for Sir John had so many genealogical quarterings in his arms as to render the selection a matter of difficulty. I was strenuous for " De Warrenne," or " Warren," to which the claim stood on high heraldic basis ; but Sir John said he would be contented with the date of Edward III., instead

of the Conquest, and De Tabley was the result.* On his father's death the present peer, my much esteemed friend by descent, and affectionate feeling from the days of his boyhood, prefixed the name of Warren to De Tabley ; and I cannot help thinking that the conversation at the period I am describing must have dwelt upon his mind, and led to this assumption.

My other anecdote is not of so agreeable a kind. On one occasion, Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on to show where I thought a bit of bright colour or a light would be advantageous ; and Turner took the brush and gave a touch here and there to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited ! the next morning at breakfast a letter from him was delivered to his lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for "Instructions in painting." His Lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing ; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a cheque for the sum demanded by the "Drawing Master !"

This was a deplorable instance of Turner's eccentricity, and not to be excused on any imaginable ground. Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness.

* From his Lordship's distinguished patronage of painting, some wag said it was appropriate De Tableaux, at which left-handed compliment we had a good laugh.

On a continental trip, an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Hunt, author of several valuable volumes on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling through the whole of their tour.

I would fain offer this fact as a sort of balance to the human infirmity of the Drawing Master account: Turner was a singular compound.

CHAPTER XIX.

PETER PINDAR.

He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a Man no Horse.
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an Owl ;
 A Calf an Alderman—a Goose a Justice,
 And Rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
 All this, by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do !!

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

As my remarks on Peter Pindar, and the anecdote respecting his pension, which I related on the high and I should say unquestionable authority of the late Lord Farnborough, in my first volume, have excited some controversy, a few pages devoted to the clearing up of that affair, and establishing the character which I am so anxious my work should have for accuracy, will not be out of place here. A writer in the "Athenæum" having pertly impeached the veracity of the account, though the attack was hardly worth notice, I addressed the editor of that journal, who immediately inserted my letter, as follows :—

"PETER PINDAR.

"Under this head, a correspondent in your last number has commented on the anecdote respecting Peter Pindar in my first volume of literary memoirs. Will you permit me to offer a few words in reply? I did not say, as 'Young Mortality' has put it into my mouth, that 'Peter Pindar was a great rascal:'—nor did I allege that 'he taught the public to believe that George the Good was a simpleton or a fool, only because the Government refused to avail themselves of his services, or, in other words, to give him a bribe.' These words are his,—not mine. I merely related what I heard from a most honourable and distinguished man, whose letter on the subject to me I quoted, and which stated that Peter's representative had offered support to the Government for a consideration, and that Peter claimed that consideration for being silent and desisting from his caricatures of the King. For aught else, I have nothing to state. Your correspondent's suppositions and reasoning may safely be left to themselves; and his avoidance of any answer to the notorious, and not more creditable, *ruse* which Peter played upon the publishers,—and which I related on the authority of living parties,—may, I presume, settle this controversy. Will you permit me only to add, that I have undertaken my Autobiography in anticipation of a posthumous date, principally in order that anything which I state that is doubtful might be questioned, and anything erroneous contradicted whilst yet there are witnesses of the highest character in being who can vouch for my statements, however startling some of them may appear! Truth as regards myself and others is my sole object.

"I am, &c.,

"W. JERDAN."

A much more respectable doubter of my statements, however, appeared in the same paper ; and my old friend and fellow labourer in literature, Mr. Cyrus Redding (one of the earliest contributors to the "Literary Gazette" in prose and verse), attached his signature to the annexed letter :—

"St. John's Wood, May 17.

"In your number of the 8th instant some anecdotes respecting Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) are extracted from the Autobiography of Mr. Jerdan. A previous knowledge of the Doctor by my family induced me, when I came a youth to London, to visit him. From the close of 1805, down to the time of his death in 1819, I spent an evening weekly when I was in London at his house. I remember his sisters also, who were alive in 1813. Mr. Jerdan is not correct in his statements. The facts of his alleged trick on the publishers are these :—Wolcot's works having a prodigious sale, Walker the bookseller was deputed by some of the trade to offer the Doctor a sum of money, or an annuity, for the copyright of them all. The Doctor chose the annuity of 250*l*. He had suffered all his life from asthma, but less in his latter years than before. A fit was on him on the day when Walker called about the business,—and the bibliopolist went away, and told (I think) his wife, that the Doctor could not live long, and it might soon be too late to conclude the bargain. The Doctor heard of this, and when Walker came with the draft of the document, he coughed 'double time,' on purpose to play off the joke upon him,—and the bookseller naturally hurried through the business. The Doctor used to repeat the anecdote as a good joke against the booksellers. He was not in a 'dying condition.' He never 'wiped the chalk off his face,' which, with his mahogany complexion, chalk would hardly have whitened,—

nor did he 'dance out of the room,'—neither had he 'one foot in the grave.' He used, after he was eighty years of age, to say in jest that he had got the best of the bargain with the bibliopolists,—living so many years more than they reckoned on,—and always concluded by speaking of his cough. He was a man far above such a trick as chalking his face to entrap those with whom he dealt. In money affairs he was scrupulous. He was one of the most open, candid men that ever lived,—fond of a joke, and making one sometimes out of little.—The anecdote of the pension, as told by Mr. Jerdan, is equally erroneous. I had the previous story from his own lips. Wolcot came from Cornwall to London about 1782. He began to write soon afterwards,—and the King's first fit of illness occurred in 1789, and lasted but a short time. The second attack was in 1811. Wolcot wrote little or nothing worth mentioning after the latter year. The 'laudable anxiety of Ministers' to protect the King by pensioning Peter Pindar thus falls to the ground,—though it is true the statement is very generally made. The truth is,—Peter did *not* offer his assistance to the Government. Mr. Jerdan contradicts himself. If the pension was *offered* to prevent annoyance to the King, it could hardly have been granted to Peter on his own solicitation! All the world knows that Charles II. bade a writer, legally attached for a lampoon, to abuse *him*, and then the ministers would not trouble themselves about his diatribes. Peter was more bitter against the ministry than against the King. He told too many truths of them. He disliked Pitt,—whom he deemed a renegade from his father's principles, and a tacit libeller of his memory. The first Pitt was the Doctor's hero,—and his first verses were written to that Mr. Pitt, 'On his recovery from a fit of the gout.' These verses were published in 'Martin's Magazine'

about 1756, and are dated from Fowey in Cornwall. His praises of Chatham were unbounded :—his dislike of the son was proportional. Peter was offered a pension more than once, but he could not be a dependant and write for the Government. The last time the offer was made he was depressed in mind and in circumstances. He had thought of retiring into Cornwall, and giving up his pen. This was not known to the Treasury,—but it so happened that an offer of a pension was renewed at that very time. Peter was not to write for the Government, and he stipulated that he would not write against it. Mr. Yorke was the go-between, if I recollect rightly. Peter finally agreed to write no more articles on political personages—in fact, to keep silent about the Ministry. A pension of 300*l.* per annum was to be his. He had received the first quarter's allowance but a few days, when, in the temper of those times, a messenger from the Treasury called and hoped, now the Doctor saw the Ministry were in earnest, he would use his pen on their side. 'You know the stipulation was to be my silence,' said the Doctor indignantly, 'I'll be d——d if I will write for you ; I won't be a prostitute,—go and tell this to your Ministers.' It happened that a sum of money about which the Doctor had been depressed in mind from his hopelessness of obtaining it, was paid over to him. He at once enclosed back the amount which he had received from the Treasury. 'Peter can live without a pension' was the result. So began and ended the pension affair,—as related by himself.—I will trespass upon your space by an anecdote which has not been told, out of many that I know of this remarkable man. The Prince of Wales always had slips of the Doctor's works from the printer, while they were in the press. When he became Prince Regent, a messenger was sent to the Doctor to know what the Prince

was indebted to him for the proof slips. None had been sent for years, because the Doctor had not written anything worth sending. 'I thought it a sufficient honour that the Prince read my works in that way. I never expected to be insulted by such a demand so long afterwards,' said Wolcot. 'My orders are peremptory, Doctor,' replied the messenger.—'I have nothing to do with my writings now, nor with money transactions relating to them. You must go to Walker the bookseller.' The messenger went, the Doctor instructing Walker to make out a regular tradesman's bill for the Prince Regent, to the farthing, and give a regular receipt for the sum when paid. Some little time afterwards the messenger called on the Doctor with a fifty-pound note, the account being forty odd pounds and some shillings,—'The change was of no consequence.' The Doctor despatched the messenger to Walker again—saying he would not have the Prince's money. It was a trading affair on both sides, and he must go to the traders. 'Was not this very pretty?' said Wolcot; 'the Prince had my squibs about his father to read openly at his own table, and then fearing that I may blab the fact, now he is become Viceroy, he thinks if he pays me for the rags all will be right.' Weltje, of the Prince's household, supplied the Doctor with materials for many of his squibs. The tale of the shaving of the royal cooks originated in a fact. The order was given, but withdrawn. It was founded on an accident of a trivial character,—which Wolcot altered and made the subject of one of the richest comic poems in any language, exalting the insect hero—

"To draw of deep astronomers the ken,
The Georgium Sidus of the sons of men."

"I am, &c.,

"CYRUS REDDING."

Mr. Redding's version of the trick played off upon the publishers, by which Wolcot got and enjoyed for many years an annuity of 250*l.*, differs only in a few unimportant details of colouring from mine. The Doctor thought it a good joke, and so it was for him; but the bibliopolists thought it a swindle; and whether he only coughed double time, or chalked his face, and *pretended* by other symptoms to be in a dying state (I didn't say that he was really so, but the reverse), is of no consequence whatever to the truth of the allegation.

With regard to the pension, the story of which Mr. Redding had "from his own lips," I must say that I place greater confidence in the statement of Lord Farnborough, who had no private or personal interest in the business, than I repose in the version of the Coughing Doctor.

With regard to the circumstantial evidence about the King—that as Pindar came to town in 1782, and his Majesty's first illness occurred in 1809, and the second in 1811, after which he wrote little or nothing worth mentioning, his attacks could not be desired to be silenced in order to prevent annoyance to the King and royal family—whether Peter was more bitter against the Ministry than against the King matters little, seeing that he was bitter enough against the latter to lampoon and ridicule him in every possible way, and even to dedicate a whole volume, viz., the mock-heroic poem of the "Lousiad," in four cantos, to that especial object. His hostility to the sovereign was imputed, I know not how truly, to some slight he fancied had been offered to his *protégé* Opie, with whom he soon after fiercely quarrelled and violently abused, which the artist returned by caricaturing him as a parsimonious bear, saving fuel by putting lumps of dried Thames mud upon his fire. I do not therefore see any inconsistency in the

anecdote that Ministers sought to protect the King from annoyance by pensioning Peter; though I will, in justice, allow that, subsequently to the melancholy circumstance of 1788-9, I am not aware of his having published anything injurious to the august sufferer under that calamity.

In the poem entitled "Peter's Pension, a Solemn Epistle to a Sublime Personage," it is somewhat curious that, between jest and earnest, he coquettes with the subject, and intimates his willingness to be pensioned. Whether the Treasury spoke upon this hint, I cannot tell, but I think it very likely that it did: and in this sense, and by this method, the poet absolutely did offer himself to be treated with by the government, which received the inuendo exactly in the manner it was meant—being more than met the ear.

The story of Mr. Yorke coming with the quarterly pension then due is so utterly incredible that I am surprised a gentleman of Mr. Redding's experience could repeat it. I believe that he did receive and keep two quarters' salary, and that it was the third quarter he rejected from Lord Farnborough (then Mr. Long), when, as he alleged, he was asked to lend his active co-operation to Ministers. At least he told the anecdote in this way to others, though he got up a more striking version for Mr. Redding.

But even according to his defender, although he said he would be d——d rather than be a prostitute, I cannot so clearly perceive the vast difference between selling your silence ("*muzzling his muse*," as he expressed it) and writing for hire. The man who would consent to the one could hardly be so indignant at being asked for his sweet voice for the other. On the whole, I trust I have sustained the accuracy of my story; and when I remember the honourable and immaculate character of the amiable and

accomplished statesman from whom I received my information, I cannot hesitate a moment in giving it my entire belief.

The quarrel between Dr. Wolcot and Mr. William Gifford, which has also been brought upon the tapis, together with the terrible castigation inflicted upon the former by a satirist of tenfold greater powers, (in the eighth edition of the "*Baviad and Mæviad*,") made much noise at the time. Wolcot, in a state of excitement helped on by liquor, mistook Mr. William for Mr. John Gifford (noticed in a preceding chapter), who had criticised him severely in the "*Anti-Jacobin Review*" (William was editor of the witty "*Anti-Jacobin*" newspaper), and assaulted him furiously in Mr. Wright's shop. The party assailed, however, snatched the cane out of the assailant's hands and belaboured him with it till he was pushed out of doors; a punishment not a hundredth part so painful and ill to endure as was the withering "*Life of Peter Pindar*," which endorsed the castigation:—

But what is he, that, with a Mohawk's air,
 "Cries Havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war?"
 A bloated mass, a gross, blood-battered clod,—
 A foe to man, a renegade to God;
 From noxious childhood, to pernicious age,
 Separate to infamy in every stage.

Cornwall remembers yet his first employ,
 And, shuddering, tells with what infernal joy
 His little tongue in blasphemies was loosed,
 His little hands in deeds of horror used;
 While mangled insects strewed his cradle o'er,
 And limbs of birds distained his bib with gore.
 Anon, on stronger animals he flew,
 For with his growth his savage passions grew;
 And oft, what time his violence fail'd to kill,
 He mix'd the insidious dose with wicked skill;
 Saw, with wild joy, in pangs till then untried,
 Cats—dogs—expire, and cursed them as they died.*

* Wolcot was brought up as a surgeon.

With riper years a different scene began,
 And his hate turn'd from animals to man :
 Then, letters—libels—flew on secret wings,
 And wide around infix'd their venom'd stings.
 All fear'd, where none could ward the coming blow,
 And each man eyed his neighbour as his foe ;
 Till, dragg'd to-day, the lurking caitiff stood—
 The accursed cause of many a fatal feud—
 And begg'd for mercy in so sad a strain,
 So wept, so trembled, that the injured train—
 Who, crawling at their feet, a miscreant saw,
 Too mean for punishment, too poor for law—
 O'erlook'd ('twas all they could) his numerous crimes,
 And shipp'd him off " to ape and monkey climes."*

There, while the negroes viewed, with strong disgust,
 This prodigy of drunkenness and lust
 Explore the darkest cells, the dirtiest styes,
 And roll in filth at which their gorge would rise,
 He play'd one master-trick to crown the whole,
 And took, oh Heavens, the sacerdotal stole !
 How shook the altar when he first drew near,
 Hot from debauch, and with a shameless leer,
 Pour'd stammering forth the yet unhallow'd prayers,
 Mix'd with convulsive sobs and noisome airs !
 Then rose the people, passive now no more,
 And from his limbs the sacred vestments tore ;
 Dragged him with groans, shouts, hisses, to the main,
 And sent him to annoy these realms again.†

False fugitive ! back to thy vomit flee !
 Troll the lascivious song, the fulsome glee ;
 Truck praise for lust, hunt infant genius down,
 Strip modest merit of its last half-crown ;
 Blow from thy mildewed lips, on Virtue blow,
 And blight the goodness thou canst never know.

Lo, here the wrinkled profligate ! who stands
 On nature's verge, and, from his lep'rous hands,
 Shakes tainted verse ; who bids us, with the price
 Of ranc'rous falsehoods, pander to his vice.
 Give him to live the future as the past,
 And in pollution wallow to the last !

* Went to Jamaica as a physician, when about thirty years of age, but finding the emoluments less than he expected, entered into holy orders, and for some time held a curacy in the island.

† I am afraid that his conversation and habits afforded the writer too much ground for this appalling portraiture. He was wont to swear

I have mentioned the kindly interest taken by Lord Buchan at my outset with the "Gazette," and his introduction of it, and its editor, to the notice of M. Millin and other French literati and savans. His Lordship was a remarkable character, and, like all the noble race of Erskine whom I have known, had a dash of that peculiar eccentricity about him which is not only allied to genius, but to the blood of certain Scottish families, from generation to generation. In my boyhood I had been a spectator of an anniversary meeting of the gentry around, founded by his Lordship to do honour to the memory of the Poet of the Seasons. It was held at Ednam, his birth-place, and in a small cottage on the Eden, much frequented by anglers, who, like myself, delighted in the sylvan beauties and admirable trout of that pastoral stream, which, from childhood to manhood, was my favourite haunt. I had my bluff and hearty uncle there too, and a few lively female cousins, who had often as young and fair and lively friends with them. I presume that they added to the attractions of the water, and the scenery, and the fish; and I beg it to be remarked, that such combinations are very seductive to youthful fishers. And then they were so good-natured: I have shot to them alone, during half a hot September day, and never was better pleased with any pointers, however well broken-in (which they were not) and stanch, which they were, though not particularly steady. By the by, I have been writing a great deal about poets in my later pages, but I am not aware that it ever occurred to any of them to paint the difference between loves in the country

coarsely, and speak most irreverently and profanely on religious subjects: as, for instance, it was told of him, in his curacy at Vere, that he would jocularly say that he offered up prayers to the *Holy Trinity* in the morning, and amused himself by shooting at the *Holy Ghost* (wood-pigeons, so called in the West Indies) in the afternoon.

and loves in town. I speak of innocent little loves, from the almost indefinable, upwards to the very wildest of hobble-de-hoyism and bread-and-butterism. In the country, it is all in harmony. You meet in a shady lane, or a leafy copse, or under a trysting tree, or at the corner of the well-hedged field, or among the new-mown hay, or by the rustic church, or in the garden, or in the meadow, or anywhere rural, and it seems all so natural, as love must be bound to spring and grow there. And the air is so sweet, and the murmur of insect-life so chastening, and the song of birds so charming, and the harmony of the grove so fascinating, and the scent of flowers so refreshing, and the low of kine so composing, and everything so blandly conspiring to fill the breast with delicious sentiment, that it was really very enjoyable—fifty years ago. For, even if

“All the young maidens were blackbirds and thrushes,
Oh, would not the young men go beating the bushes?”

But turn to the dismal town : what has love to do there ? What lane would you wish to meet your sweetheart in (though there are Love Lanes, and a Little Love Lane, besides a Lad Lane, in the City) ? What street, from Wapping to Cheapside ? What square ; Blooms-bury or Soho ? Near what hospital ; Bethlem or the Penitentiary ? Under what tree ; the one in Wood Street, or the other in St. Paul’s Church-yard “as used to be” ? By what church, except St. Bride, Cripplegate, or St. Sepulchre ? In what garden ; the Beastly Surrey, or the Brutal Zoological ? In what field, Spital or Moor ? Among what hay ; Hay Hill or the Haymarket ? At what corner ; Hyde Park or Amen ? Alas ! it is all the same ; the pastoral country is for loves, the city for such loves as business affords leisure for, and those but queer ? Then, as for the congenial sounds, you have insect life enough to

murmur at ; for the songs of birds, the songs of ballad-singers ; for the harmony of groves, the clangour of brass bands ; for the scent of flowers, the smell of drains ; for the low of kine, the groans of cattle Smithfield bound—the whole forming such a conspiracy of outrageous noise, that one must have a mind similar to the stomach of an ostrich, and capable of digesting everything, before an idea of love can enter into the antagonistically-crowded precincts. But what a way this love episode has been carrying us from Ednam, Thomson, Lord Buchan, the angler's pet resort, and the anniversary. That cottage was kept by the Widow Spinks. It had, at any rate, two apartments, "a but and a ben" (contractions, as I take it, *à la* "Diversions of Purley," for a be out and a be in, *viz.*, an outer and inner room) ; and these the Widow Spinks kept so perfectly clean, that you might have eaten your dinner off the floor, if it had not been sanded, and drank your tippie out of the pans and kettles, if there had not been bickers and horns. There was not a speck of dust to be discovered under the roof, even by an exciseman, if he had gone on a special mission to ascertain if there should be any whiskey on the premises, which Mistress Spinks had no license to retail, being only eligible for beer from the adjacent brewery ; and therefore could, with infinite consternation, oblige a wet and well-approved piscator, now and then (when he needed it), with a glass from her own little bottle for her own little use.

It was here that the Earl of Buchan set up his tent for the Thomson anniversaries ; and they were really most interesting ; they made me, a young boy, who had nothing more to do than to hear about them, and see my father and others going to them, a student of the poet, and his cordial admirer through life, even to throw (as in my vol. i. Appendix) some light upon his memory.

As having viewed most things with literary tastes, appetites, and habits, I would pause here for a momentary commonplace, which cannot, however, be too often urged upon the consideration of teachers and parents. The effect upon children and youth, observant of every word, look, and motion of those to whom they look up from affection or custom, is the grand rule and principle to be thought of in education. Without attention to this, all precepts and preachings and punishments are of small avail; and the easy overleaping of trouble, by bribing with rewards for conduct which ought to be good without, or hypocrisy taught to simulate deserving, is of all subterfuges the worst. The impressions stamped upon juvenile years are immortal; a mere trifle makes a future gentleman or a blackguard, an intellectual being or an ignorant ruffian, an honour or a pest to society and human nature! Apparently trifling incidents give a colour to a life; we cannot be fully and prophetically aware of the consequences, nor would they always follow if we were; but I have witnessed such dominant and lasting results flow from such matters as the Thomson anniversary, a school examination, or a mere conversation at a father's table, that I would just like to leave my idea on the world, that—except one thing, a fine moral and religious up-bringing—there is nothing on this earth which merits more sedulous study than the force of actual example upon the future direction of the youthful mind and conduct. It is this which makes the mother's first teaching so imperishable.

But Lord Buchan: he had his oddities; and these, I am afraid, put a premature end to the Thomson anniversaries at my darling Widow Spinks's; very much "seconded" as they were by the general apathy of the surrounding squirearchy and wealthy farmers, whose seasons agricultural

had little sympathy with his "Seasons" poetical. If the generality in the present day have not really got more of interest in such matters, at least they pretend to it more, and that serves on many occasions to keep the taper lighted, which was allowed to go into snuff in this instance, which so much awakened my imagination.

Lord Buchan was scholarly, gentlemanly, and estimable ; but his whimsicalities, as all such things are ill understood and ill-balanced by the commonalty around, procured him the erroneous repute of being systematically what he only was erratically. Thus, for a season, his lordship's neighbour, Haig of Bemerside (see preceding volume), received from his spacious dove-cot pie-pigeons enow for weeks together, to spare the plentiful Bemerside larder from the neck-wringing of some fowls, if not the murder of muttons. Haig was rather distressed at this profusion, but was relieved at Christmas, when a regular poulterer's bill was sent in—"— Haig, Esq., to the Earl of Buchan. Thirty dozen of pigeons, at 2s. 6d. per dozen, sum total 3l. 15s.," which Haig gladly paid ; but it made a story, and most probably the whole arose from some member of the Bemerside family having said to an upper servant of Lord Buchan's, "I wish we could get some of your superabundant pigeons at the price we should pay (if we could get them) in Edinburgh or Kelso." Of such materials are characters often made out, without a knowledge of all facts, and without the powers of discrimination. Princes, ministers, private individuals, and all—all are liable to the same sort of misinterpretation. I had a warm regard and cause to be grateful to Lord Buchan, for he was one of my youthful encouragers, and that was an honour then.

With Henry Erskine, his brother in Edinburgh, it never

was my good fortune to meet, though I knew one or more of his sons (?). His brilliant wit furnished glorious and congenial anecdotes to the society of the Scottish metropolis, such as it then was ; and I could, if such things were now allowable in our more refined, and in language more decorous, era, repeat some of his admirable sallies. It may be some comfort to the free and easy jesters of years to come, that they will have no need to invoke perdition on their antecedents for forestalling them, as change of manners has left the whole territory, as far as printing is concerned, as if it had never been occupied. Henry Erskine and Lady Wallace, and all the racy jests of their gay pastime, are as if they had never been, *sic transit facies mundi* ! Quaint turns often baffle the skill of the lawyer. On a trial for the murder of an excise officer, an old rogue of a town carrier was giving evidence in favour of the smugglers where the affray ended so fatally. He swore that "a wee bit of a pistol was held up merely to frighten the officer," when Erskine produced a huge horse pistol, to overwhelm the witness, and triumphantly asked him if that was the sort of engine merely to frighten people. "I dinna ken," was the answer ; "some folks, like you, are easily frightened." The laugh gave the smugglers a chance, and the Border jury, who had no horror of smuggling, gave them the benefit of it.

Thomas, Lord Chancellor Erskine, was decidedly one of the family. His poem in favour of the crows (see a preceding page), was a conclusive proof of it. At his retirement, Buchan Hill, on the road to Brighton, where he bought an estate, the chief produce of which was birch to make brooms, (and a large manufactory thereof was established on the property), the natural history question respecting the livelihood of rooks arose, on a farmer's

complaint, and his lordship investigated the subject with his accustomed legal acumen and curiosity. The Chancellor decided in favour of the rooks and rookery, and delivered his judgment in verse, for private circulation. On a view of the case, he declares—

“ Instant this solemn oath I took :
No hand shall rise against a Rook.”

The reasoning by which this judgment is supported I need not quote, having given my readers a good dose of law already ; and especially as I am not quite convinced that all the Chancellor’s argument would be backed by Yarrell or Waterhouse. A solitary, honest, and repentant wireworm, the last of millions, left sole monarch of all he surveyed, in consequence of the extirpation of his nation by the rooks, is the most pointed evidence in favour of rookeries, and, as wireworms seldom talk, its moralising for the benefit of Lord Erskine’s argument is really instructive. “ Farewell ! ” the wireworm exclaims to his lordship—

“ Farewell ! for I have lived a day,
 And from this world must haste away.”

(His lordship’s famed wireworms were ephemeral ! ?)

“ Enjoy your longer, higher, life,
 Set free, at last, from hourly strife.
 Rush not into the toils again,
 Nor wealth nor honours to attain.
Here happier prospects you may see ;
 Your guardian spirit speaks through me.

(Bravo, Wireworm !)

“ ’Tis not to us was reason given,

(A dangerous confession, when advising)

“ Nor speech, by all-disposing Heaven.
 Those ampler powers, and form divine,
 Image of God, are only thine.

(Accomplished flatterer ! Wiry must have heard of his lordship's humble confession—" I know I am a little lower than an angel.")

" Yon radiant angel, still in view,
Was once a mortal man, LIKE YOU."

And so wireworm, interpleader, settled the plea in *Farmer versus Rook*.

Of Lord Erskine's eloquence when at the bar there were frequent celebrated displays, and of his sparkling wit never-ending examples. The bar is indeed the patent field for such exercise of talent. Many causes offer fine opportunities for impressive oratory, and occasions for humorous remark constantly present themselves. For instance, it was told of Erskine, that on Garrow's pressing his examination of a stiff and wiry witness of a certain age, in order to prove a tender of money, he wrote on a slip of paper and passed to the examiner—

" Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
Will never 'prove a tender made.' "

I am not sure that the following lines on a florid pleader in face and speech (Serjeant Cockell), who was flushed with the heat of a long argument, are his ; but they are worthy of him, and noting here :—

" The Serjeant see, with face on fire,
And all the Court may rue it ;
His purple garments come from Tyre—
His arguments go to it."

Lord Erskine's advice to a young lawyer, now an eminent judge, was, " read Blackstone till you are sick of it," and then "*au reste*, learn law at the expense of my clients ;" *i.e.* do as I have done in learning law at the expense of your

clients ! His Lordship never could be made to believe in the excellence of Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger), though he could not deny his business. Lord Erskine left the bar in 1806, and Scarlett was made K.C. in 1816, and instantly became the greatest leader of Common Law. About a year after, Erskine asked a friend of mine, who was at the head ? and being answered "Scarlett," replied, "Oh, I know Scarlett very well, it can't be." Their genius and excellence were of such diametrically opposite kinds ; that the one could not estimate the other : and we ought to bear such things in mind when we listen to the opinions even of the most gifted men, when speaking of others differently constituted and yet as gifted as themselves.

CHAPTER XX.

LORD MUNSTER; LORD MELBOURNE; WASHINGTON
IRVING.

For a moment or two he stood
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out
With a bounding heart, and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him—
The broad sea all before him!
Birth of a Poet, by JOHN NEAL, American.

Yankee Doodle's come to town!
Clever Yankee Doodle!

AN autobiographer being, like a peacock, the hero of his own tale, may be pardoned for the hope that he has created or may create some interest in the beholders, by the spread and rustling of his shivering quills. In my case, especially in this volume, the analogy holds tolerably together; for though the bird displays a perfect shower of radiant Suns, and I have had only one of a fog-covered appearance to exhibit, yet there is Sun in both cases, and that is enough for any fanciful resemblance. The similitude is at least as good as that between Macedon and Monmouth, as both began with M.

The "Literary Gazette" continued to improve in circulation, and to be more and more appreciated by persons

eminent in literature, friends of literature and art, and youthful aspirants to literary honours. The consequence was that I greatly enlarged my circle of connections with the *élite* of society ; and from mere introductory acquaintances founded intimate attachments which lasted for many years ; too many of them closed, as time flew on, by the last severation of all human ties. Among the number I may reckon Colonel Fitzclarence, Earl Munster, to whom I had the pleasure to lend the slight assistance which his want of practice rendered expedient, in preparing for and conducting through the press, his interesting " Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England." This was an epoch in the life of the author. The gay young dragoon officer had turned from empty fashion, Almack's and St. James's—with the highest facilities and temptations to continue a course of such enjoyments—to become an acute observer, a lover of books, an able and interesting writer, a new man. Nor was the promise of this work disappointed. To the unhappy termination of his life, Lord Munster devoted much of his time to studious reading, and distinguished himself not only as the patron of learned and useful societies, such as the Oriental, Geographical, R. S. of Literature, and others, but occupied himself in preparing historical matter for publication, especially an account of the Free Bands of Military Adventurers in the Middle Ages, and Memoirs of the Turkish Empire, the MS. of which I have looked over, and have to express my sincere regret that nothing has been done with them since his lamented death.* It was my good fortune to be often with him, and to receive him as a guest in my own dwelling, where his open manner and

* His observations on the employment of Mahommedan mercenaries in the Christian armies. Paris : Journal Asiatique, 56 Cahier (February, 1827), is a fair example of what the larger work would be.

perfect good humour endeared him to every one who met him. On one occasion when I not only enjoyed the honour of his company, but that of the Earl of Mulgrave (now Marquis of Normanby), both having recently been advanced to higher titles, the one from Baron to Earl, the other to a peerage, there was for a short while a faint trace of formality between them as they addressed each other, "milording" it; at length the cheerful champagne did its duty; and one exclaimed, "I do wish you would not milord me in this manner; why don't you call me 'George,' as you used to do?" "Well then, and why don't you call me 'Henry?'" A laugh followed this amusing interlude of *arcades ambo*; but the bargain was struck, and to the end of the evening nothing more of lords was heard but George and Henry! It was years after this, when political jealousies were rife, and it was whispered that Lord Munster visited the Duke of Wellington, early at morn, relating to certain negotiations then supposed to be on the *tapis*, when one day Lord Mulgrave took me aside to show me an anonymous letter about my friend (as he was courteous enough to call him), and asked my opinion about it. It was disguised in the writing and still more in the spelling; but we made out that it accused Lord Munster of acting the go-between in carrying on the imputed intrigue, and ended pithily, "*in shorte me lord he's a Gorse Hopper.*" This Delphic oracle was a sore puzzler; and what was meant by a "Gorse Hopper" we could no more make out than a sphynx's riddle. We tried grasshopper, but that had no application, and we went through all sorts of nearly approaching sounds in vain; at last, out burst the word "Gossiper," and Gossiper it was! My forenoon calls on Lord Munster in Belgravia were exceedingly pleasant. The conversation was invariably on

topics connected with literature, and books, prints, drawings, and communications from individuals engaged in similar pursuits never failed to offer a rich and agreeable banquet. When his invalid lady was well enough to be seen, it added a charm to the party, and his fondness for his children gave him a farther claim to my affectionate regard. And still more was I delighted with the filial love he displayed for his mother, of whom an exquisite likeness adorned the principal room where we sat, when not in the library ; and to which he always referred with gushing tenderness. A fine natural disposition could alone account for this ; and indeed for the whole of his life, which was kind-hearted, manly, and generous. That he was ambitious might be true, but I never witnessed any undue symptoms of the passion ; and his anomalous position, so near to, and yet so far from the throne, must have induced both lofty hopes and galling disappointments. The fatal aberration of reason which led to his most melancholy fate might perhaps be traced to the constant recurrence of these discordant feelings ; all I know is that I deeply deplored, and still deplore his loss.

About the same time commenced my acquaintance with Mr. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, the great personal favourite of our young Queen, and Prime Minister of England for a number of years. Though productive of many pleasing circumstances, some of which I will relate, this acquaintance never grew into intimacy, nothing beyond an occasional friendly intercourse ; yet so marked, that only lately, after his death, his friend, Sir Henry Bulwer, and his private secretary, Mr. Thomas Young, having something to ascertain about him, thought it advisable to consult with me on the subject, as one likely to be possessed of the information. Through this degree of personal knowledge, I was, to my

great gratification, enabled to plead the cause of the widows of my two friends, the intrepid brothers Lander, the African travellers; and, backed by other recommendations, to procure pensions for them both, one of which continues to be paid through my hands.

In earlier times, I got a mischievous tap from the then merely "honourable" M. P., who was to be the future Premier and political ruler of a mighty empire. At a small evening party, *sans etiquette*, the almost obsolete pastime of Games and Forfeits, and other ancient humours, came into play. In the process I was victimised to be blindfolded, and in that kitten of seven days old condition was condemned to kneel upon the carpet, and, with my head bent into Lady Caroline Lamb's lap, give such answers as I could to such questions as might be proposed to me. It was late, and I had been persecuted very cleverly; when I was asked what I would do if an injured ghost approached to assault me, for wrongs done in the flesh. I was about to reply, when a smart cuff on the side of my head, proved to me that it was no ghost story. I pulled off the silken bandage, and looking up from his laughing lady's knee, found William Lamb, just released from a late sitting in the Commons, taking me, thus abroad, on his way to take his wife home. I was not quite at home under all the merriment elicited at my expense; but I did not call the aggressor out for the blow.

Lord Melbourne was, for a gentleman, a tolerable hand at swearing in conversation. I was once trying to persuade him to do something for the literary men of the country—he being himself adorned with excellent literary qualities—and spoke of what was done for them in Germany and France, &c.; but all I could get was, "Well, I don't know, with all their honours and rewards, I'll be d—— if I do not think we have greater historians, poets, and

better authors in every way, than they can show against us ! ”

He certainly was, however, one of the “pleasantest of pleasant men,” and he wrote in the “Gazette ! ” Witness an Epitaph.

“ What ! is the ancient shepherd dead ?
The Patriarch of the Mountains gone ?
And is all his white hair withered,
That once like snow in the moonlight shone ?
And is yon old dame left alone
To battle with the world ? Alas !
How different from the thing she was !

“ He was no common hind, who held
An idle occupation here ;
Nor in fantastic dreams beheld
Wild visions from another sphere ;
But his mind was firm and clear,
And many useful things could tell,
And, at times, on loftier story dwell.

“ Every bird that wandereth forth,
And every grass and herb that sips
Nourishment from the rainy North
He knew, aye, and the dark eclipse,
The moon, the sun, and why he dips
His head beneath the burning seas,
And nature’s many mysteries.

“ Oh, he was well-beloved there !
The very breezes seem’d to play,
In fondness, with his silver hair ;
But now he’s vanish’d from the day,
And shook his eighty years away.
Free as his mountain winds is he,
Let loose to immortality.”

I know that, in the midst of official work and political struggle, Lord Melbourne often devoted a moment snatched from both to the Muse, and, if I am not mistaken, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in whose possession I have seen some of his effusions, must still have preserved these interesting compositions, which, even if not superior to the specimen I

have quoted, would be curious relics of one who had played so great a part in the nation's history.

Horace Twiss at this time produced his "Carib Chief," and it cemented a friendship between us, which lasted thirty years; though my critical judgment pronounced it to be only admissible to the Green Park, as a tragic equipage, albeit I denied it entrance into the Birdcage Walk, where only Royalty could be admitted. Twiss was satisfied with the Green Park praise; and so we jogged on pleasantly (for he was a pleasant companion) and comfortably to the last. I had met him at the country residence of a distinguished and estimable friend only a few weeks before his sudden death; and it was no poor solace, with the regard and esteem I entertained for him and his memory, when I, some eight months ago, met his son in the same delightful abode of his father's constant friend, and found him to be one of the most promising youths which the great school of Westminster could boast, and one likely to do honour to the Kemble blood which runs in his veins, not to mention the very affluent stream which flows there on the mother's side.

Horace Twiss's autobiography would be an interesting work; for he saw, and knew, and took part in a good deal, both political and literary, and especially dramatic. I do not know how it was, but his being in Parliament, and holding a high official appointment, seemed to provoke unusual jealousy in the literary class from which he sprung. Instead of being pleased with the fact, out of *esprit du corps*, they generally viewed it as if it were a promotion over their own heads, and twitted and lampooned Twiss accordingly. And then he lived in, and entertained the highest society. I have dined with Lord Eldon, Lord Castlereagh, and other Cabinet Ministers in his dark little dining-room in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn; and such doings in a literary

man are apt to provoke malice. Therefore his ready wit was ridiculed, his very considerable talents were depreciated, and all his little weaknesses or foibles (and who are without them?) were exaggerated and abused. Such is too much the way of the literary as well as common world!

Washington Irving! name to conjure with, falls within the time I am now occupying. I had gone for relaxation to Hastings, when my friend Pyne (a genius all but thrown away, for he did much that will remain, though he fell off in the end, and died in poverty), by a happy accident, got hold of the first copy of "The Sketch Book" which had found its way to England just time enough before its accomplished author, to have it sent to me as a sea-side material for my vagrant pen. The following facetious letter will expound the circumstances:—

"MOST HONOURED SIR,

"Here am I, scrambling about the stubble of literature, springing game for you, who, caring not half a straw about your faithful pointer, sally out afield after dinner, charged with everything but straight shot, and loading your piece with crooked powder. My nose—'my jolly red nose,' acknowledged to be one of the best of noses—*true* to the scent, nosed a covey—up it sprang. 'Bang!' says his Honour. Then his Honour boasts, 'Look! Oh, what a shot am I!'

"If I did not point as plain as a pike-staff to the American game, giving you full scope to mark each bird, then am I a 'shotten herring.'

"Henceforth 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' The 'Sketch Book' was *purchased* at New York, wet from the press, by a gentleman coming to England, for the purpose of beguiling a vacant hour on the voyage, and thou hast made

him, the reader, author of the book! Did not I make allusions—elegant allusions—to moonshine?

"This is very afflicting. What company—I ask it with sorrow—what company hast thou picked up in the South, O worthy man of the North? The Sussex coast, a smuggling coast, right and left—has it not Hastings for its headquarters? Beware of its '*moonshine*,'* and drink Farintosh (if that be the word). Farintosh sweepeth clean the *threshing-floor* of a reviewer's brain, and places a lamp in the corner of his *midnight* understanding, so that a scribbler scribbles his LUCUBRATIONS† with true *spirit*, when he scribbleth Farintosh-like.

"Gin, you cry up Gin,
Gin you cry for ever;
Boderation! Gin
Has burnt poor Paddy's liver."

Vide Elegant Stanzas on Gin, by J. HOPFNER, R.A.

"So the mermaids are gone a *hair-combing* at our North-countrymen. Cannot you fidget up some excuse, to lead you a little further coast-ways?

"Come hame, mon—come hame. After all, they are but *odd fish*, and I wud na gie a bawbee to gang alang wi' the 'fanciest she' an 'em that ever waltzed on the top o' the giddy sea. But then, lad—what then? I want not the cooling of a hot frenzied poet. How romantic! How poetic! To be awakened from amorous dreams by a *swingeing* slap of her saucy tail, and refreshed by a shower-bath of salt-water, sand, and perriwinkle from her *trundling*

* "I need not inform a reviewer that moonshine is smuggled gin—
'Strip me naked.'"

† "Query. The '*Literary Gazette*' and the '*Morning Chronicle*' use the word *lucubration*, methinks, not always in its *true* artificial light. Do these literary *earth-stoppers* always work (like the glow-worm) with a lantern at their back?"

locks. Reviewers shave their customers tolerably close, but after such a *lathering*, what reviewer would undertake to shave himself ? ”

The trifling mistake alluded to was immediately corrected, and my delight with the work repeated in still stronger terms ; so that when Washington Irving set his foot upon the English shore he found himself famous, and a literary career in England courting his entry for the highest popular stakes. I need not say how cordially the public re-echoed my report. The result is expressed in the following note, the first of my correspondence with the most charming of American authors :—

“ THE author of the ‘ Sketch Book ’ cannot but feel highly flattered that his Essays should be deemed worthy of insertion in so elegant and polite a miscellany as the ‘ Literary Gazette.’ A corrected and modified edition of the work is about to be republished in this country, which he barely mentions, and leaves it to the more experienced judgment of the Editor to determine how far the extracts may be made without anticipating and injuring the collective republication of the work. At the same time he begs leave to add his conviction that he could not have a better introduction to fashionable notice, than the favourable countenance of the ‘ Literary Gazette.’ ”

Such things belong to the most grateful incidents of my literary life. No doubt, without my aid, the beautiful American canoe would soon have been safely launched on the British waters ; but as it was, I had the pleasure and honour to launch it at once, fill the sails, and send it on its prosperous voyage. I never enjoyed so much of Irving’s society as I wished ; but have had the gratification of seeing him at my own table, with such associates as the Bulwers,

Edward and Henry H. Ellis, Moore, and others of the same proud literary rank. His quiet manners, and retiring habits, never putting himself forward, and my severe occupation, dissipated only in pressing channels, prevented our meeting (at any rate) so much as I desired, but I trust our mutual esteem has not decayed since the days of the Sketch Book.

Other friendships and friendly relations dating from this period must furnish many notices to my future page ; but from one of the body, if I transcribe an amusing piece of poetry (for no matter what the taste of readers may be, I have a lot of poetry to deposit somewhere in the course of my Biography), I trust that it will be accepted as the tag of this chapter.

IMITATION OF A SCHOOL OF MODERN POETRY.

AN ATTEMPT AT THE SIMPLE.

What ! Stranger, have you never heard
Of the lady under the holly tree ?
The tale is sad, and will make you weep ;
It always does me.

This lady had a little dog,
'Twas of King Charles's breed ;
And she loved him as well as no tongue can tell—
Aye, very much indeed !

But poor little Pompey was taken ill,
And eke look'd wond'rous faint ;
“ Oh, go for the doctor ! ” the lady she cried,
“ To remove this sad complaint.”

So the doctor he came and felt his pulse,
And held up his watch to his eye ;
“ Fair lady, twelve ounces of blood must he lose,
Or your little dog will die.”

But poor little Pompey grew very weak,
And eke grew wond'rous faint ;
“ Oh, go for another doctor, I pray,
To remove this sad complaint.”

So the doctor he came, and felt his pulse ;
 " Fair lady, he's very ill ;
Some strengthening medicine he must have ;"
 And he gave him a mercury pill.

But poor little Pompey still grew weak,
 And eke look'd wond'rous faint ;
" Oh, go for another doctor, I pray,
 To remove this sad complaint."

So, the doctor came, and look'd very grave,
 And he held up his cane to his nose ;
" Some opening medicine he must have,
 His system to compose."

Then he gave him a potion, and gave him a lotion,
 Whilst he gave dismal cries ;
And the little dog died as dead as a door nail,
 And twisted his gooseberry eyes !

" Oh, wretched ! that my little dog,
 Lately in health so well,
Should thus die suddenly by death
 In-com-pre-hen-si-ble !

" His body shall be opened,
 To find the dreadful cause ;
Pompey shall be buried with great pomp,
 Aye ! bless his little paws !"

Then the surgeon came, and he took out his knife,
 And made a great hole in his side ;
The blood trickled down, and 'tis dreadful to think
 What a terrible sight he espied !

For out of his stomach a tapeworm there came,
 Full seventy yards or more,
And he twisted about the throat of the surgeon,
 And strangled him on the floor !

" Oh ! fool that I was," the lady she cried,
 " Oh ! silly foolish thing,
I ought to have known that Pompey had worms,
 And sent for Doctor Ching.

" If I had sent for Doctor Ching,
 I might have bless'd the day,
For he would have cured Pompey with his patent worm-
 Lozenges, I dare say. [destroying

“Dolly, deny me to all my friends,
My grief it is increased,
Three nights and three days without sleep will I watch,
By the corpse of the deceased.

“Go carry the surgeon into the garden,
And bury him, since he’s dead.”
So the gardener made a deep hole with his spade,
And the surgeon was bu-ri-ed.

So the lady she lock’d herself into her room,
For her grief it was increased ;
And three nights and three days without sleep did she watch,
By the corpse of the deceased !

And when the fourth day it came,
Dolly went to her lady’s door,
But found it was lock-ed, and then she knock-ed,
Full seventy times or more !

But she did not attend to the seventy knocks,
As she lay upon her bed,
Which is not much to be wondered at—
Poor lady ! she was dead !

Then Dolly forced the door with her fist,
And into the room she went,
And she opened the shutter in a very great flutter,
For she was ready to faint.

And ah ! and oh ! what sight she saw,
Dear me ! ’twas very shocking !
The lady was dead, as she lay on her bed,
And had stifled herself in her stocking.

Pompey lay stretch’d within her arms,
Reclined was her head,
His precious limbs were cold and stiff,
And the white of his eyes were red !

When Dolly saw these doleful sights,
She felt a-shiver-ed,
And went in a fit as dead as a stone,
And pitch’d upon her head.

And her head it was split into twenty pieces,
Which truckled about the floor,
And from the wound, the blood flow’d around,
Full seventy yards or more !

But Dolly did not complain at all,
Indeed she could not speak ;
One eye was hanging against the wall,
And t'other hung on her cheek.

Well—into one coffin the bodies were placed,
And buried under the holly ;
This excellent epitaph graved on the grave,
“ The Lady, her Dog—and Dolly.”

CHAPTER XXI.

MY WRITINGS.

The wearie traveller, wandering that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbs display,
 Whiles creeping Slombre made him to forget
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsome sweat.

SPENSER.

THE story was told of A—— B——, that having been long in India, and chiefly occupied on distant missions up the country, he knew little or nothing of England when he returned. So, rejoicing in the meeting with one of his old schoolfellows, the inquiries, as usual, ran upon their fortunes or conditions. “How is C—— D—— doing?” asked the Indian; “he was a fine steady boy, and so good-natured.” “Ah!” replied his companion, “it is a sad case, he was transported for a very serious offence.” “Good heavens! how sorry I am to hear this! but E—— T——, that pattern of all that was honourable, what has become of him?” “Oh, Lord! don’t mention him; he was hanged for an atrocious crime, about ten years ago, and one’s only hope now is, that the event may be passing on into the common bucket of oblivion.” “Shocking, shocking! My poor old mates! I dare not ask about that wicked, racketty d——l, G—— H——. I presume he must have been drawn and quartered?” “Pooh, quite the

reverse! G—— H—— is at this moment Archbishop of York!" [A fact!] So various, though in minor degrees, have been the fates of those who pass before my reflecting glass! But I have room for no more in this volume, and must bide my time for pastures new, till the gloomy month of November, which I trust to enliven a bit with my third *tome*; an author whose immense number of works, as appeared by their backs, excited the astonishment of a casual reader on the shop shelves of Cadell and Davies! Besides Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the printers, make me the welcome signal to wind up, which I rejoice to do thus shortly.

It continued to be an up-hill fight with the world, and I consequently got more and more in love with the literature that absorbed me, and shut out vexatious thoughts. A law bill of 88*l.* odd, for "Sun" litigation, did not contribute to my ease; though two of the items were: "Writing Mr. Taylor to make up quarterly accounts, and settle with you; and fair copy delivered by hand, 5*s.*"—"Writing Mr. Taylor for half a year's salary, and copy delivered by hand, 5*s.*" There was no hand ready on the other side!

Another inconvenience sprung up to annoy me; for our publishers and shareholders in the "Literary Gazette," Messrs. Pinnock and Maunder, were so immersed in their own extensive concerns with Catechisms and Histories, all over the country, that they found but little time for keeping the "Gazette" accounts. Thus the very trifling income which it afforded me, came to be more uncertain and precarious; and bills, given to stop gaps till the books could be posted and balanced, &c., were frequently only turnstiles opening into paths of difficulty and trouble. I observe that in my first year my receipts were 109*l.*, and the sale of the

paper close upon one thousand stamped, and two hundred and fifty unstamped. Next year, the circulation increased considerably, yet still the returns did not raise the supplies above some 50%. more ; and, but for other literary engagements, such as writing a weekly leader for the "Staffordshire Potteries Gazette," Rose Cottage might have assumed the name of Bleak House. As it was, there was no superabundance ; and I quitted it soon for Queen's Buildings, Brompton. Horse was sold, and matters crept on. Of my way of taking the rough with the smooth, the following sketch of the pleasures and pains of editors of periodicals, may serve to furnish an idea.

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF EDITORS OF PERIODICALS.

A SKETCH.

"Delightful task."—THOMSON.

"Hail plural unit."—COLMAN.

"Even in this immense metropolis there are not more than a score or two, and in the chief places of the kingdom not a greater number than from one to five of the entire population, who know anything of the pleasures we are about to describe. To the great majority of readers, therefore, this exposition must possess the grand charm of novelty.

"In the first place, the joys of Editors are very widely spread and general ; in fact, they are made the happiest of living creatures—by being requested to publish such intimations as the following, sent to them expressly, as it should seem, for their gratification :—

"We rejoice to hear that the MS. poem of A. B. is in

such a state of forwardness that it may positively be expected to issue from the press this winter.'

" 'It gives, or affords, us the *highest pleasure* to be able to state that Mr. C. D. intends to add another book to his exquisite treatise on morbid affections.'

" 'Nothing could inspire us with *greater delight* than to be able to state that that eminent artist E. F. has arrived in safety from Italy, where the contemplation of the great masters has added new powers even to his magic pencil.'

" 'The public will learn with the same *heart-felt satisfaction* which we feel in announcing it, that the accomplished Miss G. H. has recovered from her indisposition, and will immediately resume her duties in the fashionable world.'

" 'We are at once *astonished and enraptured* by J. K.'s last lecture on the diseases of the bladder. We understand he begins his new course on the 1st of April next.'

" And so on through the whole alphabet, and the whole circle of literature, arts and sciences.

" We are, it is true, sometimes *said to be sorry*, but in that case, there is invariably a hope attached to us, a land of promise at the end of the desert;—thus

" 'We are sorry to find that the Rev. L. M. is prevented by the gout from finishing his grand work on the prophecies; but have reason to hope that the delay will be short, and the publication rendered more perfect every day it remains in the hands of its classic author.'

" 'We lament to learn that N. O.'s famous picture of the *Bombardment** of Jerusalem will not grace the ensuing Exhibition; but the lovers of the arts will be consoled with us on being informed that it may be seen at his residence, No. 717, next door to the Ophthalmia Hospital in the

* Why not bombard Jerusalem?

Regent's Park, and that many sublime touches have recently been added to this masterly composition.'

"Being compelled *ex officio* to sympathise in print with all the hypothetical happinesses (heaven knows how few in reality !) of authors, artists, players, lecturers, publishers, picture-dealers, cognoscenti, exhibitors, teachers, fiddlers, and hunters after popularity of every kind ; feeling all their little troubles, and more than partaking in all their great hopes : watching their motions, as it were, and recording their progress with a *maternal* anxiety ; comforting the public when they are not immediately prominent, with the assurance that they will shortly be so, and being enraptured with their stupendous merits when they do come forward with any labour—these are the mere first links of *our* intimate connection with everything in the above lines.

" *Our* opinions are of mighty importance.

"After seeing the midnight lamp expire in reading P.'s MSS. preparing for the press, we are rapped out of bed at seven o'clock by Q. determined not to present his medals to the world, without consulting *us* on the merits (so that *we* too must 'stand the hazard') of the dye. R. invites *us* to inspect his show-room six miles off, in a miry suburb, before he erects his national monument to the memory of Tom Thumb the Great, *our* knowledge of the original and historical information rendering our judgment on the subject so truly desirable. Our meals are interrupted, our retirement broken in upon, our most precious time consumed, our very sick-room invaded, by the discoverers of curious papers found where they were never lost, the liberal possessors and ready retailers of scientific information which happens to be no news, the writers of poetry, according to their own nomenclature, and the projectors of

the most immortal schemes that ever an ungrateful world slighted as absurd and ridiculous.

“Then the multitude of especial favours that we receive—each in his sphere! Being chosen as the most appropriate channel for a highly (self) interesting communication:—the publishers of long essays written in haste, and in want of our kind correction:—the most excellent paper for an exposition of the greatest consequence to our readers in the improvement of S. T.’s patent:—the respectable medium for answering U.’s attack on V.’s important letter:—the valuable journal for widely disseminating a specimen of W.’s intended publication on a question of universal attraction!

“It must be confessed that our enjoyments are occasionally chequered with some slight regrets. We find elegiac poets very hard-hearted, and if we affront them, or even pastoral writers, by not immediately inserting their productions, we are sure of a severe scolding, as heavy postage, and anger everlasting. Antiquarians are also obdurate dogs to deal with: if disappointed on the ensuing day of publication, there is no escaping their research and remonstrance. In vain do we bury ourselves in the darkest corner of our study, and entrench ourselves behind the lies of our servant’s ‘*not at home*;

we are invariably dug out, and suffer exposure. Authors, whom our consciences will not allow us to praise, charge us with prejudice, partiality, corruption, illiberality, malevolence, and all the deadly sins of human nature. Artists are perhaps still more intolerant and greedy of praise. Their appetites for flattery are only equalled by their immeasurable irritability; and woe be to that critic who does not discover in every daub the colouring of Titian, combined with the grandeur of Michael Angelo; in every plaster-

model the fancied fire of Phidias, and the imagined beauty of Praxiteles. Indeed, we have ascertained that most public characters have such capacious stomachs for applause, that there is no risk of surfeiting them with panegyric; but, on the contrary, much danger of being thought churls and niggardly starvings for not giving enough. Reviews must be puffs—criticisms must observe no blemishes—biographies must make men angels!

“Then we are occasionally sore beset with temptations. A pretty poetess has just finished her first attempt, ‘*Stanzas to a favourite Goldfinch*’; and with down-cast blue eyes, a heaving bosom, and a faltering voice, entreats to see it in print. We are martyred between the *writer* and the *writing*. Such a suppliant, what man can deny—such a composition what Editor can insert! A philanthropist has a plan for the relief of the poor—have we not charity to give it place? A reformer produces a scheme for remedying all abuses—have we not patriotism to find room for it! An enthusiast would preach mankind into one blessed group of loving brethren—the sermons are long and perhaps tedious, but surely our humanity cannot reject them!

“And it is often in vain to endeavour to elude these applications with, ‘Your poetry is charming, but it wants a little polishing to fit it for the public eye.’—‘Will you be so good as make the necessary alterations?’—‘It would delight us, but take the merit from you, which must not be’—‘Oh, I am not self-sufficient, and shall be happy to have my errors rectified.’ ‘We will point out two or three slight defects in your exquisite ideas—so and so—et cetera.’ The verses are taken to be altered, and we are never forgiven.

“And then the Stage and its people! Heaven defend us from it and them! The theatre is a bottomless gulf

for panegyric ; the more that is poured in, the more void it appears, and there is no return. *One* Shakspeare, who knew them well, has told us we had better have a bad epitaph after our death, than their ill report while we live ; and yet there is no avoiding the latter by the sacrifice of truths on the altar of flattery, though we butcher hecatombs. What is the death of a monarch to an actor's taking leave, overcome by his feelings, supported by his friends, and all the audience, who have them, snivelling into their white handkerchiefs ! What is the march of a general at the head of a victorious army, to the peregrinations of a third-rate mime through the provinces ! As for the great heroes—if Critics do not laud them with more than eastern adulation, woe betide them ; their motives are base, and they are the private foes of persons they never saw but on the public stage. Dreading some *tragic* end to our labours, we dare say no more of these tyrants, who carry the mockery of their profession into their intercourse with real life.

“ ‘ That is really a fine group, Mr. Sculptor—the attitudes are easy, the pyramidal form studied without affectation, the animals spirited, and the human figures full of nature.’ ‘ But is there no point at which your admirable judgment could oblige me by suggesting an improvement ? ’ ‘ The whole, we have said, is excellent, yet, as no work is absolutely faultless, it does seem possible to amend the anatomy of that horse's limbs, and thus improve its position—the armour of one of the knights, too, is rather heterogeneous, being semi-barbaric, semi-Greek, like the St. George on a *Pistrucci* crown ’—‘ Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I am sorry to differ from such superior minds, but I have *particularly* regarded the form and attitude of *that* horse, which is indeed the best part of the design, and the armour I assure you, is classically accurate.’ We are doomed

ignorant pretenders as soon as our backs are turned, and the monument graces St. Paul's, with a crooked-legged Bucephalus, and a painted Pict in an Athenian helmet :—very much on a par with the rest of the national monuments (of want of taste) in that Cathedral.

“ The painter is equally solicitous for advice, *alias* praise, and equally wedded to his own system. ‘ That *sky* is *green*.’ ‘ Ah ! that was necessary for the contrast with these *black* rocks.’ ‘ The natural colour is *blue*.’ ‘ Surely you would not have a picture look *black* and *blue* !’ ‘ But these trees are heavy and brown.’ ‘ I must have a neutral tint in that bright sun-set.’ A picture is entirely yellow, purple, and gold—it is a fine effect of colour. Another has men, women, and babes at the breast, all muscular as Samsons or Herculese—it is a noble display of anatomical knowledge. A third has men of stone, and dead children of iron grey—it is the grand gusto, half-tint, and not amenable to the laws of nature ! We could swell the catalogue, but might be thought personal.

“ ‘ This is a new mechanical invention—a fire and water escape, so that you are in no danger in your garret, should your house catch fire, nor in your cellar if it should be flooded. Observe how the machinery moves.’ ‘ Yes, in the air, but either fire or water would destroy the very principle of its motion.’ ‘ I am sorry that you do not seem to understand the mechanical forces.’ ‘ We are sorry that you do not seem to understand the force of our argument.’ ‘ It is very easy to object to useful speculations, but not so easy to escape from the terrors of flood or horrors of conflagration !’ ‘ Sir, we would rather trust to the resource of Gulliver among the Lilliputians, in both cases, than to your silly machine.—Good by t’ye.’

“ We might dramatise a hundred other scenes in which

the situation of the Editors of periodical works invariably resembles that of handsome women—most perseveringly courted, and little attended to when they come to advise. But we have said enough on the subject ; and instead of resorting, as the fair would do, to a curtain lecture, WE shall drop the curtain, behind which our readers have had a peep, such as they may not have had before.

“ WE—AN EDITOR.”

IMPROMPTU.

THE PAINTER'S DEFENCE.

A Bride's likeness was painted, where only *one hand*
 Was seen, to the critic's dismay ;
 But the artist, when blamed, cried “What would you demand?
She has just given the other away !”—TEUTHA.

MOON-LIGHT.

If any light I love, 'tis thine, sweet Moon,
 Purer and softer than the glittering noon.
 Ah, in what stage of life is aught more bright
 Than the Moon-light ?

In Infancy the play is tenfold dear,
 All school-tasks o'er, enjoy'd beneath thy sphere ;
 And happy hours make many a fleeting night
 By the Moon-light.

In youth the Lover's dream is all of thee,
 Blest and sole witness of his ecstasy :
 Even with his Mistress' charms thou shar'st his plight,
 Conscious Moon-light.

In Age when nature's transitory gleam
 Expiring seeks a mild congenial beam,
 Dear thy repose, as Time rests from his flight
 With thee, Moon-light.—TEUTHA.

THE WAVES.

Hastings, upon thy coast I stood—
Still onward, onward roll'd the flood :
'Tis trite, but who can see that strife
Of waves, nor think on human life ?
Oh, awful likeness ! how they pass,
A rippling undistinguish'd mass,
Fretting the surface, and no more,
Till lost upon the oblivious shore.

And Fancy, how thou turn'st my brain !
I trace each billow of the main :
'Tis individual, and its span
Of being, is like thine, O Man.

Mark ye that plummy-created surge,
Its foaming courser forward urge ;
Lashing the land, it spreads dismay,
The pebbles fly, the rocks give way :
That is the warrior fierce uprear'd,
Roaring to battle, ruthless, fear'd ;
He's spent—a whispering murmur all
That echoes his high-sounding fall.

Upon the sand that gentle wave
Delights in peaceful grace to lave ;
The margent dents with flowing line,
While glittering planets o'er it shine ;
That is the Bard, alas ! to see
The impress of his harmony
And tuneful force, a moment's joy,
The next succeeding wave destroy.

Wearing and splashing through these rocks,
Whose adamant the struggle mocks ;
In eddies whirl'd, in deep chasms lost,
Bubbling in straits, in spray up-tost ;
Many an effort see they make,
And billows rise, and billows break :—
All worldlings these, who ceaseless boil
And labour on with noisy toil ;
By difficulties some defied
Die off the granite's reckless side ;
While others blest beyond desire
Wind through, and on the shore expire !
Those burst, the haven ere they reach,
And these but perish on the beach.

How sweetly these round billows rise,
 And undulate, while the breeze sighs
 Above ; their race seems youthful sport,
 Flight and pursuit—they shun, they court—
 Now parted and to distance thrown,
 And now commingled into one ;
 They swell but soon subside, and where
 They were, a few small wavelets are ;
 Or sooth to say, they brawl and flee,
 One seeks the land, one floats to sea :
 How like is this to human love,
 As the young passions swell and move ?
 Coy dalliance, union, fond embrace,
 Proud bound, and then a nameless place—
 Or sever'd fates, away they go,—
 No matter where they froth or flow.

Far off a hoary head I view,
 Dropping salt rheum ; 'tis age's hue,
 And life's last tears. The sea-bird's breast
 Is on the neighbouring calm imprest—
 Ah, spirit's emblem ! can it be,
 But one faint struggle more, and he
 Shall seek Heaven's element, like thee ?

How blest, if so ; for lo the gale
 Increasing flaps the shuddering sail,
 Wild ocean bellows loud, and fierce
 The tempest sweeps, the drear winds pierce
 With dismal howl, the waters rave,—
 Nothing can 'scape the yawning grave ;
 And every mortal, wreck'd, may know
 There is no safety here below.

Ah me ! my dream of WAVES is o'er ;
 Another reflux bares the shore,
 Another influx comes again,
 And new each shape in, on, the main—
 My heroes, lovers, bards all fled,
 Forgotten, traceless, vanished.
 And Man, whence springs thy senseless pride ?
 'Tis but a CENTURY or a TIDE ?

Hastings, August 21.

TEUTHA.

With a simple but gratifying proof of the benefit that
 may be derived from publications of the literary class (and

of which I had many instances in the course of my travel, such even as thanks from foreign ambassadors on leaving the country, for having been their truthful guide in all that concerned books and intelligence), I shut up the last page of my biography, volume the second.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

“ November 10th, 1818.

“ SIR,

“ Permit one who is highly indebted to you to return you his sincere thanks.

“ About a twelvemonth ago, I accidentally saw, at a friend's house, a number of your excellent publication. I perused it, and immediately imbibed a taste for literature, which, I am happy to say, has since afforded me no small degree of intellectual enjoyment.

“ Before I read your journal, I was, I fear, a sad idle fellow. I would indeed skim through a *novel* or a *romance*—provided I procured them without any trouble—and the *knowledge* I acquired from such publications, was what may be expected. I have very many reasons to consider the hour when your publication was first put into my hands, as a most fortunate one ; from that moment I may date the pleasure I have experienced from the perusal of works whose titles were before unintelligible or appalling.

“ I am a young man, Mr. Editor—a *very* young man, not yet nineteen—and most of my leisure time is devoted to the cultivation of literature. In this respect, I hope I am not singular. For my own part, I find so much enjoyment, such exquisite pleasure, in these pursuits, that I wonder why the time which many of our young men spend in idleness is not applied to what would afford them lasting

and much greater enjoyment, the cultivation of science and the arts.

“ I have no motive, my dear Sir, beyond the impulse of gratitude, in thus addressing you ; as I am, and most likely ever shall be, unknown to you ; yet, if you should experience any gratification from learning that you have conferred one of the greatest blessings a mortal can enjoy on an humble individual, know, my dear Sir, that you have conferred that blessing on *me*, and that I shall ever consider myself

“ Your obliged and grateful *Pupil*,

“ J. R.”

APPENDIX.

A, p. 33.

FROM observations on my former volume from several quarters, my worthy publishers have given me to understand, that *Appendices* are by some readers considered to be mere *appendages* of little consequence to a work, and which may be as conveniently dispensed with as published. It happens, however, that these additions on my part, are as intrinsically a portion of my biography as the narrative from which they are detached ; and that the sole reason for so detaching them, is to preserve the best order I can with so many miscellaneous materials without the interruption of co-lateral affairs which form compact little episodes by themselves. As Samson's strength lay in his locks, O'Connell's in his tail, and every lady's epistolary correspondence in her postscripts, so would I wish the public to believe that my weakness will not be found diffused in this division of my labour. "The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor,"* represents a very essential section of my literary career. It was commenced by Mr. George Manners on the 1st of October, 1807, and by its talent and virulence very speedily attracted general notice, warm partisanship, and bitter hate. The first coloured caricature represented Lord Grenville, Lord Temple, Lord Moira, Lord Erskine, Sheridan, John Kemble, Windham, Whitbread, Burdett, Horne Tooke, and other public characters, political, dramatic, and literary ; and over them the tall figure of the Satirist brandishing

* Not to be confounded with the "Satirist" newspaper, of much later date.

a whip. This took ; and the publication went prosperously on, lashing without mercy the Whig, "all the talents," statesmen, the authors of books obnoxious to the critics, and the players who, through any cause, incurred their displeasure. Their boundless personality and unrestrained abuse of those whom they chose to treat as delinquents in politics, morals, taste, or conduct, made a violent sensation ; and the abilities displayed by the editor and his coadjutors, (evincing education, style, force, wit, and humour,) sent the bruit of their biting and clever censures through the land. One novel feature especially told well. It was entitled "Comparative Criticism," and consisted in placing in close juxtaposition the opinion of other periodicals on new publications and plays, &c., in which the contradictions were often most direct and whimsically ludicrous. The licentiousness which frequently disfigured the design, would not be endured now ; but five-and-forty years have done much towards refining the public taste, and what passed as (perhaps) slightly indecorous in those days would be scouted as intolerable indecency in our times. It is greatly to the benefit of the people that it is so ; for coarse and immodest language cannot be used without polluting the sense and poisoning the mind. Undeterred by any scruples upon the grounds I have stated, and caught by the striking talent of the work, I offered a contribution which was accepted ; and I joined the ranks in January, 1808, with a political drama, entitled "*Vox et Præterea Nihil*, or Parliamentary Debates in Rhyme," directed with all my powers of comic ridicule against the Opposition leaders and their chief adherents. I must say, however, that whilst I blamed what was intemperate and personally injurious in the "*Satirist*," I was thoroughly convinced that it effected great public good in all the departments it handled ; and that though I wrote with the rest, from entertaining similar opinions, I was not one of those who forgot that "want of decency is want of sense." I took up the "Comparative Criticism" sport, and contributed to it with much gusto ; for it was altogether truly entertaining from the palpable differences in facts as well as opinions. But for the trouble of comparing so many organs, it would be a capital hit in any journal to revive the contrast, and show how very little the judgment of readers ought to depend on the dicta of newspapers

and magazines. I copy a few fragments in proof, and the entire sentences would occupy too much space.

"These discourses may be regarded as of general utility."—*Monthly Review*.

"In a sound, forcible, argumentative, and scriptural manner. The style is manly and perspicuous."—*Eclectic Review*.

"The ludicrous matter here collected in this trumped-up story. How long will the understanding of the common people be imposed upon by such rhapsodies?"—*Critical Review*.

Another—

"Is detailed with equal perspicuity and force."—*British Critic*.

"Is not very intelligible."—*Monthly Review*.

Again,

"This work (Loudon on Country Residences) displays throughout a vigorous and original mind."—*Anti-Jacobin Review*.

"A scientific man, who discovers considerable experience in his profession, and good sense," &c.—*Eclectic Review*.

"We perceive more charlatanry than is compatible with genuine science."—*Monthly Review*.

Many such conflicting oracles from the monthly publications, and many more from the newspaper press (which last was my suggestion) were so splendidly absurd, that it was impossible not to have a hearty laugh at them; and the exposure seemed to have some influence in causing the production of more guarded, if not just and honest, critiques. I am tempted to add a few notices of the sort from about forty on Scott's "Marmion."

"There is a good deal of *spirit* and a good deal of nature intermingled in the introductions to the cantos."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"To show what poverty of idea prevails through these introductory chapters, we will quote some few lines from these *spiritless* effusions."—*Critical Review*.

"The introduction to Canto Second contains a piece of *ineffable nonsense*."—*Universal Magazine*.

"In the second epistle the prospect is *admirably delineated*—the ramble *finer than anything of the kind* that we have hitherto met in Mr. Scott himself."—*Eclectic Review*.

Fitz-Eustace's Song "is strikingly conceived."—*Beau*

Monde. "Has a natural and enduring charm, and is sweetly wild."—*Eclectic Review*. "Is but a stiff and rather childish imitation of the truly pathetic simplicity of Burns."—*Monthly Review*. "A remarkably silly song."—*Universal Magazine*. "Exceedingly dull."—*Monthly Review*. "Never dull."—*Eclectic Review*.

Of the newspaper contradictions the following is a specimen :—

"A new comedy, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Skeffington, called 'Lose no Time,' was performed for the first time, last night, with universal and deserved applause. We have no room for particulars; and must therefore content ourselves with observing generally, that it is at once interesting, sprightly, and well-arranged; and promises to become a general favourite."—*Morning Post*.

"A new drama, called 'Lose no Time,' which report ascribes to the pen of Mr. Skeffington, was last night performed to a half-filled pit, and a 'beggarly account of empty boxes.' To such vulgar trash we have seldom been compelled to listen. Two officers, of family and distinction, for the sake of anticipating each other in the possession of a lady, have recourse to a series of mean deceptions, for one-half of which they ought to be horse-whipped from all society above the rank of pugilists and pick-pockets. We shall not bestow further notice on this contemptible production; which, however, was given out for repetition."—*Times*.

"A new comedy, in three acts, entitled 'Lose no Time,' was performed last night, for the first time, and received with unmingled applause. It is from the pen of Mr. Skeffington. We are prevented, by want of room, from entering into the detail of the piece; nor is it necessary, for it is rather a series of lively scenes than a regular drama."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The Epilogue, containing many good points relative to the title of the comedy was admirably delivered by Mrs. Edwin."—*Morning Herald*.

"Mrs. Edwin spoke the Epilogue; a *common-place* about Buonaparte's running away, and being pursued by the Cossacks, was not at all relished by the audience. It was, in truth, rather out of time, as well as out of place."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The Epilogue, written by Mr. G. L. Peacock, the author of

'Palmira,' &c. abounds with excellent points, and was admirably delivered by Mrs. Edwin. The piece went off with *eclat*, and was announced for repetition amidst shouts of applause."—*British Press*.

These are but brief and imperfect specimens of what an industrious and clever penny-a-liner might now imitate with profit to himself, and amusement and advantage to the community. *Verb. Sap.*, or ponder on the following note :—

"DEAR SIR,—

"My only reason for omitting your poetical article in our last number, was that it came too late, and I fear the subject is now too stale. The newspaper Com. cut was inserted, and I wish you to continue the article ; but I think it would have more effect if you arrange the extracts, so that those which contradict each other should be together.

"I beg leave to suggest that you have it in your power to furnish us monthly with an article, which, I think, would produce a considerable effect, under the title of '*Newspaper inconsistencies and falsehoods*.' We very frequently read in one paper that a person is dying, in another of the same day, that he is giving splendid dinners. That the Duke of Anything was at one place, and then at another, &c., &c., &c., &c. ; which your judgment would enable you to contrast in a whimsical and entertaining manner. If you can let me have an article of this description by Sunday, twelve o'clock, it shall be inserted in our next number.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"G. R."

Occupied with my newspaper engagements I was a very rare contributor to the "Satirist" for several years. It was during that time in continual hot-water in consequence of its insolent tone and bitter personalities. Law-suits, challenges, assaults, and affrays, marked its monthly course ; and but for Mr. Manners's masculine form and great physical strength, he would have had even more encounters and failed to get so victoriously out of them. Unappalled by such dangers, and determined not to provoke them by indecency or scurrility, I was induced to purchase the copyright of the publication, and the house in

which it was published, 267, Strand, both together. Of my tenantry, I have given the history elsewhere; and have now only to relate my adventures and endeavour to preserve some of my productions from and after the 1st of July, 1812, when my editing began. I announced that though satire would still, in conformity with its title, be the prevailing feature of the work, I had opened it more freely to communications (not satirical) of merit, and trusted to make it "a repository of general information and a permanent fund of rational amusement." I further stated my sentiments as regarded the publication. "Satire is a potent instrument, and, as it is employed, adorns with honour or confounds with shame the author who dares to use it. Well-directed, impartially administered, and dispassionately applied to the correction of crimes that 'flaunt in the broad face of day,' no one can doubt the usefulness of its tendency, or deny it the praise of being the most efficient friend to virtue. On the other hand, if calculated only to gratify envy, to satiate private malignity, to disseminate slander, and poison the confidence of social intercourse, there is not a curse within the wrath of heaven more afflicting, nor a wretch upon earth more detestable than the man who can address it to purposes so base. With these feelings, the readers of the *NEW SERIES* need be under no apprehension of ever meeting in our page with matter to shock decency, to outrage society, to disturb the peace of families, or sport with individual happiness. While we shall attempt to follow the better part of the example of our predecessors, in baring imposture, however curiously concealed; in scourging infamy, however highly elevated; in holding religious hypocrisy and wickedness up to detestation; and political tergiversation up to scorn; we shall maintain that respect for the opinion of the wise and good, we shall maintain that respect for the approbation of our own hearts, so to conduct ourselves that we may ever exclaim with the poet—

"Curst be the verse, how smooth so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one virtuous man our foe."

August, 1812, thus gave evidence to intentions which ought not to be confounded with the traditionary character of the "Satirist," which I must acknowledge was of a prurient and

frequently offensive description ; and had I then, whilst greatly admiring much that was piquant and just, entertained the same strong objections to much of the contents of the ten volumes which preceded my undertaking as I do now, I should, assuredly, never have become the pseudo-Juvenal of the age.

" Oh ! let me fly to some deserted coast,
Some dreary region of eternal frost ;
Far from the cant of hypocrites precise,
Far from the sermonising slaves of vice,
Who seem all virtue in the streets of Rome,
And swell the bacchanalian roar at home."

HODGSON'S *Juvenal*.

In this spirit I carried on the publication, and introduced a new feature, entitled " The Moon," for the reception of lighter literature ; and which grew into popularity for its anecdotes, epigrams, and other small-ware moon-rakings. My third volume, commencing July, 1813, exulted in success, though the satire of its two precursors had been confined to public life, public men, and public matters.

When I was transplanted into the " Sun " I found the " Satirist " too much for me ; and to confess the truth, its literary merits did not suffice to gratify the public appetite so much as when it was seasoned with the spices I had repudiated. It was therefore discontinued, and in its stead another attempt made under the title of " The Tripod ;" but the " Tripod " had soon hardly a leg to stand upon, and so was kicked over. From my four volumes of " Satirist," I may hereafter make a selection of my own writings, and some contributions from other hands, with notes upon their authors ; but the quantity is too great for the space I could allow here, and I have only to express my hope that the following specimens may not be thought too much.

QUERY.

What is love ? a morning vapour,
Flying from the beams of day ;
What is love ? a midnight taper,
Dying with the hours away.

'Tis the sigh, the infant utters,
'Ere it knows the use of breath ;
'Tis the moth, that gaily flutters
Round the flame that dooms its death.

'Tis the glow-worm's witching glory,
 Luring trav'lers in the mire;
 'Tis the gossip's goblin story,
 Told around a winter fire.

'Tis the dream that haunts our pillows;
 'Tis a castle in the air;
 'Tis the tears of weeping willows,
 Tears that *really* never were.

'Tis, oh ! 'tis, the rose, in fancy,
 In *reality*, the thorn ;
 And I've heard a *married* man say,
 'Tis the Devil ! by his *horn* !

THE NOSEGAY.

TO MY SISTER MARY, ON SEEING HER GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

My dearest Sister ! now you rove
 Through every field and every grove
 To cull the fragrant flow'rs,
 Which Nature, with unsparing pains,
 O'er all her spacious domains
 In vast profusion pours.

I see thy feet attracted stray
 To where the violet scents the way,
 Low blooming in the shade :
 Now where the speckled hawthorn blows;
 Now where the beauties of the rose
 Are to the sun display'd.

Now exultation lifts thee high,
 And pleasure brightens up thine eye ;
 Thy nosegay is complete—
 So various too ! it needs must please—
 Here daisies, cowslips, and heartsease,
 With broom and bluebells meet.

Yet, ah ! my lovely girl, beware !
 All is not good that looks so fair,
 And dangers lurk around—
 The glowing rose you so admire
 Is guarded by the scythelike brier,
 Th' invader's hand to wound.

The May is not in triumph borne,
 Without encountering the thorn
 Attendant on its bloom :
 And oft beneath the nettle's sting,
 Protected, scented violets spring,
 And all the gale perfume.

And, oh ! my love ! your views extend,
 Instruction with amusement blend,
 And wisely learn betimes ;
 E'en like the chase you now pursue
 Your pilgrimage through life to view,
 Where virtues mix with crimes.

The graced outside, the manners bland,
 The look sincere, and proffer'd hand,
 May hide a callous heart,
 Which feels not for another's pain ;—
 Which envy, hate, and malice stain ;
 All baseness, fraud, and art.

Nay ! hid beneath Love's warmest smile,
 Lurk falsehood, perfidy, and guile,
 The female heart t'ensnare ;
 And, under friendship's sacred guise,
 Too oft, alas ! foul treachery lies,
 Deceit, and selfish care.

And still the more of life you know,
 Experience more and more will show
 Your yet unconscious youth :
 Survey the real scene, you'll find
 This hasty picture of mankind
 Falls sadly short of truth.

Yet suffer not scowling mistrust
 To make thee to the world unjust,
 And think the whole one blot :
 For some there are—alas ! how few !
 With souls to every virtue true—
 Heav'n cast with theirs thy lot !

FRATER.*

* Written when removed in bad health to my native air, 1802.
 (See Vol. I.)

APPLICATIONS FOR THE LAUREATESHIP.

Letter from the Lord Chamberlain to the Satirist.

" Lord Chamberlain's Office, Palace Yard,
" Tuesday.

" DEAR SIR,—

" In consequence of the death of Mr. Pye, the lucrative, honourable, and important office of Poet Laureat having become vacant, very numerous applications for the *reversion* have been made to me by sundry noble, celebrated, and estimable persons. Many of these applicants have presented me with specimens of their poetical talents, in order to enable me to appreciate their fitness for office ; but, as I am not only little *versed* in measured compositions, but am, moreover, extremely puzzled to make out intelligibly the plain prose meaning of not a few of these productions, I have deemed it expedient to send them to you as One skilled in criticism, and, from practice in dissecting authors, enabled to develop things incomprehensible to other men ; and to beg you will favour me with your opinion thereon, with your speediest convenience, for the writers have already become extremely clamorous and impatient for a decision each in his own favour.

" In the hope of an early answer, to release me from the life of persecution I now lead, and the hourly dread of being torn to pieces by infuriated bards, as a certain bard, I believe Orpheus, was of old,*

" I remain, dear Satirist, yours, &c.,

" HERTFORD."

In consequence of the request contained in this polite epistle, which his lordship dispatched to US by a special messenger, we have taken infinite pains carefully and impartially to scan and

* The Lord C. is a little out in his Heathen Mythology, but it ill becomes a Christian noble to be more accurate in those things than in his Scriptural knowledge.—ED.

peruse the mass of poems which accompanied it, and which were, for greater security and conveniency, conveyed to our office in two of the royal waggon-train-covered waggons, attended by a suitable escort. From these loads we selected, by a species of *sortes* invented for the occasion, one thousand applications. These were again reduced to one hundred by another ordeal ; and, lastly having undergone the severest criticism, we chose twelve of the best, which we returned to his lordship, advising him, as they were all of equal merit, to have the business of the Laureat hereafter done by a committee of twelve, in such manner as we also pointed out. His lordship we understand thinks highly of our suggestions, and letters have been written to Mr. Banks, Mr. Martin, and other reformists of our petty economy, in order to ascertain if such appointment may not occasion great clamour, from the creation of so many new officers. Should any objection be made, the idea will be dropped, rather than be persevered in to cause contention (such is the placable spirit of ministers, who, instead of treating such carping little creatures with contempt, too often yield to these political coxcombs), though, as only the same salary and perquisites are to be allotted to the committee of twelve as to one individual, it is hoped no objection will be urged against a plan which promises so much variety, novelty, and national renown. From these and others, with the approbation of their several authors, we have made a few selections, and, with some extracts from the letters enclosing them, we now hasten to submit to the admiration of the world.

*Note from Mr. Wilberforce, enclosing a Specimen of
Hannah More's.*

“ Kensington Gore, 14th August.

“ Mr. Wilberforce humbly begs to earnestly recommend the enclosed to the notice of the Lord Chamberlain. Though it hath not been usual in times past to nominate and appoint females to the office of Laureat, yet he trusts that, with the glory of God, and the religious instruction of this degenerate age

in the contemplation of his Majesty's confidential advisers, an exception may be made in favour of one so pre-eminently saintly, and so admirably calculated, by her writings of birth-day odes and moral reflections on the new year's-day, to promote the sacred cause of Christianity. Surely as there was one *she* Pope, there may be allowed to be one *she* Laureat: if which should be the event of this application, it is hoped the usual formalities and ceremonies, as enacted by the Cardinals on the initiation of a Pope, will not be insisted upon, though Hannah is willing to undergo much in the service of the Lord."

From Mrs. More's production we select only two verses: it is rather too much in the Methodist hymn style for an ode.

"While worldlings sing
Earth's joys, oh king!
I'll heavenly anthems raise;
No Pagan nine,
But hymns divine,
Inspiring George's praise.

"Oh! Lord of hosts!
Protect our coasts,
From war's terrific burst;
And Boney's sway,
Now and for ay,
Be evermore accurst."

Of a very opposite tendency and character is the following:—

"Melina Place, half-past Two o'clock,
"Saturday morning.

"MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN,—

"You and I have had a —— deal of troublesome correspondence; I trust the present will be more pleasant to us both. It ought to be so, considering the auspices under which it commences, for, by Jove, I have been enjoying my bottle since five o'clock with a few friends, and, having tired myself and them with damning the critics, for whose malevolence I do not care a single curse (save when they attack my moral character, b——t them), I sit down in desperate good humour and high spirits to write to your lordship.

“ As Pye has been dished up for the worms—

“ ‘ And there he doth lie,
To make a dirt pie.’

what say you, my lord, to put me into his living place ? I can sing more like a lark than any Pye that ever chattered. I will undertake to keep the court in good humour. Give me the money, and you shall have odes *galore*. But to show you that I do not want to bargain about the Sack, like a pig in a poke, to—a specimen—

“ ‘ Is’t wine you give the bard t’inspire ?
By heaven it sets my soul on fire !
And for the tun,
I’ll write and pun,
Till Maids of Honour cry,
O G—d ! I’m like to die ;
How different from Pye !

Give over punning, George—with laughing I’ll expire.

“ Then give a *butt of sack*, I’ll say,
And on the *sackbutt* I will *play* :
But sack the cash likewise.
Penn’d in his Bench,* here let me *pen*
Odes to the very best of men,
And laud him to the skies.

“ Through life I’ve had a hellish prance,
A kind of damn’d bad *Morris-dance*—
’Tis time now for repose.

Then give me, king, thy wine to drink,
And lend me paper, pens, and ink,
I’ll write, till all my senses sink,
Thy praise, and ——— our foes.

“ GEORGE COLMAN.”

“ MY LORD,—

“ Having many hours of idleness on my hands, and being an adept at versification, it would not be unacceptable to me to

* Melina Place was in the rules of the King’s Bench, and George resided at No. 7, a considerable time. Delpini, the famous clown, escaped a like fate by writing to the Prince of Wales, “ By de * * * *, if your Royal Highness not help me, I shall go live in your Papa’s Bench.” But the Prince succoured him !

try the experiment of writing the Laureat Odes, in order to ascertain if that new pursuit would kill the *ennui* by which I am devoured. Being in politics between a Whig and a Jacobin, the subject of our Sovereign's praise will have so much of the Romaunt in my eyes, as sufficiently to resemble the species of composition in which I am most successful. My desires, my Lord, do not point at the perquisites or emoluments of the office. Wine I now loath—money I detest—praise is irksome, to me—and the world only one dull round of apathy and misanthropy. It is for variety I undertake the task, and, if possible, to amuse the forlorn.

“BYRON.”

We have only room for very limited extracts from this candidate's probationary ode.

“Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange oisons on high;
Three splendid standards charm the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, victory!
The ‘foe’ presumptuous, and the brave ‘Ally,’
‘That fights’ for liberty, nor fights in vain,
‘Are met; and low on earth the spoilers lie,
To feed the crow on’ Salamanca’s ‘plain,
And fertilise the field they idly hoped to gain.’”

———“he, whose nod,
‘Has tumbled’ feeble monarchs ‘from their sway,’
Abhor’d of men, and surely cursed of God;
Is forced now his murd’rous arm to stay:
Soon have his myrmidons been swept away.”

“Borders of the Lakes,
“11th August.

“MY LORD,—

“I have just received tidings of the demise of the lamented Mr. Pye. Grief for the loss suffered by the nation in so inestimable a genius will scarcely permit my sensibility to turn connectedly to worldly concerns; but, *simple* as I am, if it should please your good lordship to nominate me to the vacant Laurel, in good sooth I will address me to the office with my

dearest ability; and for office I trust your lordship will acknowledge my perfect aptitude.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ With the utmost gratitude, respect, and admiration,

“ Your Lordship’s

“ Most obedient, devoted,

“ And very humble servant,

“ W. WORDSWORTH.”

Here follows a specimen of this gentleman’s writing—

“ Great ‘ Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The godhead’s most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile ’ on George’s face.

“ ‘ Flowers laugh before ’ him ‘ on their beds,
And fragrance in ’ his ‘ footing treads ; ’
He does ‘ preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient Heav’ns, through ’ him, ‘ are fresh and strong. ’ ” *

“ We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.” †

“ *Sack and a salary* are ‡ ‘ there,
Few visions have I seen more fair;
Nor many prospects of delight
More pleasing than that simple sight.’
‘ My heart leaps up when I behold ’ §
An office rear’d on high :
‘ So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by ’ *Sack and Salary* !

* Ode to Duty.

† Resolution and Independence.

‡ “ Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there.” See Verses on a Sparrow’s Nest.

§ Wordsworth’s Poems, p. 44.

Who comes next ?

"MY LORD,—

"Having been honoured with the patronage of his Royal Highness our most gracious Prince Regent, H.R.H. A.B.C.D. E.F.G.H. and all the most illustrious of our nobility, I presume to solicit your attention to my claim to the vacant seat of the Laureat. Odes, my Lord, are nothing to my Muse. I will do wonders.

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"

"LUCRETIVS BUSBY."

(*Ohe ! jam satis !*)

"N.B. My son, G. F. B., Esquire, is willing either to write in conjunction with me, or, if more agreeable, recite my odes to the court.—L. B."

"12th August.

"MY LORD,—

"As I never can resign the pleasures of hope, though there may be many more excellent candidates than myself; many whose political opinions are more *German* to the nature of the office, or whose minds are better attuned to the celebration of royal praises; I cannot resist the impulse I feel to offer myself as a candidate for the bays. I will not debase myself by submitting any specimen of what my Muse is capable of. Such petty-fogging meanness is neither consistent with the national pride, nor the personal consciousness, of

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,—

"The office of Poet Laureat being vacant, unmoved by any sinister motives, and actuated only by the pure love of fame, I will, if thought worthy of the appointment, undertake to fulfil its duties, by giving a New-year Ode in the style of a fairy tale, and, duly mingling seriousness with lightness, a Birth-day Ode from the Bible. Should this candid offer merit your lordship's approbation, you may command, as your future Laureate,

"SAUL SOTHEBY."

BLANK VERSE EXEMPLAR.

“ Daughters of Britain ; praise our noble Prince !
 ‘ Break into song ! with harp and tabret lift
 Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance ;
 And to your twinkling footsteps, toss aloft
 Your arms.
 Shout ye ! And ye ! make answer.’ Grah’m ‘ has slain
 His thousands ;’ Well’sley ‘ his tens of thousands slain.
 Sing a new song.’ ”

Tunc ad libitum.

“ King David, in his sark,
 He danced in front of the ark,
 His religious freedom to show ;
 No gloomy bigot was he,
 The slave of intolerance :
 He caper’d in ecstasy,
 And flung his limbs to and fro ;
 Tol de rol.

“ Ah would that our Prince like him
 Were full of frolic and whim,
 In like manner to dance the *Hays* ; *
 O’er Protestant scruples skip,
 Give Constitution the slip,
 And tip us the Catholic trip,
 As jig-led in ancient days.
 Tol de rol.”

“ The Lakes, 25th August.

“ MY LORD,—

“ Earnestly devoted to the Muses, and to every kind of literature, may I presume to offer myself to your lordship’s notice, as one who would be extremely glad to see what can be done after Pye. My Lord, I will not vaunt myself, but refer you to my works, of which I have produced very many, more perhaps than your lordship has had time to read ; but I may, without vanity, venture to assure your lordship, that no Epic Poet has ever yet exceeded

“ Your humble servant,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

* No allusion to the Secretary of the Catholic Board.

EXEMPLAR.

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY.

“ Oh King or Prince !
 ‘ Charm’d be thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent’s tooth,
 And the beasts of blood ;’
 From the curse of Kehama,
 And ev’ry other curse or dam-a.
 May sickness ne’er harm thee,
 And constant health charm thee,
 May the lands that are thine,
 Fruit never deny thee,
 And water still bear thee
 Where all thy foes fly thee.
 ‘ And the winds shall not touch thee,
 When they *pass* by thee ;
 And the dews shall not wet thee,
 When they ’ only ‘ *fall nigh thee.*’

“ Then what a happy prince you’ll be
 With a Poet Laureat such as me ;
 When duly here, to George the Regent’s praise,
 My prince, as with an angel’s voice of song,
 Pour my melodious lays
 Upon the gales of even,
 And sounding strenuous like a gong,
 I lift his fame to th’ north-west gate of heaven,
 Such harmony to all my notes is given.”

“ Selkirkshire, 10th Aug.

“ MY LORD,—

“ My Minstrelsy is so renowned, that I may scantily doubt of success in this contest. In truth, I begin to be afraid that the booksellers will soon think meet to retrench in the purchase of my ballads ; and only, as I am anxious to have a horse in the stable, do I submit my claims to your judgment, as a candidate for a hundred pounds sterling per annum, and a butt of good sack, as in older times, on condition of furnishing a certain quantum of rhyme, at which your lordship may have heard I possess great alacrity. The verity is, I can put one

hundred rhymes together in a day with great ease and facility ; so that if we can complete this bargain, there is no peril of having sufficiency of verses for the price from

“ Yours truly,

“ WAT SCOTT.”*

This author having enclosed a description of a court-day, of about 900 lines, we can only find room for a small but eminently poetical, picturesque, vigorous, and precise part thereof, describing the Beef-Eaters, &c.

“ Ten men in arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :
Then twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen white and jerkins new,
With auncient javelins in their hands,
Obey'd their captain's loud commands.

“ 'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
The Soldier of the Guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
Stood sentry as the crowd throng'd on
Through Carlton House's yard :
Fifers and trumpeters were there ;
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared.

“ The Guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd *brave* ;
The cannons from the ramparts *glanced*,
And thund'ring welcome gave.

“ Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the outer gate ;
And there with equal pomp and state,
They tell you to walk on :
For which their kindness to requite,
Some ready cash (at Court rare !) Wight,
May tip them half-a-crown.”

Enough ! surely this is sublime—at any rate it is circumstantial !!!

* He is the man after all.

PRIVATE.

"MY LORD,—

"Though my humble pretensions as a poet may not entitle me to enter the lists with the bards of high fame, who will doubtless be competitors for the bays, yet, my Lord, there is one secret point which I trust will have considerable weight in inducing his Majesty's ministers to look with a favourable eye upon me, and mayhap tempt them to promote my passage to the object of my great ambition. The point to which I allude is this; I have decidedly more *Borough interest* than any poet who may address your lordship on this subject, all of which I am willing to devote to the service of ministers, on condition of their appointing me successor to Mr. Pye,

" Their humble servant,

"GEORGE CRABBE."

EXTRACT.

"Lo! where the Prince, with glories cover'd o'er,
From wild Miami's and from Ebro's shore;
Thence the proud strain of victory resounds,
And triumph's shouts fill Britain's ample bounds;
Whose heroes wield their dreaded arms in war,
And drive th' invaders from their prey afar,
Reluctant flying from their hoarded spoils,
While freedom springs from free-born Britons' toils "

"LORD NUGENT's compliments to Lord Hertford, would be extremely happy to be crowned with the Laurel. As he is the only one of his family blessed with poetical *talents*, he conceives that his stake in the Muse's hedge ought to be planted near those of his relations in the political. Portugal speaks his celebrity, (did Lord H . . . ever read it, or hear of it?) and if his physiognomy should not be thought indicative of genius, he begs only to refer, for its contradiction, to that poem, which he trusts, it will be acknowledged, *gives the lie to his face* Sunday noon.

"N.B. Lord N. is just going to be married, and sings thus blithely :

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

[We have avoided extracting the accompanying poem : it is such infernal trash. We observe, moreover, that it is disloyal, being written at the expense of the country——on some of the *late* Lord Temple's stationery.]

We have no room, at present, for the other candidates though it is a cruel injustice (of which we are sincerely sensible) to withhold from the public the specimens of their productions, of which we are in possession, especially as we were desirous to refute, by their promulgation, an injurious opinion, which has acquired but too much weight with the unthinking multitude, that these authors had already written more than was worth reading. The names of some of them will prove how keen our regret must be in being deterred from rescuing them from this barbarous and unjust insinuation. We have a few strophes and antistrophes from Memory Rogers ; from the twin Smiths, who have offered to belaureat the task in the dual number, according to the Athenian fashion ; from Coleridge, who says he would be glad to turn his hand to anything which would leave him no cause for Remorse ; from John Taylor (not the Water Poet), who has backed his pretensions from his connexion with that loyal paper the "Sun," and, having defended ministers, right or wrong, for the last thousand years : from, and with him, the Chief of Chiefs, we will close our catalogue, William Henry Fitzgerald. Having, by a fine stratagem, disclaimed the appointment in the newspapers, he, next day, wrote to all the ministers and high officers of state *separatim*, to inform them of his *modesty* The hint was palpable, but it would not do ; for Lord Hertford enclosed his application to us with the others. These were the last lines :

"Blest year !
 George rules sublime : while tyrants domineer,
 'Tis his to far and wide merge his mild sway ;
 Thames, Shannon, Tweed,
 His bounties feed,
 While Lawrence, Ganges, and Sen'gal, his lovely rule obey.
 Hail happy day that gave him birth,
 Day most auspicious for earth :
 How many nations joy in thy return,
 And gladdening myriads with ardour burn,
 As my poor verse shall show.
 Yankies no longer jaw !
 No longer Spain cries Ah !
 Sicilia's blest with British law,
 And Portugalia free—enjoys her O—
 — Port—o !!"

[*Cætera desunt.*]

REVIEW EXTRAORDINARY.

POETRY may be said to delight in fiction : creation, as the word implies, is its chief object. Soaring on the wings of fancy and imagination, new worlds and new beings present themselves to the poet's phrensied view. To the *realities* he adds all the possibilities of existence, and, unsatisfied *pedestribus historiis*, with plain narrations, in which only human actors and human exploits are exhibited, he enriches his scene and interests the reader by the introduction of preternatural beings. Homer could not sing the contentions between the Grecian and Dardan hosts, at the siege of Troy, without elevating his subject by associating divinities with heroes, and forcing the gods themselves to bear a part in the mighty conflict. He employed the popular superstitions of his age to impart a grandeur and solemnity to his theme, selecting from the mythology which then prevailed the machinery of his immortal Iliad.

The divinities of Greece having been transported to, and worshipped at, Rome, the Latin epic poets were forced to adopt the machinery, as well as to follow the plans, of Homer—they had little left except to be servile copyists of this great original : but when the Muses began to be courted by our northern ancestors, poetry was obliged to have recourse for its machinery to new superstitions, and to substitute Gothic demons for

Grecian deities : Odin and Thor superseded Jupiter and Mars. In this we are of opinion poetry sustained no loss. Nothing is perhaps more truly adapted to its genius than the Gothic fictions and manners. The military institutions and customs of chivalry, united with the gloomy theology and fables of the north, which included a system of magic, enchantment, and prodigy, opened a spacious field to the epic adventurer. The old romances, though they wanted powers to cultivate it to perfection, serve to demonstrate to the discerning critic its extensive *capabilities*. Ariosto, Tasso, and our Spenser have employed them to singular advantage ; and had Homer flourished in the Gothic age, the supposition is not extravagant, that he might have produced a work superior to the Iliad itself, as he would certainly have found more unlimited scope for his genius. In the refined gallantry and military fanaticism of this period there was more of the tender as well as of the terrific, and more to engage the softer affections of the heart as well as to harrow up the soul, than the civil and religious state of ancient Greece presented to his observation, or to his fancy.

We have been led to make this observation, *not from what is found in the work before us*, but from the circumstance of no effort having been made to enrich its pages from these sources. Its claim to public approbation rests not on the exploits of the heroes of antiquity ; it is derived from the exertions of those who have *figured* in modern times. Saying this, however, we do not wish to be understood to assert that its pages are occupied with the frivolous occurrences of modern life, or with the insipid anecdotes of fashionable folly, which have of late swelled almost every new publication. If, however, it has not those deeds of "high emprise," of which the lovers of romance are so much enamoured, sung in never-dying strains, and if it cannot boast of that fashionable chit-chat which is so ardently admired by the readers of modern novels, on the other hand it avoids that disgusting bombast which frequently attends an attempt to celebrate the former, and that atrocious slander which is too generally the characteristic of the latter. If it is to be censured as wanting that animating fire and fascinating vivacity usually sought for in works of that description to which we have alluded, it possesses nothing that can be regarded as insulting

to common sense, nothing to put female delicacy out of countenance.

This work is understood to be compiled by Mr. Hoffman, a gentleman *well known* in the *literary* world, and who has been for some time regarded, if not as a rising, at least as a *stationary* genius. The present is, certainly, not his *greatest* work ; but we are happy to say, that comparing it with his former productions of the *same cast*, we cannot discover that there is any *falling off*.

While we bear testimony to the merits of this work, as in no way offending against the purest morality, we cannot but admit that there are parts which, in our opinion, would admit of considerable improvement. It, however, affords us no small satisfaction to find that one work, at least, has been produced in the present day, in which, besides being recommended by the circumstance of its being not only free from nonsense and immorality, but wholly exempt from those errors of style which too frequently disfigure works of merit, from the beginning to the end we have not been able to discover one fault in grammar, or even in punctuation. Its pages are not sullied by one improper, nor even by one inelegant, expression. We cannot say that it is recommended to us by all the fire of Walter Scott ; but if it has not the beauties of his style, it is happily free from its defects, and much as we may regret the want of its harmony, we are in a very considerable degree consoled by the absence of its affectation.

We cannot conclude without observing, that this work is in an eminent degree entitled to the praise of consistency, and this of itself is no common merit. No statements are made at the end, which are at variance with anything contained in the early part of the book. Nothing is advanced to influence the thoughtless, or to mislead the ignorant. In no part are we disgusted with an assumption of importance, or of superior information, which is not warranted by facts. It is never attempted to baffle the understanding by an affectation of mystery. We are never perplexed by a series of asterisks, dashes, or initial and final letters, significantly marked in italics. Its contents are in no part unintelligible or even doubtful ; but the work is in every part *fair*, *clear*, and perfectly *plain*. With such claims to

approbation, possessing merits so great, and with no faults but of omission, this production, though not all that could be wished, is still of considerable value; and we have no hesitation in recommending it as more harmless than most modern works of fiction, and as a performance which, if it does not enrapture, does not offend; if it does not convulse with laughter, does not disgust with ribaldry; and if it does not please with novelty of thought, does not excite distaste from impotent attempts at dazzling conceits. Its errors are few, trivial, and unimportant; its beauties, numerous as its leaves, apparent, and perfectly original. The uniformity of its style is unbroken by plagiarism or quotation, and what some hypercritics might challenge as sameness or insipidity is amply compensated by its purity, entire connection, fidelity to its subject, adherence to truth, clearness of conception, and delicacy of execution. These praises are not undeserved; these plaudits not exaggerated; for, reader, the object of this critique is—A BLANK BOOK.”

THE LOVES OF MAY.

Indeed such charms as yours, sweet May,
Might well excuse a slip or two;
But gossip flowers begin to say
Things one could scarcely think of you!

The lily, like some virgin pure,
Astonish'd, leans upon the sedge;
The pretty primrose sits demure,
Shock'd, at the bottom of the hedge.

Nor flowers alone report the tales,
Such gossips might be deem'd untrue;
But meads and groves, banks, streams, and gales,
Conspire to whisper shame on you.

“And what, then?” Dare you ask it, May,
While all the vales declare it true?
What! answer your own question, pray?—
What pass'd between young Spring and you?

In vain you thought the dark would hide;
The morning peep'd across the night,
And caught you more than side by side,
And blush'd more crimson at the sight.

In vain you thought the grove conceal'd :—
 'The west wind crept among the trees,
 And all the secret soon reveal'd,
 In whispers to each passing breeze.

In vain you thought all nature slept,
 A secret eye observed your bliss ;
 Awake on purpose Silence kept,
 And softly counted every kiss.

The merry birds the whole affair
 Had learnt before the sun rose long ;
 And through the carol-shaken air
 They tuned it in each amorous song.

In vain would you deny, fair May ;
 The ground itself a witness proves ;
 The grass is greener where you lay,
 And new-blown flowers betray your loves.

Well may the zephyrs whisper sighs,
 When things like this are brought to fame ;
 Well may the morning's colour rise,
 And all the roses blush with shame.

Well may the flowers so gossip it,
 Well be surprised the lily pure,
 Well may the pretty primrose sit
 So sweetly pensive and demure.

Nor is this all, O, wayward May !
 When such examples once you lend,
 Who knows what hearts are led astray,
 Or where love's mischief finds an end ?

Our chastest maids th' infection feel ;
 The fluttering growing passion swells ;
 Nor can the downcast eye conceal
 What the quick throbbing bosom tells.

As simplicity is the order of the day, we are sure the following Song, to the fashionable tune of "Geordy Kinlock," must please our fair readers. The subject is as old as the moon !

"Says Eve unto Adam, to Adam, to Adam,
 Says Eve unto Adam, Come sit down by me ;
 Says Eve unto Adam, to Adam, to Adam,
 Says Eve unto Adam, Come sit down by me ;

Come sit you down, and rest awhile,
 It will the tedious hours beguile;
 I likewise beg you'll stay to tea—
 I'm afraid though, says Adam, you've no bolhea !

“ So down then sat Adam, sat Adam, sat Adam,
 So down then sat Adam to gossip with Eve;
 The maid she was happy, was happy, was happy,
 The maid she was happy, as you may believe :
 They pass'd that night, and many more,
As never couple did before !
 A happier pair could not have been found
 If you'd traversed the garden of Eden round !

“ But slily came Satan, came Satan, came Satan,
 But slily came Satan, and whisper'd the dame,
 ‘ If you don't eat the apple, the apple, the apple,
 If you don't eat the apple you're vastly to blame.
 ‘Twill make you wise without dispute,
 Then why not taste such charming fruit ?’
 Poor Eve bought wisdom much too dear,
 Or perhaps there had none of us now been here !!”

B, p. 42.

I had purposed in this Appendix to have gone more into the details of authorship, and demonstrated beyond controversy, from the multitude of the unsuccessful and unfortunate, and the paucity in numbers of those who have reached any moderate degree of opulence, the truth of the positions I have laid down in regard to literary pursuits. But the task has grown too large for the summary view I intended for it; and in order to do it justice, I must defer making up my materials to a future and more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, I may refer my readers, for a taste, to “Disraeli's Calamities of Authors,” and assure them of a list from me not less disastrous and miserable. Such scenes of destitution as I have witnessed, and thank God! often been enabled to alleviate; would force the most buoyant proclaimer of the literary man's millenium to confess that there was more universal failure in their objects, and frustration of their hopes, and also a lower depth of woe into

which they were often precipitated, than could be predicated of any other educated and intelligent class. How does the 'pride of genius aggravate the suffering! That pride, like ivy, climbs the highest, and luxuriates the most, where the ruin is the greatest, where the stateliest fabric is mouldering most rapidly and surely into decay, where the noble mind is overthrown and all is wreck :—

“ Why to this stormy world, from their long rest,
Are these recall'd, to be again displeased,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are oppress'd,
Till we by Death's high privilege are eased.

“ As rivers to their ruin hasty be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
To the vast gulf of death, as they to sea,
And vainly travels to be quickly lost.”—DAVENANT.

I abstain, then, for the present, from going into this sad and painful inquiry ; but cannot help suggesting only one argument more, to show the disparity of the rewards which attend the productions of authors and artists ; assuredly not begrudging but heartily wishing increase to the latter. But let us quietly set down, in two lines, ten of the one class opposite to ten of the other, and ask the public judgment on the comparison :—

CRABBE.
WORDSWORTH.
SOUTHEY.
TALFOURD.
SHERIDAN KNOWLES.
KENYON.
TENNYSON.
CROLY.
SWAIN.
BEATTIE.

EDWIN LANDSEER.
COLLINS.
TURNER.
EASTLAKE.
STANFIELD.
ROBERTS.
BOXALL.
MACLISE.
UWINS.
WEBSTER.

The first column of high intellectual names, which will live for ever in the annals of literature, for the delight they have afforded to mankind, might sum up all their pecuniary gains through the whole of their lives and labours at a very few thousands, probably not more altogether than Turner amassed ; and if you add the sums, very justly and meritoriously earned by the other nine, you will hardly come to the conclusion that the Poet

and the Painter are equally well off in the distribution of remuneration for their labours. I contend, therefore, that higher intellect being requisite in the one case than in the other—not that the artist is too liberally encouraged, but that the author is ill requited and wronged.

I have not mentioned such names as those of Burns, Hogg, and a long catalogue of others whose lives have been spent in acquiring lasting fame in the turmoil of lasting struggle for bare existence; and only add, for the present, the case of Mr. Horne, the author of an Epic, which could not command a great sale at the price of one farthing, and whom one of my critics has set forth to show that infinitely higher genius than mine has been far less rewarded—which may be true enough—but surely it makes for my argument (and not the reverse) that literary merit is rather an unproductive freehold.

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

“Australian ship Kent, Plymouth Sound, June 9, 1852.

“SIR,

“Various statements having been made in certain quarters of the press concerning my departure for Australia, may I request you will do me the kindness to insert these few words. Considering the great appreciation I received on the publication of my earliest works from some of the noblest intellects of the time, and that during a long period I have experienced the same from nearly all the foremost men in literature, in science, and in art, it would be equally absurd and ungrateful in me to complain of neglect. But while I repudiate all personal complaints at those circumstances which from times immemorial (and memorial) have been the common inheritance of all poets who had a lofty aim and no adventitious aids, I may be permitted simply to record the fact of twenty years of public indifference. This has continued nearly unbroken, so far as my substantive works are concerned, in the face of more elaborate philosophical analysis and criticism, and far higher eulogies, than any poet could reasonably expect during his life. With this record I take my leave.

"Let me add, however, that I bear with me a profound emotion towards those, whether strangers or friends (and they are not a few), by whom my writings have been received in the spirit in which they were composed.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"R. H. HORNE."

C, p. 64.

As few of my readers can have any notion of what this entertainment consisted, besides being half stolen as the book lay on the table, whilst waiting, perhaps, some tedious time till the Secretary got to be disengaged, I may describe this Treasury official minute book. It was, and I daresay is, a goodly volume, more in width than length, and every page ruled with perpendicular columns, in which vacant places the names, and sometimes brief descriptions of the parties recommended, and the names of their recommenders, were severally entered, in line, and on the last column notes or remarks upon either or all these component elements. These were sometimes so curt and facetious, that it is probable no administration ever left their book for the perusal of their successors. "What, again!" "Would he have the whole patronage of the office?" "Too bad!" "Could such absurdity be imagined!" And occasionally observations still less complimentary, and hints as to the nature of the replies to be given, were scattered through these pages. It was also curious to see who were the seekers of these favours, and their revelations of political influences so unexpected, that they could hardly expect belief, and would not have been believed if stated anywhere else. The political secretaries of the Treasury, above all the rest of the government, must be the depositories of extraordinary secrets.

D, p. 65.

In truth the "Morning Chronicle" was at this bitter opposition time very unscrupulous about its statements; and particularly so under the head of "Foreign Correspondence," which provoked from me the following squib:—

ON THE PRE-EMINENT MERITS OF THE "MORNING
CHRONICLE" NEWSPAPER,

ESPECIALLY IN OBTAINING FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Most newspapers, now,
Find it hard, anyhow,
Their columns to fill with good stuff,
When no Foreign mails come,
But the "Chronicle's" hum,
And that is aye *foreign* enough—
Quite *Foreign*.

No matter, beside,
Or for wind, or for tide,
For disasters by sea or by land.
Its correct foreign mail
Never happens to fail,
Of finding its way to the Strand—
Full of *Foreign*.

Nor mistakes on the road
(So uncertain abroad),
Its arrivals retard or advance,
Than if Ghent were in Kent,
Milan news Mile-end sent,
And Paris adorned Petty-France!
All *Foreign*.

"Anton Di Ravenna,"
"Giusippe Di Sienna,"
With "Drechster of Nurnberg" have shone,
And "Gottlieb Treumun"
Is by no one out-done,
In fibbing away for the Chron-
icle *Foreign*.

z 2

Paris lies, without name;
 And Milan lies the same;
 And Vienna lies signed by no hand—
 “*An Italian*”—“*A Pole*,”
 All fill up the roll,
 And “*Cracovius*” * crowns the bright band—
So Foreign.

The public to tickle,
 These cram the Chron-icle
 With wonders so wondrously true,
 That our Ministers must
 Very soon bite the dust,
 And the Talents their courses renew—
Though Foreign.

To which happy end
 These epistles all tend;
 Nor is't strange they concur in this tone;
 For all Foreigners say,
 Had these worthies the sway,
 Every country would thrive but their own
Home—Foreign.

E., p. 71.

The Chevalier John Taylor, or “John de Taylor, Ophthalmiater, Pont., Imp. and Royal,” or more at length, “Pontiff, Imper. and Royal,” meaning pontifical, imperial and royal, in the years 1761-2, published one of the most amusing and ludicrous books in the English language. Of his inordinate vanity, charlatanry, and impudence, it is impossible to form an idea without reading this unique work. It relates his wonderful cures of exalted personages, and nearly all the crowned heads in Europe; his unexampled travels over the world with his equipages and attendants; and his extraordinary personal adventures, including those with princesses and ladies of the highest rank in every country, and of all ages, who sought and courted him in disguise. His marvellous wit, his irresistible powers “as master of the art of pleasing,” and his consequent successes, cast the stories of

* “All these are signatures of *Foreign* correspondents in the ‘Chronicle’ within the last three weeks. What a pity it has no *British* letter-writers to counteract their poisons.”

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto completely into the shade, and leave the Chevalier de Taylor alone in his glory, superior to Paracelsus, Katterfelto, and the whole succession of quacks since the world was created.

It would require a large space to exhibit even faintly the magnificence and potency of this marvellous man, to whom, if his birth-place, Norwich, has not erected a splendid public monument of everlasting brass, it must be owing to a condition of desperate blindness of which the skill of no ophthalmiater could effect a cure.* The title-page will say a little for the author :

THE HISTORY OF THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF THE

CHEVALIER JOHN TAYLOR,

OPHTHALMIATER.

Pontifical—Imperial and Royal—The Kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, the Electors of the Holy Empire—The Princes of Saxe Gotha, Mecklenberg, Anspach, Brunswick, Parma, Modena, Zerbst, Lorraine, Saxony, Hesse Cassel, Holstein, Salzbouurg, Bavière, Liège, Bareith, Georgia, &c., Pr. in Opt. C. of Rom. M.D.—C.D.—Author of 45 Works in different Languages : the Produce for upwards of thirty Years, of the greatest Practice in the Cure of distempered Eyes, of any in the Age we live—Who has been in every Court, Kingdom, Province, State, City, and Town of the least Consideration in all Europe, without exception.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

This Work contains all most worthy the Attention of a Traveller—also a Dissertation on the Art of Pleasing, with

* Himself alone could describe the important event:—"I shall only say on that head, that in Norwich I first beheld the light. That it was in that happy city I first began to breathe. It was there that I first became acquainted with the glories of the sun. A city memorable for many great events in our English annals; and it is possible that its having been the place of my birth, may not one day be judged unworthy the notice of

the most interesting Observations on the Force of Prejudice; numberless Adventures, as well amongst Nuns and Friars, as with Persons in high Life; with a Description of a great Variety of the most admirable Relations, which, though told *in his well known peculiar Manner*, each one is strictly true, and within the Chevalier's own Observations and Knowledge. — Interspersed with the Sentiments of Crowned Heads, &c., in Favour of his Enterprises: and an Address to the public, showing that his Profession is distinct and independent of every other Part of Physic.

INTRODUCED BY AN HUMBLE APPEAL OF THE AUTHOR TO THE
SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

ADDRESSED TO HIS ONLY SON.

Qui visum vitam dat.

Going thus about giving light and life to all comers, it is annoying to think, that whilst so admired and courted by great ladies, et cetera, there were some plague-spots on the continent where the Chevalier was not welcomed. Thus he informs us—

“I must not here omit one of the most extraordinary adventures of my life, which happened in another of the most considerable courts in Europe, which has done me as much honour, with regard to my capacity, if not more, in the opinion of the great, than any other. I arrived in this court, furnished with every recommendation from many of the highest personages, proper to procure me an audience of the sovereign, and the protection of the courtiers. Notice being given of my arrival, and all my letters presented by a proper officer, the sovereign seemed so pleased and desirous (as he was most graciously pleased to say), of seeing a man who had made himself so singularly remarkable, as well by his reception in every court, as from his success with

posterity. Whether I err or not, in having this said, will be best known to those who shall have read the story of my life. For the present I shall repeat that it was in this famous city that my mother became first acquainted with my existence; it was there she first heard the news of the birth of her first dear son.” !!

so many great princes, and other great personages, by acts of his profession, that the hour was next day fixed for honouring me with an audience, being that evening invited to supper at the marshal's table as usual; in the palace there happened a trifling dispute between myself and a celebrated wit, then a favourite at court; the latter, to whom at that time I was a stranger, was so angry at my being flattered to have gained the superiority in the argument, that, in revenge, he so artfully prejudiced, the same night, the sovereign against me, that, when I was next morning prepared to throw myself at his feet, not thinking any more of the idle babble the night preceding, always supposing that all conversations round the table, amongst men of honour, are never suffered to transpire—an officer came to my apartments, and told me, that the sovereign would grant me no audience, but required that I might continue my road. My readers may suppose how greatly I was astonished at this information, on remembering that I never was in any court furnished with such powerful recommendations as to this, nor ever saw a fairer prospect of meeting with all the attention that I could possibly hope for; and above all, not knowing the cause of this disgrace; finding that I had no other remedy but to obey, I immediately ordered my equipage, which being then at the crisis of my grandeur, having with me no less than two coaches and six, above ten servants in livery, besides gentlemen, my companions, in my own pay—I parted instantly for the capital, and being charged with letters for the commander, I waited on him, without discovering the least uneasiness, or saying ought of my adventure with the master. Being detained at his table, and assured of his desire to serve me from the recommendation I brought him, dinner was scarcely over before he received a messenger, by the best authority, which was in substance, *that that celebrated Englishman, who that day arrived at the capital, must continue his road*; the commander addressing himself to me, said, sir, *this must mean you*; on this I most respectfully answered, that I knew it did, and told him all that had happened; upon which his excellency immediately asked me, what was my answer? *Obey, sir, said I, without doubt*; but as there is no time limited, to-morrow will do as well as to-day. This was to me most afflicting news, because here were my

head-quarters, where I had caused to be assembled, *by public notice*, persons who wanted my aid, many from the neighbouring countries, and some from distant nations : having several years observed, in foreign countries, to fix, as I passed, a certain place, to get together all persons complaining of distempered eyes, that I might give them better attendance, and thence be enabled to obtain the desired success. Knowing the commander to be my friend, I continued three days longer, imagining that this *threatening* storm might blow over, at least that I might know in what I had erred, and thence be enabled to seek a proper remedy ; in the mean time I continued to enrol all my blind subjects, which were in a greater number in proportion, and of greater quality, than I had ever met with in any time of my life ; but knowing myself not to be secure in my situation, I did not venture to do any operation ; but told these my people, of whatsoever rank, that I was busy in preparing necessaries for their cure. The fourth morning after my arrival, the commander received another message from superior authority, with positive orders for my departure early the next morning. My time thus being limited, and my danger not small, my invention was on the rack to know what I could do to save my glory, and to secure myself from the loss that must necessarily ensue from my departure ; the injury that would be done to so many people, and amongst them many of the great, that came from all parts for my aid, could not but to them be very considerable, and to me immense ; for I must lose not only the profits arising from the cure of these people, but the reputation that I should have possibly acquired in consequence. Besides, my misfortune would not end here, for my leaving a country so suddenly, and from a cause unknown, could not fail of exposing me to censure amongst the people in many other nations, where this account of my quick departure should be reported, as being myself the most public man under the sun, being personally known not only in every town in Europe, but in every part of the globe. Reflecting thus on my dreadful situation, and believing myself within a few hours of certain ruin, a happy thought preserved my glory, enabled me to quit the country with the highest honour, secured me the good opinion of the public, added to my fortune, and lastly, gave peace to my mind ; and here follows a most faithful

relation. Examining my book where the names of the persons of every rank who demanded my relief were entered, and fixing on eight or ten of the principal, I ordered my equipage to the door, put a few bandages, and some instruments in my pocket, took with me my chief assistant servant, and set forward to visit these great personages ; on my arrival at each one, I said, that I was come with all necessaries to make the operation for their cure, and laboured to appear quite easy in my mind : at which they all seemed pleased, discovering their impatience for my assistance. When having seated them with great ceremony, I touched their eyes with an instrument, without giving the least pain, and *called it my operation* ; this done, I applied proper bandages, and rolled up their eyes one after another, as fast as I could continue my visits, with three or four yards of ribbon ; after having gone through this ceremony with all, I spoke to each one to the following effect :—‘ Now, your excellency, *my operation is done*, and I make no doubt but that you will be perfectly restored : there remains only my attendance, without which your excellency *may have a fever*. Your eyes may swell ; they may be inflamed, and you may lose your sight—if not your life.’ And in this manner I addressed every one, after the business was over, *that I styled for my then present purpose an operation* : their excellencies, one and all, in their different houses, discovered, *as we may suppose*, the greatest surprise at this relation of mine ; and asked me, *in the utmost confusion*, what I meant. I told each one, that I had orders by authority to depart the next morning, that I am going to such a court, and that if they wished to avoid all these evils, they must prepare their equipages to follow me ; that I would not speak of these things before the operation, dreading to create in them such fears, as might have made my operation unsuccessful ; and to sum up all, they were under an absolute necessity of going with me, or employ all their interest to keep me with them for their sight, and perhaps their lives, as I had said, depended on my presence, and there were no other remedies since the operations were done. The business of each one was immediately to put all means at work to procure my stay, *which they all did, but, as I expected, in vain*. That evening I sent a proper notice to all, to be ready the next morning, repeating

their danger by my absence. The time arrived for my departure, when I set out with my own equipage, which I have already said, was the most brilliant I ever kept; I was followed by a train of coaches, and other machines, all filled with persons complaining with disordered eyes, and continued my road, with all my followers, till I arrived at the first town belonging to the neighbouring sovereign: there I fixed my quarters, and resolved to stay not only till I did my duty to these great people, but for all who should follow me from the capital. The news of my success with those who followed me, together with the singular manner I parted, was soon the subject of conversation in many provinces, and in some of the neighbouring kingdoms; so that in less than a month, the town was so excessively filled on my account, that it was difficult at any price to get a lodging. The consequences of my project were—my glory was not only secured, but greatly augmented, by returning these great personages to the capital recovered; my reputation was so much increased, that I was attended by crowds for a long time, in every country through which I travelled, and my reward greatly exceeded what I had ever met with in so short a time."

Of the rapidity of his course the following minutes inform us:—

"I set out from my native country, and began my travels, in the year 1727.

"In this month I went to Paris, and after a few months being there, I went through all France, every town of any consideration, without exception; and thence through all Holland, and every town, without exception; and all this with such amazing rapidity, that I was returned to London in November, 1735."

"After being a little time in Madrid, I went with the greatest rapidity through all the kingdom of Spain, and after going many thousand miles post, from town to town, I returned to Madrid in September, 1738.

"I continued at Madrid till the war was proclaimed, 1739.

"I departed immediately upon the declaration of the war, for Lisbon, where I arrived in September, the same year; and after about a month, began my tour through all Portugal, and the kingdom of Algarvy, and this with such astonishing speed, that

I had finished the whole, and returned to Lisbon before the middle of September, 1740."

Denmark, Sweden, and everywhere else were overrun with like celerity : the author says—

" I left Stockholm, after being honoured, as in the preceding court, in February, 1752, and in a few months, with the greatest rapidity, passed through every town in that kingdom : about the middle of November in the same year, I received an invitation to go to Russia, and was resolved to make the whole journey by land ; and with this view I returned to Copenhagen and Hamburgh, and went thence through all Germany to Breslaw, through Silesia, thence through all the principal towns, and the palatines, and in all Poland to Warsaw the capital, thence to Mittaw in Courland, thence to Riga and Peterburgh, and thence to Muscow ; and all this amazing journey I travelled night and day, seldom in bed, gave myself little or no rest on the road, and was but a few weeks on this extraordinary expedition ; being but a short time at Peterburgh, on my passage, travelling from the frontiers in a trenneau, on account of the snows.

" I continued in the court of Muscow from the latter end of January, 1753, to the middle of November in the same year, when I began my march in a trenneau, through various parts of that vast empire.

" In the month of March, 1754, I left this cold country, this northern part of Europe, returned by the same road I entered Russia, and passed with the utmost rapidity through all Germany and Bohemia, to the southern parts of Europe ; namely Italy, and stopt scarce a day on the road, till I reached Venice, where I arrived about the middle of August, in the same year, and continued there till the beginning of November, in the same year.

" Then I began the tour through all Italy, and first to Rome, where I arrived the latter end of the same month. In January, 1755, I received from his holiness, the senate, and the colleges of the learned, the many remarkable dignities, of which the particulars will be found in the following work ; left Rome in the beginning of February, in the same year, and proceeded to Naples.

"In a few weeks, after having received the usual marks of benevolence and favour from that court, and from the nobility, I began my tour through every town of consideration in that kingdom. In the beginning of May I returned to Naples, thence to Rome, and met on the road, the 15th of that month, in the night, a most dreadful accident, by being robbed at once of a large fortune ; of the particulars hereafter. From Rome I proceeded to Parma, Modena, and through every state and town of the least consideration in all Italy, without exception ; and returned to Venice the beginning of December, 1756."

"Let all judge (he concludes) whether ever man's travels by land equalled mine." For languages he was Polyglot, and wrote and spoke them all. But I cannot expect my readers to feel the same interest in adventures a century old, which I hope they will do in mine, and therefore I shall merely make room for as much of the Chevalier as may serve to amuse a few minutes of idle time :—

"I was invited in form to dine one day with the ladies of the palace. Dinner being over, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, then at table, seemingly inclined to communicate to me an affair that was not proper the company should be acquainted with ; the substance of this pretended secret was, that he had a poor girl, a relation of his, who waited on a lady not far from that palace, who laboured under such a weakness of sight, that, without my compassionate aid, she would soon be unfit for service, requiring that I would be so good as to permit him to send for her at that time, as my occupation was such, that it was often not easy to get access to me. I told his Excellency, as my readers may suppose, that I should be extremely happy to have it in my power to oblige him, and requested that he would instantly send for this young woman ; his relation and I would retire from the company into some room his Excellency should appoint, and give her my best advice."

She is sent for, and—

"In a few minutes his Excellency pulled me by the coat, and said to me, in one sentence, *Dear Chevalier, retire quick, and*

send that girl away. I instantly obeyed, and thought myself unnoticed ; and being conducted into the room where the supposed maid-servant was waiting for me ; no sooner was I entered, but the door was shut upon me ; there did I find, as I believed, a charming lovely innocent, tender and deserving girl, with her eyes directed to the earth, her dress becoming her character, and with looks filled with every appearance of a respectful modesty ; being seated by her, I addressed her to this effect. ‘ His Excellency, to whom I find you are a relation, desired me to give you my opinion about some complaint in your sight ; pity it is, added I, that ought should disturb the peace of so amiable an infant ; happy indeed should I be to be found the instrument of the well-being of so desirable a person.’ The pretty maiden smiling at this discourse, suddenly interrupted me, and said,—‘ If you please, sir, first to be informed of my complaints, and then ’twill be the time to propose the means of relief.’ A reply so proper, delivered with delicacy, and in a tone that discovered at least the well-bred maid, I fixed my eyes upon her with such attention, that betrayed how much I wished to have it in my power to deserve her care ; that instant I heard the company excessive merry in the other room ; but heaven knows ! I knew not the real cause. I judged that they were diverting themselves at their own wit, and that I was entirely forgotten, at least I wished that this might be the case, being myself extremely happy in the presence of this new acquaintance. I proceeded then to tell my pretty maid, that if the discovery of her charms should augment my imagination, my own eyes might at length call out for aid ; for I found my sight defective by numberless little clouds that moved before them, and never did this happen to me till I beheld her beauties ; be not, said I, surprised that I tell you, all with me is not right ; for when the whole man is out of order from a cause like this, no wonder if eyes, the windows of the soul, should share a part of the confusion. ‘ Sir,’ says this charming girl, interrupting me again, ‘ I came not prepared to hear such soft, such tender insinuations ; you talked,’ said she, ‘ about procuring me peace with regard to my eyes ; how comes it, that you make so quick a transition from the business of the eye to that of the heart ? ’ ‘ because,’ said I, ‘ thou excellent charmer, when I came here I thought not of you, for you I knew not ;

your eyes alone were the objects of my attention ; but when I beheld your frame, gazed on your beauties, was a hearer of your pretty sayings, I thought not of a part, but the whole ; all your graces joined their forces, and together deprived me of all power of reflecting on the motive that brought me to you.' No sooner had I expressed this last phrase, but the company in the next room made some acclamations of joy, from a cause to which I yet continued to be a stranger. I therefore went on with my discourse to the lovely maiden, by telling her, how unable I was to fix my attention on her eyes alone, till I could recover myself from my surprise. That instant interrupting me, she says, ' that word surprise from you, sir, a stranger, carries with it indeed from me something surprising. I repeat, sir,' she said, ' once more, what is it that my figure has done to make this change from the purport of your visit ? I expected, by the honour of your presence, that you would speak to me about my eyes, and not tell me a tale that becomes a lover, troubled from the force of female charms.' Addressing herself thus to me in a style like this, betrayed a judgment vastly superior to what could possibly be expected from a servant maid ; on this I resolved to change my address, and played with words for two hours longer, in terms that became me only to observe in the presence of ladies of the first rank. Having in this style so well scattered all her reasoning, that I left her seemingly without power to oppose me, and flattered myself to have made a conquest, because she gave her consent to go with me that night to the masquerade, and afterwards to permit me, at my own table, to tell her the rest of my story ; this no sooner agreed on both sides, but that instant all the company, with whom I was at table, poured in upon us, and amongst them his Excellency, *my darling maid's relation*, who in seeming anger said to me, ' how is it, sir, that you, who are so well known to excel in your knowledge of polite behaviour, could shut yourself for three hours together with a trifling girl, and leave the first ladies of the palace by themselves ; you certainly must have forgot, that the assembly of to-day was chiefly on your account ; that the ladies of the court honoured me with their presence, that they might themselves be witnesses of what I have so often told them in favour of your happy talents.' I need not say how much I was shocked at this so unexpected a

visit, and the more so, as I feared the chief cause of his Excellency's anger was, that some busy person had overheard me talking with so much tenderness to his relation. This lovely and amiable maid having received a blow from this her pretended kinsman, was commanded with seeming authority to go instantly home to her mistress."

And who should this turn out to be but the reigning Princess, into whose presence he was soon after summoned! and—

"The instant she saw me in *this her state*, she cried out, 'Come forward, *dear Englishman!* come forward, thou *charmer of my heart*,—come forward, *I'll keep my word*; we will sup together; we will go this night together to the masquerade.' Let all judge what a dreadful situation I was in at hearing these sentences; but being a little removed from *my* surprise, took courage, I advanced, threw myself at her highness's foot, and to this effect most humbly offered an apology for my conduct. 'Before I rise from the earth, let me beg that your highness would be pleased to permit me to show my right of pardon. The pain I suffered, when I addressed your highness in the character of the innocent maiden you can be no stranger to; for you yourself was witness, I saw in that lovely maiden all power to please, and to inspire in the heart of man every mark of tenderness and affection; your highness cannot but know, that I have lost that maid, that sweet, that lovely maid; lost her for ever; for never shall my eyes behold her more; I therefore most humbly claim your most gracious pity; for if ever cause was worthy of it, 'tis certainly that of mine.'"

Need I add he was pardoned and feted?

"I must not here omit to relate, that it is extremely dangerous, in some nations where I have been, not to obey invitations of tenderness *from the fair of high rank, and strong passions*; because, if their affections are great, they often turn to the other extreme. I am persuaded, there is not a man living better acquainted with these truths than myself, having had all the advantages of dress, good company, and favours received from the great, proper to obtain this knowledge; but, for want of room, I shall only give the following remarkable relation.

"I was once invited to dine at the table with the husband and his lady, where the custom is, that the wife is seldom or ever visible to any stranger, unless with two sets of people; those of palaces, which are above observing the idle custom of the vulgar; and the very lowest of the latter, who pay no regard to things of this kind, unless compelled by corporal punishment. Being thus favoured, and well knowing the laws of hospitality, I observed, during the time we were at table, *by the lady's conversation*, that she would not be very sorry to see me without her husband; however, I knew too well my situation, to discover, by any word or act of mine, that I understood her meaning. The same evening a woman brought me a letter from that lady, wherein she expressed herself in terms filled with anger and surprise, at my not taking a proper notice of the regard she showed me at table, concluding *with words to this effect*:—If you are a gentleman, and would avoid the resentment of a lady highly offended, I charge you, *on your life*, not to fail to meet me, at the time and place herein appointed. Should you refuse to obey my orders, remember the consequence, adding, you know my husband, *be on your guard!*"

"In another Court," proceeds our veritable lady-killer, "not less considerable, having restored the sight of a widow lady, who was near arrived to her 90th year of age, of a noble birth, and of a large fortune, and who, being informed of my preparing to leave that country, and fearing in my absence to lose that blessing I had restored her, sent for me into her own apartment, and after sending away her servants, and commanding me to shut the door, that we might be alone together, she seated in her great chair, with her back to the light; after raising with her aged hands the shade that hung before her eyes, to prevent too strong a light, looked full upon me, and spoke to me to this effect: '*I am told, Sir,*' says she, '*that you intend to leave us to-morrow; I acknowledge that I am to you indebted for now beholding the glories of heaven; methinks I would be glad to preserve the blessing you have procured for me, for the few days I have here to live; I believe you are a good man, I am convinced you are a great man, and I have been told by many that you are of an extraordinary genius; tell me then, with freedom, how I must act to keep you near me, for when*

you are gone, I shall live in perpetual fear of falling into that dark state in which you found me ; I shall thence be deprived of all peace, and the rest of my life will pass away in grief and sorrow. I have no relations,' added this good lady, 'I have been long a widow ; those who expect my possessions when I am in my grave, are no kindred of mine ; think a little, then, and let me know whether it is not possible to contrive some way to keep you near me.' To which I most respectfully answered : 'Lady, I am extremely happy in having been the instrument of the good you thus acknowledge to have received from my hands ; give over these fears of the loss of the sight I have restored for you ; I have no doubt but it will continue during your life. For me, madam, such is my hard fate, that I am obliged at present to be in constant motion from one country to another : to-morrow I must part, my affairs oblige me to it, and as I am going to another part of Europe, I cannot more hope to be honoured with your presence.' No sooner this said, but this good lady told me, with some warmth, 'I find, young man, you do not understand me. I know the world will laugh at me ; let them laugh, my motive is just. It is to enable me to be more worthy of heaven, by admiring, by my eyes, the great works of the Lord, and to judge that way, as I ought, of the greatness of his power ; gratitude can be no fault. To the Lord I would be grateful, because it is by my sight that his marvellous wonders are told to my mind. To you I would be grateful, because it is by your hands that I am freed from that dark cloud which hindered me from beholding by my eye the glories of the day.' To this pretty devout reasoning I replied, not being willing to seem to understand her : 'If, lady, I rightly conceive what you have done me the honour to communicate to me, you are desirous that I should find out some way to engage me to be near you ; and as you have no relations who have any other right to your possessions than what they may obtain by your own good will, in your judgment I am not unworthy to be trusted with the government of your fortune.' On this, she suddenly interrupted me, and discovering some marks of displeasure, raised her voice, and said, '*Lack-a-day, man, you do not understand me ;* I thought, to a man of your penetration, I had said enough to be understood ;' adding, 'Do you know my chaplain ? Do you under-

stand me now ? I tell you again, that as I regard you as the best friend I have on earth, because you have procured to me a blessing that I esteem beyond life ; how can I do too much to engage you to stay with me, and to secure me, by your presence, what I so much value. I say, I know the world will laugh at me. Let them laugh, it hurts not me, my design is just, and my mind from thence will be in peace.' Finding that there was no possibility of pretending any longer a doubt of her meaning, without discovering a want of judgment, I immediately made an answer to this effect : ' I am at length sensible, madam, of the honour you intend me, yet fear if I am raised to the happiness you are pleased to give me hopes of, I may deprive those of their right who are now waiting your fall. You say, lady, none have right but such as you shall hereafter approve of, and you seem to insinuate that I am the man you have chosen from all the world ; and as a proof that these are your thoughts, you offer to give me your heart, as well as your possessions ; I know no language capable of expressing the sense I have of my obligations to you ; but permit me, lady, to tell you, that this condescension of your's might expose me to much censure, the meddling world will say that I took some advantage of your goodness, and persuaded you into marriage by some unfair dealings ; and it is possible that even you, notwithstanding all your excellent reasoning in favour of your motive, may be accused of some temporal expectation, namely, that you even loved me ; that you wished me in your arms, and that gratitude was not your only motive.' On saying this, I was instantly interrupted by the lady, who replied, seemingly in much confusion, ' My dear worthy creature, your scruples are all idle ; let the world call this resolution of mine love to heaven, or love to you, or love to both, to me all is indifferent ; it is enough for me, that my heart is at ease, and without you, in this life, there is no comfort for me.' On this I was silenced, and, with a bow becoming a respectful admirer, I most humbly took my leave, and instantly promised all obedience to my loving dear's commands ; after assuring her that I would wait not only on the parson, but also on her lawyer, to settle all preliminaries ; and that I made no doubt, after telling the case to both, with that delicacy and judgment I flattered myself to be very capable of, and not omit to dispose properly

a little money to secure their interest in a cause so just, that the chaplain would say no more on this business, than what became him in his office, in reading the holy ceremony, and granting his good wishes to us and our posterity ; and that the lawyer would thence be prevailed on to agree that our cause was right, and as we were his elients, as such he would defend us. All these things resolved, I retired home to reflect on how I was to act in so important an undertaking ; I did not forget that I had left my intended bride in the most impatient situation, her heart rejoiced from the prospect of possessing a young lover, her brain disturbed through fear of some interruption to her approaching happiness ; my mind also was busy on reflecting that I was going to act a curious part, and what would require all my abilities to perform with applause ; for I was to be the preserver of this endearing, this amiable lady's sight, the guardian of her honour, the partner of her bed, and, lastly, the faithful friend of her bosom. When my mind was thus employed, I was told that dinner was served, and that the table waited my presence. I was not so far lost in thought but I could remember that I might reassume these reflections after dinner with better prospect of success ; because all wise men agree that, the body being at that time more at ease, the mind is the better enabled to think on the affairs of tenderness. From this thought I instantly resolved to think no more of love till dinner was over, when on retiring into my room, and finding my material self at ease, my spiritual self returned again to business, when on a sudden—oh, dreadful change ! that troublesome companion called *conscience*, violently forced into my thoughts, a visitor that has been the ruin of the fortunes of tens of thousands. Numberless were thence my apprehensions, and finding with all my wisdom, I could not drive this vision from my brain, I had no way to ease my disquiet, but by telling my tale to one, whose interest was chiefly to recommend rather the bosom of *Abraham* to this lady than my own, 'twas agreed between us, what methods were necessary to prevent my enamoured good old lady's mistaking another man for me, who might possibly be less delicate than myself, and give up all for such a prize ; the consequence was, that my intended bride hearing of this discovery, changed, as usual in these cases, from extreme love to that of anger ; and in a few weeks after, in the

crisis of her passion, she took leave of this troublesome world ; whilst I was wandering to another part of the globe, often thinking of my misfortune, by neglecting so happy an opportunity to make me independent ; and had no other consolation but from remembering, that my only reason for the neglect of so great a lady's love was, that I had then living a lady who claimed me as her right ; a reason, however trifling in the opinion of others, proved the undoubted cause of this great loss. —Should I repent, 'tis certain some would blame me—should I not repent, all must agree, that this deed of mine was well worthy of applause."

It were exuberant to tell how "a lady of quality, having received impressions of tenderness in favour of the author, came disguised in an equipage to his lodgings, and whisked him off to the country." How "the author was stopped on the road by a young princess, disguised like the daughter of a merchant," with the consequences. How he undertook and succeeded in causing a "great princess to smile a few moments before departing this life," and after receiving extreme unction. How many nuns he intrigued with, and how "no man living could be so well acquainted with the lives of nuns as himself." How he demonstrates, contrary to the Turks, that women have souls. How he shows a certain way of making a conquest of the fair, though immensely rich, and the admirer only merit (like his own) to recommend him. How it is easier to conquer women of genius than those of weaker capacities. How "English women, from the extraordinary goodness of their hearts, more easily become a conquest than in any nation under the sun." How he had "the gift or virtue of reading the heart by the eye of the fair ;" and how he considered it would be dangerous to communicate this secret to women so as to enable them to read the hearts of men. How he celebrates the powers of dress and beauty, with some most grotesque and unquotable examples. How it is "highly criminal" in the marriage state to have no children, and how he may be consulted for a recipe to overcome the evil. How love-sickness can be infallibly cured by applying blisters on the calves of the legs. And these are but inklings of this strange performance, from which we copy in conclusion, as novel

a view of our first parents and the paradise, as ever was penned:—

“Fearing that what I have said of the natural tendency of the fair to good, may by some be called in doubt, before I proceed, I must beg leave to give the most powerful testimony of this truth, that can possibly enter the imagination of man, I mean the conduct of our first mother. When that excellent lady was with her lord, her heart filled with innocence, her mind with joy, when all with her was peace and comfort, may it not be presumed that she addressed this happy, this blessed man, one morning, in that first garden of the world, *to this, or the like effect*:—Thou soul’s treasure, thou dearest object of my wishes, thou darling, thou idol of my heart; permit me, my love, permit me, I pray thee, whilst thou art busy in obeying the commands of our master, that I take a little walk in this beauteous garden, to admire the works of heaven; lest, by being always near thee, the tenderness I know thou hast for me, should call thine attention from that labour thou art commanded to pursue; be assured, *says this beauteous*, this innocent, this adorable lady, this absence will deprive me of the greatest of all human enjoyments; for no happiness for me like thy dear presence; but certain it is, that it becomes me better to lose the joy of gazing upon thee, than that thou should’st neglect the duty of the day; to which her dear, happy, loving lord replied, thou engaging softness—thou charming partner of my life—half of myself—my very self; for indeed without thee I am not myself; how can I support one moment thy absence from me, thou art given me to alleviate the pains of life, to partake with me in all; and, believe me, so dearly do I love thee, that methinks all with me is well when thou art by; I dare not, my life, I dare not, my soul’s delight, my sweet companion, my better half, I dare not venture thee in this garden alone; remember that I am thy guardian angel, formed to protect thy virtues, and secure thee from all harm; who knows but by being alone in this garden, something may disturb thy peace, and rob me of thy love; to which this first and most amiable of her sex, answered, my heart’s dear, my life, my husband, thou forgettest that in this garden there is none of thy likeness, and what should please my

eye unless it is thy resemblance ; in this last sentence all objection ceased ; her lord, and her lover, was here convinced, that he should err, did he any longer oppose a desire in itself so innocent, and from a motive so well worthy of praise ; both instantly agreed in opinion ; they fixed their eyes on each other, with all the appearances of the most languishing lovers, with broken sighs, with every mark of tenderness and affection ; they slowly turned their heads away and parted : the sovereign lord of their wishes remained at his work, and his dearest and best beloved lady wandered in the garden, always remembering the blessing she had left behind in her husband, and that every beauty she there discovered, served only to show his greatness, as being at the head of all, and consequently more worthy her love. At length, when filled with these pretty thoughts, a little living figure met her in her way, and addressed her in the voice of her lord, *in words to this effect* ; dear, beauteous, lovely lady, stop for a moment and hear me speak ; the delicate fair one, filled with amazement, fixed her eyes upon it, and seemed for a time to be lost in thought ; but recovering by degrees her surprise, with all gentleness, with all becoming meekness and regard, demanded of this wretched figure, how camest thou by this wondrous power of speech ? to which this enemy of heaven, *too well known in history to require my saying more*, told a tale in a style filled with so much eloquence, and with such appearances of truth, that it could not fail of commanding all her attention. ‘ Shall I,’ says she, in her own heart, ‘ lose an opportunity so essential to the well-being of my dearest lord. My lord,’ said she again,—‘ myself I mean, for we are but one in thought, in wish, in every desire ; therefore, my lord is myself, and I he ; will not then this other half, this other self, blame me ; should I neglect this blest occasion ; should I return into his adored presence without this knowledge, he may indeed be angry, and how shall I hereafter hope for peace, when I reflect, that I have lost what I never may find again ; that I have lost the means of knowing this great secret, which by knowing, and by giving to this dear partner of my life, adding this knowledge to his charming figure, he will then remain the lord of all. For me,’ says she, ‘ to live conscious through my own fault, that there is a being wiser than my lord, and I know not where,

the very thought carries horror! No, this must never be, I should indeed be unworthy so amiable a lover, so excellent a husband, did I charge my soul with so much guilt.' Thus we clearly perceive, that it was not from any wild curiosity, as many amongst the unthinking have believed, but a resolution taken after the justest reasoning that ever entered the imagination of her sex. If then this beauteous, this delightful lady erred by acquiring this knowledge, she erred not from her own judgment, as I have said above, but by following the counsel of others; and her abundant love and duty to her lord and husband; and however lamentable her possession of this knowledge may have proved to her successors, she in all was innocent, and stands in all excused. If then, in our first mother, such virtues are so evident, where lives that *wretch* who dares presume to doubt of the continuance of them in all the female world."

Page 158.

As my last flash in the "Sun," February 28th, about two months before I retired from it, when the country was torn to pieces by treasons and trials, I take leave to re-discharge my "Highlander's Pistol," and am vain to have another report with it, in the following flattering imprimatur of a distinguished friend and poet:—

"DEAR J.,

"I have just received your 'Pistol' poem. I think it exceedingly interesting. The description of the carved work, and the brown spots on the barrel, struck me peculiarly. I am glad to tell you you are a poet; and *now* is the time for works like this."

"G. CROLY.

THE HIGHLANDMAN'S PISTOL,

A FABLE: FOR THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

"It wants a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel, like the Highlandman's Pistol."—*Old Scottish Saying.*

Breathes not in all Earth's social bound,
A Being in whose breast are found
More deeply rooted, cherished more
Within the warm heart's inmost core,
Those kind affections, Nature's balm,
Which human suffering soothe and calm,
And harmonise the social plan,
Than Scotia's genuine Highlandman.

Hence flows his clanship's firm alliance,
In life a charm, to death defiance;
Hence, with resistless ardour, spring
His love of Country, love of King;
His family attachment strong;
His raptures at the Bardic song;
His local likings; friendships free;
And all his pride of ancestry,
Which estimates at price untold
What was his Sires' in days of old,
Stamping that trifle, e'er so light,
A sacred relic in his sight.

Among such things most precious held,
In DONALD's house (benorth Dunkeld),
A Pistol, ancient as his race,
Had long maintained a foremost place.
Massy and gorgeous, common eyes
Might well the antique bauble prize
Even for itself, so rich, and rare,
And old, as if since Pistols were!
And dear to memory, its Lord,
What they admired, almost adored:—
On *Flodden* to his sire 'twas true,
True to himself on *Waterloo*—
And many a bloody fray between,
Stuck in his father's belts had been;
In foray fierce, in conflict rude,
In single broil, in quenchless feud,

Since first with harrow, spear, and shield,
It rung a wonder in the field,
Till now, with bayonet and gun,
Rocket and bomb, its work was done
At need it ne'er was known to fail,
And linked its fame to many a tale.

Bright was its barrel, Damask blade
Ne'er glanced more keen on foe dismay'd,
When faints the soul, the eye grows dim,
And terror shakes the warrior's limb,
And from the faulchion waving high
He shrinks aghast, and turns to fly.
And here and there a spot was seen,
Marring the splendour of its sheen,
Though not its glory; for were these
Nor rust of time, nor stain of peace,
But symbols high of deeds of might,
When all so hotly raged the fight,
That space was none to wipe and dry
The sprinkled blood of enemy
Which plashed its lustre: and Renown
Dwelt in these lasting specks of brown.

Old fashioned looked the lock, and worn,
And plain, as if were held in scorn
Device, or ornament, or art,
Or show on this important part.
But nice it was the touch to feel,
With ample force dash'd stone on steel,
The spark eliciting, till sped,
It flash'd within its fiery bed.

The Stock—'twas here the workman tried
His skill, and every grace applied.
The wood was native heart of oak,
Hard, heavy, never to be broke;
To admiration carved, and wrought
With ore from furthest Afric brought;
Rich, noble shapes assumed the gold,
Not flimsy forms of modern mould—
The whole was exquisite, although
So stout, at pinch 'twould fell a foe.

Such was the weapon prized so long
Beyond my humble power of song;
The thing of all things valued most,
In war a friend, in peace a boast;
Of DONALD and his house the pride—
But—man's affairs obey a tide,

Which onward sweeps at Fortune's beck,
Or reflux strews the shores with wreck,—
Rests at the height or ebb—no never—
But prosperous flows, or shallows, ever.

By wicked Counsellors beest,
The fatal turn now DONALD met ;
To them he bent in evil hour,
Doubted, but yet confess'd their power,
Thought they were false, but yet believed,
Listened, confided—was deceived !
They taught him, sly and unwise,
His glorious pistol to despise—
Said that the barrel, rusty grown,
No more with former lustre shone—
It should be brighten'd up again
Till not a speck might there remain :—
Said that the lock was old and coarse,
Did not go free, and wanted force ;
Was clogg'd and damaged everywhere,
And must receive complete repair :—
Said that the stock was barbarous taste,
The massive ornaments all waste,
Like sinecures, girding about
What was too cumbrous far without.
Away, they cried, this ne'er will do,
This must be altogether new !

Stock, Lock, and Barrel, changed they wanted ;
And sad the day their suit was granted.

The polish'd barrel show'd no more
The honour'd battle rust of yore,
And strength was sacrificed to clear
Those harmless marks to valour dear.
The ancient lock was filed away,
More weak from mending than decay,
And if no hold, and looseness, be
To traverse freely, then 'twas free.
And oh ! that stock of ages past,
That massy, matchless work—at last
'Twas lost ; the carved and native oak,
Regardless thrown 'mid flame and smoke,
But urged the crucible the more,
Swift to devour the fusing ore ;
And in its stead produced, we greet
A form called simple, light and neat.

The work was perfect ; DONALD sigh'd—
“ It is not like the old,” he cried—

"It may be wondrously improved,
 But 'tis not what my fathers loved—
 Their safety 'mid a host of foes,
 Their trophy after battle's close.
 It can no more adorn my hall!
 Should aught the hour of strife recal
 Its powers unknown!" Alas! too late
 Arrived sage doubt and self debate.
 Even now the foe in fury came,
 Around him rapine, havock, flame,
 Nor sex nor age is spared. To arms!
 The war-shout DONALD's heart-blood warms,
 He rushes forth—ah! 'tis for life,
 For country, altar, children, wife,
 For all that man esteems of worth
 In this world's scene; he rushes forth!

What groans the ear distracted pierce?
 The conflict rages, bloody, fierce,—
 The crisis comes; prove weapon true,
 For death or vict'ry rests on you,
 'Tis the last effort, save him Heav'n!
 He fires—it bursts,—in pieces riven!
 Scatheless the enemy at whom
 'Twas levell'd on this day of doom;
 And wounded mortally, he died
 Who on that faithless arm relied.

Self-vanquish'd, Folly's Victim fell,
 He whom no human force could quell;
 His children's gore reddens the plains,
 His country clanks its foreign chains,
 His land is desolate, his place
 Is empty as the viewless space.

Thus Heaven deserts those who refuse
 Its mercies, and its gifts abuse.

MORAL.

In Britain's Isle, so matchless fair,
 Of Innovation's wiles beware.
 Your glorious Constitution rears
 Its fabric through a thousand years,
 Impregnable to every storm,
 Immortal, if insane Reform,
 Vision'd Perfection, and wild Change,
 Within are ne'er allow'd to range.
 Then doubt Improvement's specious cry,
 And prize substantial blessings high;

Warn'd by our tale, not told in vain,
 Believe not every spot a stain,
 Nor every ancient form misspent,
 Nor useless each rich ornament.
Experience proves, at endless length,
These may be glory, wisdom, strength;
 And *Fable* only strives to show,
 Aptly, that from rash counsels flow,
 Guilt, Madness, Ruin, Slavery, Woe !!

Page 161.

I copy a letter from Admiral Johnstone Hope, with whom I co-operated some time in promoting the Edinburgh memorial to Lord Melville :—

“Shackell, Moffat, August 22nd, 1814.

“SIR,

“Your letter to me at Leith was sent to me here. I take the earliest opportunity to thank you for your offer to expedite my views respecting the erecting a monument to the late Lord Melville. It had been long in contemplation with myself and some other sea officers here, and we took our resolution to try its success upon the paying off the fleet, in hopes that the *Navy alone* might furnish the funds to make one of a suitable grandeur to be placed on the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill in the middle of the county his Lordship so long represented, and which is seen from more than half the counties of Scotland, and a considerable way into the sea also, and a leading feature to ships entering the Frith of Edinburgh. How far these expectations may be realised as yet we have not had time to ascertain, as a great part of the fleet is still in commission; but I believe a very favourable disposition has been shown as far as it has gone; and I have certainly done all in my power to forward its publicity.

“The Captains of my squadron here have subscribed from five to three guineas a-piece, Lieutenants one, and several others a week's pay; in short, as it is a matter entirely voluntary, I do

not wish to appear to fix any sort of modus, and I hope this will make it appear a spontaneous offering of regard, in a greater degree than by fixing a stipulated sum for every rank.

"If I should, however, not be able to raise funds enough in this way, I shall certainly have recourse to a more extended subscription, rather than give up the idea of placing it on Arthur's Seat; and it will most certainly be a gratifying thing to my feelings, were you to be instrumental, through your paper, in forwarding this object, which I believe your former letter has already done to a certain degree, as several officers spoke to me, who had read it, and highly approved of the suggestions it contained.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and

"Very humble Servant,

"WM. JOHNSTONE HOPE."

"Eartham, Petworth, January 10th, 1815.

"Sir,

"I return you the foolish and illiberal paragraph enclosed in your letter of yesterday.

"It is scarcely deserving of any other notice than that which has already been bestowed upon it in the 'Sun' of yesterday; unless you should think it worth while to remark, that his accounts from Lisbon are much of the same stamp with those which announce the speedy return of the *Duncan*. I am satisfied that there are no accounts of Mr. C.'s reception at the Court of the Regency, or of his demeanour and proceedings in his public capacity at Lisbon; and if the M. C. should be challenged to produce any such account, or to refer to it in the possession of any other person, he will not be able to meet the challenge.

"I have only received two lines from Mr. Canning since his arrival; merely to announce that he had been confined by an attack of the gout from the time of his having landed, and that he must, for that reason, postpone writing more at length till a future opportunity.

"I shall be glad to see you whenever you may wish it, on my return to town.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient

"Humble servant,

"W. HUSKISSON."

"Eartham, January 23rd, 1815.

"SIR,

"When your letter of the 20th reached this place, I was absent from home.

"I read with much pleasure your article respecting the Liverpool proceedings, in the 'Sun' of Saturday. The conduct of the Opposition at that place, and of the 'Morning Chronicle,' co-operating with them, towards Mr. Gladstone, has been most shameful.

"If he had kept Lord Liverpool's communication to himself, they would have made this reserve on a matter which interested the public, the ground of charge against him; when he communicated the substance of it not only to his political friends, but liberally to a few of the other party, some of their connections immediately set to work to misrepresent the object of the communication, and to make it the pretext for a coarse personal attack on Mr. Gladstone.

"I have letters from Mr. Canning of the 31st of December. He was recovered from his attack of the gout, and had been introduced to deliver his credentials. He mentions nothing of a public nature. I am sorry to collect from other sources that he will find it very difficult to maintain a proper state of Representation within the limits of his allowance. Next to Madrid, Lisbon is the Court of Europe where Representation is of the most consequence; and the Ambassadors of Spain and France will be enabled to outdo our Representative in this particular. This, however, is a subject which I do not wish to have noticed, at least for the present.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient

"Humble servant,

"W. HUSKISSON."

"(PRIVATE.)

"Liverpool, January 23rd, 1815.

"SIR,

"Permit me to express to you my acknowledgments for repelling so ably the gross and malignant attacks which the Editors of the 'Morning Chronicle' and 'Globe' have directed at me. I do not know what can be said more on this subject, where the honest conclusions are so obvious; those who will shut and keep their eyes shut, will not and cannot see: to convert them is hopeless, but truth must ultimately prevail.

"The Editor of the 'Liverpool Courier' assures me that his paper of next Wednesday (which I will take care to forward to you) will contain a faithful report of what was stated by me at the public meeting here, on Tuesday last; when you receive it, you will judge what part, on the whole, it may be advisable to give to the public through the medium of wide circulation, which your paper affords. When I addressed my letter to the Editors of both, my great and leading object was to prevent my Lord Liverpool's letter being made the subject of that gross misrepresentation which was so evidently the object of the party; I thought little of myself. In this it appears I failed; and thence the cup of malevolence has been emptied, propped up by every species of falsehood and misconstruction. Our Town Hall may contain, when crowded, one thousand people; five thousand were assembled on that day to fill it, but the Opposition, ever active and industrious, had at an early hour blockaded the doors, and, with few exceptions, filled the room. I was determined to be there, and, with much difficulty, got in. I wish I could have united my voice to others on the subject of the Mayor's impartiality, but I am sorry to say that it was marked by the most improper leaning to the party; indeed, the results, as described by themselves, afford ample evidence of this fact; those who are acquainted with the local circumstances, and traits of character and conduct here, perfectly understand this. A counter-representation, signed, in a few hours, by above sixty of the most respectable inhabitants here (and the most wealthy), recommending that no steps should be taken to embarrass the Legislature, in a choice of difficulties, was presented to him, but it

was of no avail; and I have no hesitation in stating it as my opinion, to *you*, that here, as at Bristol, this is the sense of the respectable part of the community. Though unsupported in public, and unconnected with the Government, I have not hesitated to state my opinions fully and fairly to the world, and I do trust that the Government will not be induced by clamour to shrink from their duty on this very important occasion. With gratitude and respect, believe me to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"JOHN GLADSTONE."

"Clifton, August 26th, 1815.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I have been travelling from Cheltenham to various places, and that must be my apology for not having answered your kind and obliging letter of the 19th inst.

"I like the specimen from Paris so well, that I long to see more of these letters. The pamphlet is indeed able. You did right to get these communications under my cover.

"I am much better for my quiet, and trip to Cheltenham and to this place. I pursue the route of Hereford, Worcester, and Birmingham here, and hope speedily to take you by the hand.

"Your threatened 'public assault' upon me will not, I am sure, make me too prominent nor too kind. I have a plain honesty, but few pretensions beyond those of wishing to act honestly and uprightly.

"Ever yours truly,

"F. FREELING."

"General Post Office, May 22nd, 1816.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I have had a long interview, and in result I have only to communicate that Mr. A. promises to have some discussion with Lord Liverpool upon the subject as soon as possible.

"I have fully discharged my duty in the case, and do not feel that any interference of mine can accelerate or influence the decision, be it what it may.

"Believe me, always

"Yours, with sincere regard,

"F. FREELING."

"(PRIVATE.)

"2, Fludyer Street, February 27th, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,

"In consequence of an intimation of yours on a late occasion, of a wish to have been apprised of the probability of Mr. C.'s speaking at considerable length upon a subject of general interest, I am enabled to apprise you of such probability to-morrow night, on the third reading of the Sedition Bills. The *time* will depend much, of course, upon the turn of the debate, but it will doubtless be towards the conclusion.

"I regret exceedingly that his excellent speech on Tuesday night (in the debate on the Lords of the Admiralty) was so imperfectly given in all the papers. Indeed, few speeches had ever so little justice done to them. With reference to the influence of the Crown, he took a masterly view of the difference between the theoretical and the practical constitution of the Government, and boldly maintained—what many feel, but few in the House dare to avow (or are competent to make such avowal without imminent danger, on so delicate a subject)—that the existence of the influence of the Crown in the House of Commons is indispensable to the preservation of the *spirit* of the Constitution.

"I write these few words to leave, if I should not be fortunate enough to find you within when I call.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. BACKHOUSE."

Page 174.

As a proof of the exertions made by a young periodical to merit public approbation, and be able to say, in the language of the poet,

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

I append a list of the foreign publications through which we (staff and all) industriously waded, so as to furnish a better-culled and far more ample mass of continental intelligence, than had ever been dreamed of before (or probably since) for English readers.

The list of journals subscribed for and ordered for the "Literary Gazette:"—

GERMAN.

1. The *Morgenblatt* (morning paper). A literary paper, published almost daily, in half a sheet 4to. This paper had three supplements. 1. Relative to the fine arts; 2. Literature generally, reviews of new works; 3. Literary advertisements.
2. The *Gazette for the Polite World* (*Elegante Welt*). Five times a-week, half-sheet, 4to; containing tales, anecdotes, and correspondence relative to literature, the arts, the drama, &c. Almost all our articles relative to the literature of the north and of Greece, numerous anecdotes, &c. were derived from this journal.

FRENCH.

1. *Journal des Savans*, monthly.
2. *Bibliothèque Universelle* (Genève). Consisting of two divisions, one literature, the other arts and sciences. The former contained copious extracts from new books, mostly voyages and travels, novels, history, &c. It was from this that the "Literary Gazette" had many valuable articles.

The *Bibliotheca Italiana* came pretty regularly for some time, but fell much into arrear.

The Austrian journals of literature published quarterly, and resembling our quarterly journals ; and also the following were ransacked for intelligence :—

GERMAN PAPERS.

Hamburgh Correspondent.	Frankfort Journal (French.)
Hamburgh Borsen Hall (hist).	Austrian Observer.
Hamburgh Originalien (liter.).	Correspondent of Nuremberg.
Bremen Gazette.	Universal Gazette of Augsburg.
Frankfort Gazette (German).	

BELGIAN PAPERS.

Journal de la Belgique.	Journal de Gand.
Journal de Bruxelles.	Courrier du Pays Bas.

DUTCH PAPERS.

Amsterdam.	Hague.
Haarlem.	

FRENCH PAPERS.

Moniteur.	Gazette de France.
Journal des Débats.	Constitutionnel.
Journal de Paris.	

SPANISH PAPERS.

Gazette of Madrid.	The Universal.
The Impartial.	The Spectator.

PORTUGUESE.

The Diary of the Government.

These journals were mostly political, but they all of them at times contained useful articles relative to literature, the arts and sciences, new discoveries, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

FIFTEEN years ago, when le Vicomte F. de Persigny, then aide-de-camp of Prince Charles Louis Napoleon,* now the President of the French Republic, published his account of the Strassburg "Journée," of the 30th October, 1836, following another pamphlet printed by Poussielque, containing his biography as a preparative for that dash, I was attracted to the subject, and spoke of the hero of these *brochures* as a "scion of the Napoleon family, who was a marked man, and one likely to figure on the scene hereafter !" In 1830 he had taken part in the insurrectionary movement in Italy, whence he narrowly escaped, whilst his elder brother, the Duke of Reichstadt, died at Forli; and being ordered to quit France by King Philippe, he came to this country for a short period. In 1831 he went to Switzerland, where he was courted by the discontented Poles to put himself at the head of that nation in arms against Russia, which he prudentially declined. He then appeared to be entirely devoted to literary pursuits, and published his "*Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*," and his "*Manuel*

* His baptismal name, but, when his uncle passed the Act of the Senate in the year XII. and he became the Representative of the Buonaparte dynasty, changed to Napoleon Louis. It was from this date that the imperial dignity was limited to the issue of Joseph, King of Spain, and Louis, King of Holland; excluding the descendants of Lucien and Jerome.

d'Artillerie ;" but his eye was upon France, and the possibility of raising an insurrection, all the while.

The failure at Strasburgh, and his being conveyed under escort to America, were the result ; from which latter country he returned once more to England. His disguises, and assumption of false names, and narrow escapes, are perfectly romantic ; and I had communicated to me a Letter addressed by him to his mother, in which he recites his misfortunes in endeavouring "faire envisager" the *Napoléonienne* cause as the only national cause in France,—as the only cause of civilisation in Europe. It was then he proclaimed his desire to found a union and amalgamation of all parties, on the imperial basis, and establish the true interests of France, as the most preponderating constitutional government on the Continent.

At the present time, when every matter relating to this exalted personage possesses a high degree of public interest, I have thought it might be acceptable to print the annexed letter, so characteristic of the politico-literary and flattering tactics the Prince was then pursuing.

" August 24th.

"DEAR SIR,

"The article which out of kindness you have promised to insert in your valuable periodical relative to the P[rince] N[apoleon] B[onaparte], will undoubtedly be repeated by the press throughout France. Some degree more of sympathy in its contents may have a great influence on the political horizon of the *avenir* !

"I beg leave to forward you a late article of the English press, which may perhaps give you some further hint. I can positively vouch for its correctness, having the honour of being acquainted with the *high Whig* personage, who let himself out

so d—— explicitly upon the subject. I enclose, moreover, a small pamphlet, just arrived from Paris. You may cast an eye upon it, if you like. I am perfectly confident that the Prince's literary reputation cannot be better advocated, than by a person who, like yourself, feels the energy of noble sentiments, and knows how to communicate to others the irresistible talisman of the power of knowledge.

"I hope I shall, in a short time, have the pleasure of introducing you to that most excellent young Prince, whose delight is to become acquainted with persons as much recommended by their scientific attainments, as by the perseverant liberality of their sentiments.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

• • • • •

"P.S. I beg you to accept the enclosed engraving as a *souvenir*.* It is one of the first copies."

* Portrait of the Prince.

END OF VOL. II.

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